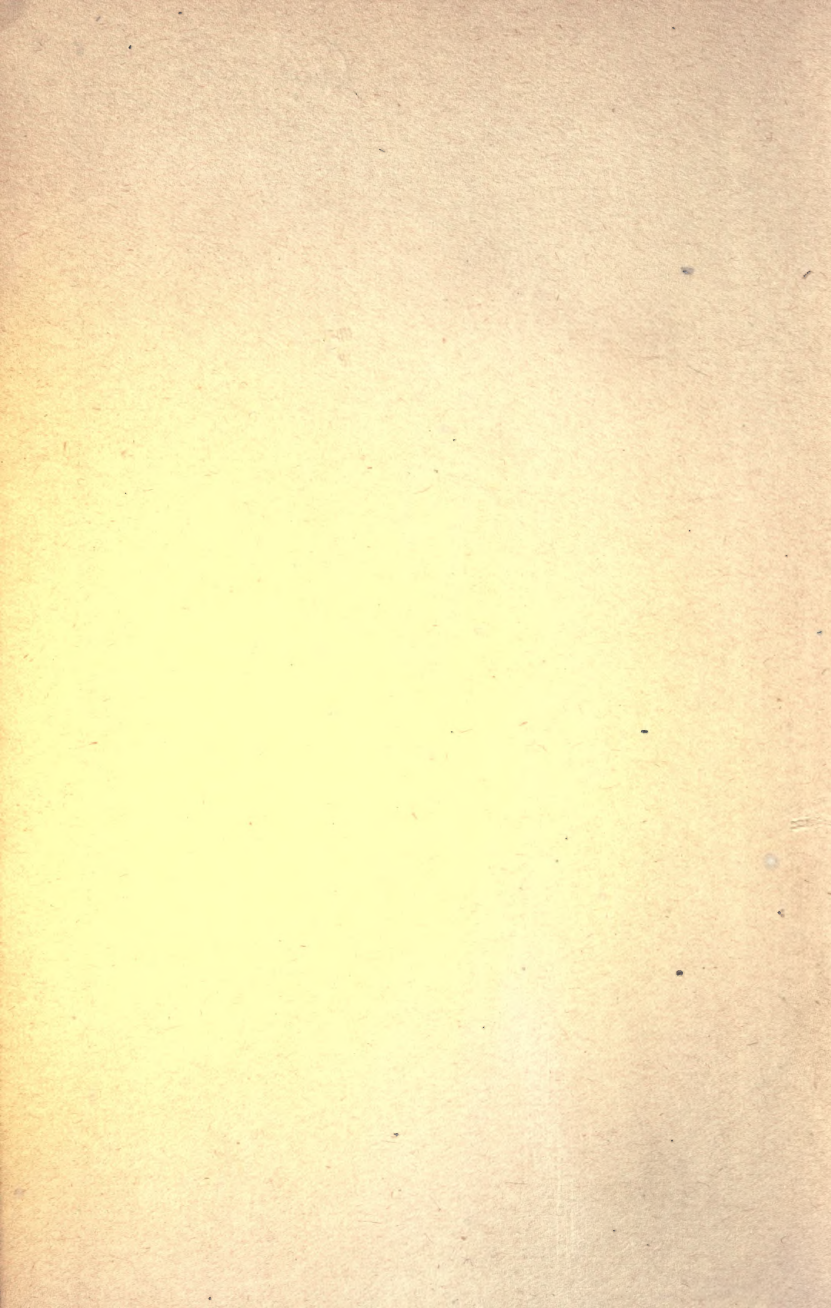


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EDITH SICHEL

Letters, Verses, and Other Writings

DEDICATED TO HER FRIENDS

BY

EMILY MARION RITCHIE

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION

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SHE to whom all the world was but a stage,
Who could not lack, whate'er this world could give
Because she was the form that made it live
She who was here so much essential joy

She to heaven is gone
Who made this world in some proportion
A heaven, and here became unto us all
Joy—as our joys admit—essential.

JOHN DONNE.

PREFACE

THE extracts in this volume from Edith's letters, poems, and other writings have been put together in the confidence that her voice, speaking throughout them, will bring happiness to the friends in whose lives her absence has made so deep a void. They will see that the letters, as well as the verses, are more personal than those chosen for the published book, and will notice, perhaps with some surprise, that they come from only a few sources although Edith's ever-outgoing nature made her a lavish letter-writer. But it so happens that her deeply-loved family, to whom she wrote constantly when absent from them, and her other friends find the ones they have in their possession are of too passing a nature, or too intimately full of their own concerns, to be shared.

The passages, selected in their order of date, and the verses whatever their poetic merit, grave and gay, with which they are interspersed, tell the story of her life so fully that only a slight thread of outside facts need be given, supplementing those in Mr. Bradley's Introduction to "New and Old." It was a life created by her own nature—a nature so many-sided that even those who thought they knew her well could hardly realise the marvellous variety of its compass. She was the same from the beginning according to those who knew her in her

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early girlhood, and who describe her as the life-giving leader of all their fun as well as the centre of earnest interchange of ideas. One of the friends of those years, of which Edith herself gave the happy account in her *Memoir of Mary Coleridge*, regretted that in her books, the St. Teresa in her, the "creature of a fiery heart," had been necessarily subdued so that the glow and the pulse of the flame were comparatively little felt. "Edith's habit of life," she writes, filling in the picture, "was one long *giving*, a sacrifice not of money only, but of tastes, of wishes, of opportunities, if thus she could help or serve others and, enjoying as she did beauty in all ways, in Nature, in art, dress and surroundings, she with her passionate poetic nature would forego all for herself and be satisfied to delight in them through and for others. She had a wonderful humility, sometimes almost distressing and irritating to those who felt the promise and possibilities in her."

It was when she was two-and-twenty, a few months after her father's death in 1884, that she and I first came into each other's lives. I had undertaken some office work for the M.A.B.Y.S. in Whitechapel at Mrs. Barnett's appeal, and worked under Miss Pauline Townsend, the inspiring head of that Branch. My mother was then an invalid. I could not spare much of my time, and helpers were badly needed. It was a wonderful day when Edith, who had long wished for such work, but had not hitherto been free for anything of the kind, came to join me. She at once revealed extraordinary powers of grappling with

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any task that required zeal, resourcefulness, and patience such as the Elizas and Mary Annes we looked after demanded. Endless were the tramps she undertook to hunt them up when they left their places, a constantly recurring calamity. Her effervescing spirits, her sense of the humorous wherever found, transformed the whole atmosphere for her fellow-workers, and lightened her experience of the often crushingly grim surroundings. Her own account of the stimulus she found in Canon Barnett was given at a meeting in Toynbee Hall, when a Memorial to him was proposed, of which she moved the resolution only a few weeks before her death.

“In the coming autumn,” she said, “it will be thirty years since I first fell under his kindling influence with many other young women who were working for the M.A.B.Y.S. ; and work among the girls in Whitechapel meant a very different thing from the ordinary impression conveyed by those five initials. It meant adventure. To all they did under Canon Barnett’s guidance it meant a kind of romance, a spiritual romance. He made them feel they were out on a high enterprise, just because he pierced through externals and saw nothing but the spiritual relationship in which people ought to work. The secret, or one of the secrets of his power, was the secret of all true faith ; he was an everlasting source of action which reacted on all they thought or did—whether in literature or thought or art. He did not seem to care so much what they were at so long as they were doing it, possibly because he put *being* before doing. One thing they were,

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perhaps, apt to forget was his gaiety. He gave one the impression of living in an atmosphere of humour which arose from an intelligent vision of the incongruities of human beings. He gave them faith in others and in themselves ; he made them feel that to be a good citizen of London was to be a citizen of the Unseen City of God."

The passages in the next pages are survivals from the masses of " reports " she used to send me of her peregrinations, with many practical suggestions. They are prefaced by almost the only verses she ever published.

LETTERS, VERSES, AND OTHER WRITINGS

June, 1885.

FASHION ALLEY, WHITECHAPEL.

PATCHES and powder, ruffle and queue,
Laughter and light-hearted leisure ;
Curtsey and bow and pointed shoe
Rhymed to a stately measure,
Beaux from the Court and *billets-doux*,
Sweet lover's shilly-shally,
Torches a-flaring, fan's *frou-frou*,
Once were in Fashion Alley.

Patches and tatters, a fevered crew,
Weeping and sad-souled labour,
Grinding men down the whole day through,
And neighbour loving not neighbour.
Loud men brawling and women, too,
Teaching their ghastly ballet
To children like ours, with eyes as blue,
Now are in Fashion Alley.

Here on the one hand, the rich and the few,
Many and poor on the other.
Take parted friends and link them anew,
Tenderly sister and brother.
Hands that can help and hearts that are true,
Faith never waiting to dally,
Love that is strong to dare and to do
Shall be in Fashion Alley.

EDITH SICHEL.

I had a most tremendous hunt—quite vain, alas!—in the Borough for Mary Anne Lee. I never had such a glimpse into the street-singer's world, or into the lives of the vagabond class, as I did yesterday. I went down, down, down, as it seemed, into the common lodging-houses. I entered one after the other—all, alas, with no result! Such places! Women, men, children all live in one huge common room. I saw right into one. From the light I could just discover that a great fire was burning in the middle of the room and round it the men were gathered—and women too, I suppose, from one or two of the blurred distorted specimens, with grating voices and coarse hanks of hair, who came out to stare at me. And such men! The kind of people who are "blind from birth" by day and very long-sighted by night, or at best cheap-jacks or sandwich-men, or such as produce those brilliant yellow ships and indigo oceans on the pavement. The Borough is a hundred times lower than Whitechapel. I passed through one street after another lined with haggard children, purple women, and men—deformed, hump-backed, diseased, stunted, utterly hopeless, no past and no future in their faces, only starvation and dull soullessness. Everywhere one saw entire ignorance of self-control and the degradation of a natural craving for joy which, neglected, has revenged itself most bitterly. My guide whom, from his height, I judged to be about five years old, was absolutely wizened, bare-footed, and almost without clothes. I asked him how old he was. To my surprise he answered, "Twelve." I then inquired what he did all day, "Oh, now that I have no boots, I sit upstairs!" was his answer. I found out from a very nice woman in the street that his mother was an utterly degraded woman who was drinking herself to death. "It's awful here," this

other woman said ; and then she added, " Oh, miss, it's so bad for the children." She told me they couldn't grow up good—they never saw anything but evil. She had sent her own girl to school in the country to give her a chance of growing up good.

But, alas, I couldn't find the faintest clue of Mary Anne ! In the common lodging-houses they don't even know the names of their lodgers or of each other, but just huddle round their fires without any interest in one another. Even that bond seems wanting. And the brush that Mrs. Clarke told me hung out next door was no clue, for the Borough seems a brush-making neighbourhood, and a brush was hanging out at every other door, which the natives designate by the shop-owner's name. " Well," they say, " try there—that's Brooke's brush ! " So the brush must be forsaken as a hope. I daresay I may perhaps find her yet. At any rate, as Mrs. Dixon, the exuberant, says : " Faint heart never ! "

Annie Burns's home is near Wapping Old Stairs, her father a delightful character, a blacksmith and a passionate politician. He was converted from Radicalism by Dizzy himself. He told me that about twenty years ago he made a fiddle for a " hinstrumental exhibition," and won a prize for it. " And that's where the change came in," he said. " Lord Beaconsfield gave away the prizes, and said to me, ' I 'ear you are a public character, Mr. Burns, and famous as a blacksmith. But I give you 'ereby a new name. You ought to be known as 'Andel's 'Armonious Blacksmith.' Them's 'is words, and that's what turned me Conservative." Fiddles, banjos, guitars, etc., hung upon the walls of his parlour interspersed with ornate funeral cards in memory of departed relations.

Emma Loveard goes on prosperously in the family of

a clergyman who interviewed me and has a remarkable drawing-room, all the furniture grouped round the ornament off his wedding-cake under a glass shade—and overshadowed by a pale pink wife with long hair of a blue shade.

Emily Thrower still clings madly to her "Old Forty-two." Her mistress is just dead, and poor little Emily is really cut up and upset. She was very fond of her and nursed her all through her illness. The feuds of the "Old Forty-two" are very bitter—all Mr. "Old Forty-two's" relations being jealous because Emily bought "a crape 'at and follered," which meant attended the funeral, "and they're always throwing it up in my face, miss, as being no relation I oughtn't to wear such deep black and begging 'im to turn me off, but 'is own friends went to 'im and said, 'If you sack Em'ly you sack a good friend.'" It really was a very dismal tale, especially as heard proceeding from Emily completely muffled in a huge scarf of very black wool and with an air of direfully triumphant mournfulness.

The following is a transcript from the wonderful conversation of a girl's mother which Edith used to reproduce: "And he gave 'er a Jew's 'arp in 'lectro, and she always wears it one side, bein' fond of dress, and I've always brought 'er up in 'Igh Church ways, bein' myself a Ritchewalist to the backbone." "Mrs. Sadler, she is a reeligious woman. She always goes to bed at 'alf-past nine and never lets 'er son 'ave the key." "Yes, and my mother, she 'ad 'undreds of men on their knees to 'er in marriage. And never a single drop of oil on 'er 'ed, nothing but a stiff brush."

I found myself in a miserable neighbourhood—squalid and fetid to the last degree. Poor little Maud lives close to an ironical alley, called "Love Lane," which is filled with the harsh quarrels of the factory girls who swarm there in their draggled rags with tangled hair and loud voices; only a worked-out barrel-organ playing a cracked

discordant valse, to vary the sounds. It seemed such a grim mask of a pleasure, but I suppose and hope they hardly feel this.

Delightfully refreshing was Bow Church, into which I strayed, and where I nearly startled the old pew-opener out of her wits. She was as old as the church, had an artificial red chrysanthemum planted autumnally just in the middle of her head, like a floral weathercock, veering hither and thither, and, like all pew-openers, wore her cap-strings stormily tossed over her shoulders; she seemed totally unused to visitors, and I must say I am rather surprised.

The church is between eight and nine hundred years old, and it stands out grey and weather-beaten, with squalor to the right hand and the left like nothing less than a big truth in the midst of blackened sophistries. The interior is whitewashed, but you can feel what it was, and here and there are odd panes and pieces of wonderful old glass and queer, sad little tombs let into the walls full of forgotten little names and inscriptions. Such absolute quiet, and all round the trams and 'buses and the traffic and the children go screaming and shrilling. It did seem wonderful, so much so that I am a bore about it and must stop.

I went to see the mother of Brice Perkins (her real name is Briseis !), a plaintive little woman who, when I asked her age, said, "Forty, miss, but a younger woman when washed." There were two coloured prints on her walls—one, called "Souvenir," represented a lady in a crinoline and an irrationally long veil, holding a telescope with one hand, a little boy in tartan with the other, and letting a badly printed tear mingle with the waves at her feet; the other, entitled "The Return," showed the same family in the arms of a florid naval captain, a tropical parrot upon one shoulder, and the lady with the veil upon the other.

THE BROOKE (CAROLINE).

I come from haunts of soot and smoke,
I make a daily sally
To worry all the office folk
Or bicker down an alley.

With thirty cups I hurry down
Which slip with all the platters;
At twenty points I tear my gown
To half a hundred tatters.

Till last at Shadwell *de nouveau*
I join the muddy river;
For Gibbs may come and Gibbs may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter of my odious ways,
I thwart Miss Ritchie's labours.
I bubble into slanging phrase,
I babble to the neighbours.

With many a trick the hearth I fret,
When once more in a place I
Knock sofas down and tables set
As if they had gone crazy.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I prance,
I rage, I giggle madly.
I make the tender infant dance,
And find I pinch it badly.

And out again I pack and so
Rejoin the muddy river,
For Gibbs may come and Gibbs may go,
But I go on for ever.

Illness and misery everywhere ! I went to see Emily C. at home, and found her mother in the most wretched plight. I wish I could write down her manner with her words—it was all so touching in a grim despairing way. “ I’ve overworked these fourteen years,” she said, “ and now I’ve almost broke up ; it grinds away one’s feelings, in a manner, so to speak.” Then vehemently : “ They needn’t go for to talk of the men being out of work, they should take care of the females.” She told me that she usually made fourpence, rarely fivepence, for three hours’ work. She takes in trousers work. She was at her work whilst I was there ; indeed, she never stops all day. She makes *fourpence* for one pair of trousers (men’s size). *Fourpence* ! and out of that she has to provide the “ trimmings ” as they call them, that is, cottons, gimp, etc. The shaping is done for her by machine, but all the real work she has to do by hand herself, by dint of slaving. She daren’t take in extra work to eke out her living, because she hasn’t time, and any irregularity in the finishing would cause her employers to turn her off. “ And to think,” she said, without the faintest rancour, “ that there’s them as sits with their purses moulderin’ in their pockets.” To hear her was enough to make anyone become Radical, and all the more callous among the landowners and the parvenus turn in their armchairs. Things are better when Emily is in work, which fact has brought her to the resolution to go out to service as long as she does not go to what she calls “ a petty place.”

The constant intercourse which Edith and I had over this work led to great intimacy, for we soon found that our tastes and our interests were strangely akin. Mature in judgment and insight, though so young in the overflowing buoyancy of her spirits, she would never allow that the difference of eleven

years in age between us counted for anything, and we seemed destined to belong to each other. She would often, after her long rounds, accompany me up Putney Hill to my home near Wimbledon. "The countless gold of a merry heart," her *élan* in throwing herself into the lives of others made her the most delightful of guests to my family, and she became by degrees the friend of each generation. "She seemed to belong to the foundations of our lives," wrote a niece of mine lately.

The following letter was written from Brymbo Hall, Wrexham, in Wales, where she was staying during the Parliamentary election of Sir Osborne Morgan, the husband of her aunt.

[To "E. M. R."]

August, 1885.

I am so glad I may think of you in the quiet of the great white peaks far away from omnibuses and Inner Circles and outer worries, and all the mad vortex of White-chapel Society! As for me, I am laying in a store of ozone for the express benefit of my playful Eliza, though now she exists for me but as a coy shadow sucking its thumb; and the name of Gibbs means no more to me than the name of Leviathan or Gorgon, or of any other well-worn myth before or after the Deluge.

I am living in a political fever up here; we have meeting after meeting, one more ardent than the other, and I am getting used to the sight of fifty yelling colliers rushing out pell-mell, tearing the horses from the carriage and dragging it themselves, or to that of my uncle borne aloft on their shoulders and swinging from side to side in uncertain triumph. The open-air meetings are the most striking, especially at evening. It is so wonderful to see the surging mass of rough, begrimed men straight from the coal-pits, now held breathless as by a spell, now swaying as one man with laughter, and then as the

shadows deepen, to watch the mass grow blacker, whilst here and there a pipe is lit and casts a weird light on the upturned faces, and all around the stillness of night broods over the stillness of the hills that stand apart from all the fret and jangle of party strife. . . . The working-men here speak wonderfully, tersely, vigorously, and quite unweakened by the florid metaphors of more cultured orators.

A week later.

Well, we are safe! Victory, victory, victory! The Pass of Thermopylæ was nothing to it—a very thread of a majority, and it had to be fought with every nerve strained to the utmost. At the last moment all the employers but one turned. They intimidated their men, one even invented late hours so as to keep them from the poll, but at six o'clock they all rushed to the booth like mad. On the one hand was everything—land, high birth, well-spoken tradition, Tories, Unionists, and £10,000 a year; on the other, only brain and the love of the colliers.

I shall never forget Monday evening all my life long. We started for three meetings at five, and came back at one o'clock at night. When we arrived within about a mile of meeting No. 2, about a hundred colliers met us and dragged us along yelling at the top of their voices. Before us went a brass band playing Welsh tunes with infinite zest. At the place of rendezvous the crowd was so dense that we could hardly cross to the platform. I have a vague remembrance of a podgy little Liberal with a red tie, tucking his arm into mine and dragging me along, finally throwing me on to the platform very violently, so that my *début* in public life was more marked than dignified. When I recovered breath I saw such a sight! Picture to yourself a background of dim blue hills and a

saffron sky, against it some 3,000 colliers crowded together on a high green bank, all of them straight from the pits, their eyes aflame in their black faces, all breathless with expectation. The only sounds now and then to be heard, a bird's note or the distant voice of a child. Then the first words of the first speaker (a Welshman) fell on the air, and the men's faces changed with every inflection of his voice. We had not long to stay, and when we left some hundred of them marched by our carriage as an escort against Tory ambuscades, for we were to pass through the chief Tory strongholds. It was a thrilling journey. Every now and then as we approached a sullen little cluster of houses lowering at us through the gathering dusk, the collier who had taken special charge of me muttered. "Danger here, miss; put your head down or you'll get a stone." And down went our heads, and on rolled the carriage with the Tories hooting, and our men, alas! pelting their windows. On from one village to another for miles, with the escort getting rowdier every minute, especially a bulky publican who offered to jump when he saw a stone coming which, considering his weight and that he was in the carriage, would have meant certain destruction. At Rhos, the collier's stronghold, the place chosen for meeting No. 3, we found Sir Ughtred Kaye-Shuttleworth and an exalted audience. They too insisted on taking out the horses and dragging us through the town. It was pitch dark, only a red torch here, a row of spluttering candles there, just gave light enough to show us the triumphal arches under which we were passing, and the crimson flags floating from all the miserable hovels. It was a weird sight; flags floating, men shouting, women waving candles, rushing out from their houses in eerie *déshabille*, which, however flimsy, was invariably supple-

mented by a hat, and indeed often consisted of very little else. They waved their arms, they took off these very hats to Uncle Osborne ; notably one old lady, clad in orange with a small sailor hat at the back of her head, doffed it politely as we drove by. And through all this darkness and seething excitement our colliers marched singing solemn Welsh anthems in their true deep voices. It was really soul-stirring. Sir U. Kaye-Shuttleworth himself jumped up and down in the carriage from sheer excitement, joined in a rollicking political-ballad chorus, and called out, " My dear fellow, it's worth a dissolution to see this."

Yesterday we drove round the county, fifty-four miles, to look in at the polling booths ; the people were wild. An election here is what a funeral is in Whitechapel. One old man of about seventy remarked that " If there were no elections in heaven, he wouldn't care to go there." We came back after about nine hours, divided between hope and despair, as Wrexham itself was polling badly. To-day was worst of all. Aunt Emily and I had to sit for nearly two hours in the carriage, waiting for the declaration reports constantly being brought to us, while the votes were being recounted. Now that Osborne Morgan was in by 111, now by 25 ; now that Sir Watkin Wynne was in by 70. First the shouts came of " Morgan " ; in another second " Wynne." Towards the end the messenger brought us more and more bad news, and we sat on and on not daring to look at each other or to speak. Finally there was a fresh surging of the crowd, hands lifted, inarticulate cries, and then a wild shout of " Morgan for ever." The sheriff came out on to the balcony with Uncle Osborne behind him, and I wanted to shout and throw up my hat, but this was impossible. Uncle Osborne

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addressed them, though he couldn't be heard for the shouting, and called for three cheers for Sir Watkin, who emerged presently and made a manly little speech, winding up with starting three cheers for his opponent. It was really touching when Uncle Osborne came down and the colliers rushed at him crying "God bless you," and surrounded him so closely that the carriage couldn't move. The reason of the delay was that fifty of the votes had gone wrong, and there had to be a recount.

To-night we had one more tremendous demonstration, being dragged all round Wrexham amid ceaseless cheering, some of our escort carrying boughs of elder-flower, etc. I suddenly found *I* was having three cheers all to myself, and had to rise embarrassingly in the carriage and make a bow or two.

But, on the whole, I shall be glad to retire into private life, though I may feel flat with no one to cheer my paltry hansom when I come home to-morrow, and no band to march before me, only a haughty driver to lord it over me. However, *sic transit gloria mundi* and *sic transit* Edith Sichel—into bed, for it is past one o'clock.

[To Anne Thackeray.]

ROCK, WORCESTERSHIRE, *August*, 1885.

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Do forgive me for my prosy, priggish discourse. One has a kind of clinging attachment to one's own ideas, or rather to such combinations of other people's ideas as one has chosen to adopt, and, since one seldom gets such an unresisting receptacle as writing-paper, the consequences are disastrous to one's correspondent, if "one" be me and "correspondent" you. I have nothing like the name of news. I live like Circe in the midst of pigs and other

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beasts ; but, alas ! here the comparison fails, they are subject to no spell of mine. Cows have an uncomfortable way of staring at one. It may be flattering, but it is not manners, and as a breach of such I resent it. The place where my conscience ought to be is numb. I am in love with idleness and sit all day reading, or gazing up at the sky, with no deeper thought than that it is very blue. Sometimes I try a little exercise in the shape of tennis, a remarkable game as played by me—chiefly, it would seem, to purify the temper of others by constant trial.

[To Mary E. Coleridge.]

THE RECTORY, ROCK, BENDLEY,

September 1st, 1885.

Oh, how I want you to peer with me in and out of the wonderful shadows of the wonderful church. Just fancy coming upon a perfect twelfth century church, nameless and fameless, wrapped like some ancient secret, in fold upon fold of happy meadowland and dim woodland and shining harvest fields. It is one of the most perfect Norman churches they say that England boasts. Arch upon arch whose sculpture takes your breath away ; queer beasts and queerer faces peeping out upon you from the centuries.

As to cross-beams and gables and coats-of-arms and broad-seated fireplaces ; I have been surfeited with them. We have a real moated grange at hand, in which Mariana need not have been ashamed to live. . . .

Reading " St. Paul and Protestantism," Mat Arnold provokes me by his coldness. He is like an intellectual winter—I hate equilibrium—I hate reason *solus*—I hate correctness. Seeley's " Ecce Homo " has been a help to me in my work.

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CAMBRIDGE, *September 25th.*

Do read "St. Paul and Protestantism." I began by thinking it chilly and Mat-like . . . I ended by warming to a flame and kindling to enthusiasm. For once he has forgotten himself and remembered St. Paul.

How are you all — what doing — what reading? How stale questions sound when one feels the anxiety that prompts one, and the kind of longing feeling to see, touch, be close to the people one cares for. It seems such ages since I had a talk with you, and I want one. The place where my mind ought to be is very dusky. . . . I was sorry to leave the "'eart of the country," as a Whitechapel girl called Putney. But here I am all among the caps and gowns. There is a special charm to a person who has never seen it full, in an empty University town. The very colleges, grey and "solemn-high," are taking rest, together with their long black shadows. . . . I did the most delicious thing on my way here. I had two hours on my hands at Oxford, where I changed trains. I entrusted my luggage to a friendly porter and rushed head foremost into alma mater's picturesque arms—that is, to make a bad pun, into the arms of Balliol. Then what did I not see. I saw Balliol and Merton and Corpus Christi. I paid Oriel a visit for the sake of the "Apologia," and almost caught sight of a stern, spiritual face at the window. I wandered through the sunny stillness of the quad at Magdalen's. . . . I gaped in royal fashion at the Bodleian and the Clarendon Buildings. I nearly fell prostrate at All Souls' Church. I bought wonderful old Greek books from an appreciative man who evidently took me for a St. Margaret's Hall young woman, and told me exactly what I should like, that he supposed that I should *not* care for Cicero! I ate

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cakes from Boffin's. And I almost knelt before the wonder of St. Mary's, over which the Virgin's figure stands supreme—*das Ewig-Weibliche* . . . finally I took the academic tram (that might have carried Shelley himself had trams been invented in his time) back to the station under one and a half hours, leaving half an hour for ticket, lunch, and self-satisfaction. Now, let who will say I am unpractical !

WIMBLEDON COMMON, *February*, 1886.

Most clear and shrill the thrush begins to trill ;
His limpid voice upon the thin blue air
Makes thoughts of silver streams that everywhere
Do burst their bonds and sing where all was still.
And full of secrets is the dreaming earth
Who wakes ; faint hues like tenderest suggestions,
Half-sounds, sweet whispers, uncompleted questions
That find no answer in this world of birth.
There is a stirring of the heart of things
When all begins, and we grow restless, too.
For, like young birds, our souls would try their wings
And probe the depths of God's o'er-arching Blue ;
But still they hear no answer to their call,
Save that the silent sky is over all.

DEPTFORD, *March*, 1886.

Amidst the pallor of the seething street,
Can Love who longs for Goodness have a place ?
Can brutish Vice beneath his wings find grace ?
Or can his peace bear brawling so unmeet ?
Yes, surely ! One has taught us how to greet

Men's souls so gently, so to love our race,
That harsher grates each sordid tone and base,
Because we know the music might be sweet !
This sorrow is Love's self, not Love's defeat.
Yet 'ware me, lest we cowards hide our face
At ugliness, and cease to work apace,
To make man worthier love and more complete.
There still is God to find in every face ;
Our task the search ; our help His mercy-seat.

CHARTER HOUSE, *May*, 1886.

Without, the City's bustle
That has no thought save self,
A heedless rush and bustle,
A sordid strife for pelf ;
The ghosts of sin and sorrow
That hunt us to despair,
The pallor of to-morrow,
The present's ghastly glare.

Within, a gracious stillness,
Sweet leisure's tranquil art,
A cool which is not chillness,
But breathes a scent apart ;
A sense of bygone learning,
Of rest and shady space,
The days gone past returning
When man had time for grace.

Here shadows ever fleeting
Woo lights that come and go,
Now dancing, now retreating,
To thoughts of long ago :

While tender dreams wave greeting
From twilight crannies where
The Past and Memory meeting,
Make silence like a prayer.

The dimness stays to cover
For love the warps and stains,
Since Time himself turns lover
To touch such dear remains :
And plays with gentle fingers
On beam and stone and wall,
Till only beauty lingers
And leaves her kiss on all.

We stand where sun grows mellow
And never looks on pain ;
Midst magic tomes all yellow
Whence dead lips speak again ;
Midst dappled panels oaken
Where russet turns to brown ;
And mourn the spell soon broken——
For we belong to town.

Yet stronger for its powers
Of quiet move our feet ;
Some hint of it is ours
To make the world more sweet ;
And gladder we who reap in
Our souls this place apart
A loving thought set deep in
The City's mighty heart.

[To E. M. R.]

1886.

I don't believe one could live *ardently* without ardent convictions ; only one might be so impassioned with the ideal of Christ that the endless questioning as to the nature of one's beliefs in Him is overwhelmed by adoration of Him—however He came to us—and a Unitarian might have this as well as a Churchman. Of course, further than this one couldn't go without conviction ; it would be impossible for life to be the same supposing one's actual belief in God were not there—one could not then live in the same fervent spirit—but then, whether it is cowardly and illogical or not, that is the one fact I can never really doubt.

I can see the *apparent* logic of the reasoners against, though I do not think they are wholly logical. But I am too faint-hearted a creature not to believe in the only thing which can constantly uphold us and bid us look “ up, not down,” and I don't believe in life without fervent religion.

But I couldn't talk unfeelingly about doubts. I have suffered too much from them myself. They seem to me the natural outcome of an earnest nature, agonising as they are.

September, 1886.

A SONATA OF BEETHOVEN.

Let there be Light, and there was Light in truth ;
Creation's god-like throb and god-like throe,
The laughter of great Pan, the Titan's woe,
The mighty joy of everlasting youth.

Eternal yearning rising to a prayer
That, surging, bids us suffer and be strong :
A sob of passion in a storm of song,
The still small voice which tells us God is there.

Until our life is conscious of its goal,
A flood of light the darkness where we grope,
And all my heart bursts forth in buds of hope ;
I sit and hear and *know* I have a soul.

[To E. M. R.]

After reading " Christ's Christianity," by Tolstoi.

1886.

No, no, a hundred times no to that grand impossibility, Leo Tolstoi ! What a wreck of all Society would he work ! A giant wreck, no doubt, wrought by giant forces, but none the less a wreck. It is not the fact that his scheme is impracticable. If it were good, one would not dare to talk of its impracticability, knowing that such a word would only mean moral indolence and cowardice ; one would with this certainty strive to fulfil the ideal, however impossible it looked. But, surely, it is *not* good. Think what havoc such a creed would work in Whitechapel. He says that men are naturally good, but we know that generations of unnatural life have deformed them morally and physically in the unheeding din and baseness of common lodging-houses.

Then, also, why debase justice and her institutions ? Why depart from the example which his own ideal of Nature gives us daily—that each man must suffer the consequence of his deeds ? . . . It seems to me that he errs from a perpetual confusion of the use of things with their abuse. Punishment, for instance, he cites as hostile

to forgiveness ; but surely it is only the reversed torch of Love and none the less a light in darkness because it is reversed ? The same with private judgment, which he condemns because he confounds the judgment of the person which is wrong with the judgment of the sin in itself, which must surely be right or we should have no moral standard. Especially does he make this confusion with the keynote to his whole theory of non-resistance to evil when he identifies personal resentment, or resistance, with resistance to the principle of evil against which surely Christ's whole teaching urges us to fight with might and main. Again, he maintains that "no individual desires are reconcilable with the cause of good." Can this be so ? Does it not rather seem that it is only when the control—not the total abnegation—of a strong personal life lies side by side with the life of renunciation that we gain the vivid and varied experience which alone produces the sympathies by which we can help others effectually, this personal life including the culture which he condemns ? It is curious that, although he condemns fasting, he holds the ascetic view which condemns the body as the enemy of the soul instead of regarding it as its subordinate and its outward expression. But, except for the denial of a right to any personal life, the passages about living outside ourselves strike me as inexpressibly beautiful, and I wish he would further face the fact that such a life would lose its real value if there were no effort of control to make it precious. If one began by abolishing individual aims, would they not eventually need no effort of control, as they would not be there ? And surely a life without effort must end by growing weak ? Many parts of the book are perfect, especially those about work and others which he hasn't saturated with his leading theories, for

even Pegasus may prove a hobby-horse and be overridden. The whole is intensely absorbing, as all books of heart are, even though the heart overleaps the reason. If you notice he seldom argues ; he always *feels*, and he wrests meanings from his quotations to ensure his premises.

Above all, it is a deeply lovable book, and as a moral creed it evidently suits his own needs. It might even answer for a tiny island of peasant population.

It stands out in strong relief to what I have just been reading about Christianity and social questions in Mill's "Liberty"—the very Crystal Palace of English reason—so clear and open-air and insular ; and yet, with all its good sense, not one quarter so lovable as Tolstoi. It is so essentially all reason and no heart. I am afraid I prefer the other extreme.

Tolstoi's later writings often made a searching appeal to her. In her Memoir of Mary Coleridge, her own experience may be read into her account of Mary's questionings, and it was after a great deal of spiritual wrestling that she ended by trusting the voice of reason.

The following passage comes from an article written twenty years after the letter for an American magazine, and gives her last word on the subject.

It is as a promoter of goodness that Tolstoi will live and shine, not as a system-maker, nor an exhorter to short cuts. If he is one quarter wrong he is also three-quarters right, and it is easier to note his mistakes than to imitate his virtues. He errs in what he bids us do, but he does not err in what he bids us be, and if he strays from wisdom in what he tells us to renounce, he cannot be far from the truth in saying that we might renounce more. In making us face our love of ease, our coldness, our superficial casuistries, and, in preaching with a golden tongue

the love of God and of our neighbour, he is an immense moral force who has helped his age and will still help his successors. However misleadingly he reasons his real strength is in the something beyond reason, the something no man can account for, which makes him greater than himself. He holds an ideal aloft in his hand, an ideal which makes men and not measures, and men will bless him.

In the Train from Bethnal Green to Aldgate.

October, 1886.

Oh, life, thou art so full, so fleet,
So full and brimming over,
I would not change for cool thy heat,
Thy toil to lie in clover.
For love and work are all thy song,
And love and work are Heaven ;
And be the day or short or long,
At length it rings to even.

Oh, life, thou art so full, so sweet,
So full of care and pleasure,
Of joy and pain that turns to gain
When twilight comes with leisure ;
Thy very doubt we cling about,
Thy fears, thy tears, thy laughter,
Thy falling tears that woo the years
To bud and blossom after.

Oh, life, thou art too full and fleet
For us to catch thy meaning.
(But here we touch and there we meet,
Glad for the grace of gleaning).

LETTERS, VERSES, etc.

Since love and work are all thy song,
And love and work are Heaven,
Then be the day or short or long
New dawn is born of even.

In a Sick-room.

February, 1887.

The day brings silence, silence brings the night,
The muffled hours lag with leaden wings,
A crushing meaning grows in little things,
And tears, that dare not fall, blind all our sight ;
Books lose their magic, falling from our hand,
And even sleep grown listless will not come ;
Prayer dies unspoke, our inmost soul is numb,
And sorrow's very self lies cold and banned.
Then, when we cannot feel or find a voice,
The outer silence falls upon our soul,
And things are wrought in silence growing whole
They do not even dream of who rejoice.
Mazed are we by a Presence at our head,
For we, being dumb, God stoops and speaks instead.

Each day we kneel and pray, " Thy will be done " ;
Each day we moan, whene'er that Will has cast
The palest shade, the faintest breath to blast
The puny webs our wayward hearts have spun.

And still we bow the knee and say our creed,
Unasking tread the road our fathers trod,
Believing quite that we believe in God,
Who cannot grasp His presence at our need.

EDITH SICHEL.

Faith is no mutter of a well-worn phrase,
Vague acquiescence in a lovely tale—
Hers is the noble courage that can fail,
And still walk on, nor heed the darkened days.

She has her foot on earth, her head on high,
And when the shadows fall since day is done,
She knows they were not there without a sun,
And dreams his light will kindle by and by.

She will not falter though the night be there,
Nor cry for comrades though the goal retreat ;
She does not see the darkness at her feet,
Because she feels the wind upon her hair.

[To M. E. C.]

ST. LEONARDS, *March*, 1887.

Here are the usual swarms of spring frumps, turned out wholesale from the best frump-factory in Frumpdom. The prize is carried off by a frump-family of three in this hotel—the youngest, a sweet lass of sixty, has almost put me out of conceit with the world. If she only wouldn't frisk—but to see her frump crape gambols and her black-paramatta frolics makes me feel a sadder if not a wiser woman. . . . All frisking is, however, counter-balanced by your great progenitor's "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit," which, in a rash moment, I bought for fourpence halfpenny, at the expense of my soul I believe, fast dying in its meshes of metaphysics. I also find Dowden's "Shelley" absorbing and not metaphysical, and Dr. Cupid gives me an agreeable impression that I am celebrating a jubilee of wit and (ill ?) humour. . . .

I was much excited by your accounts of Oswestry. Soft be it spoken, the Working-Man is a bore and quite different from the real article spelt with small letters. No, Liberalism as the badge of a *party* is not the panacea of all evil, social, physical, and moral ; it is only part of the whole. Surely it is only a cure, when it *includes*, and therefore is larger than Conservatism ? But I never did pretend to an ounce of party-spirit—don't know what it is—general character too vague ! Only I have a love of keeping old things, old ties, old memories, even though Beelzebub be a Tory and such feeble tastes his attendant fiends.

I went to Mrs. Scrooge, who *was* so sweet and brave in her illness. She said she did not know what she would have done without you. That sort of tie is very sweet to one, isn't it ? The real tie of humanity where kindred blood has nothing to say.

[To E. M. R.]

ST. LEONARDS, 1887.

Such a sea ! I wish I could send it you in a letter with its music. It is singing such a rapturous psalm just now—mad with the joy of life, surging, tossing, throwing whole snow-storms of foam and froth on to the stolid, staring shore. Such a contrast to the conventional Parade ; for all the world what a genius with its ever new songs is to the ordinary folk who crawl up and down life in the bath-chairs of habit, or trundle on with *comme-il-faut* respirators over their lips, or walk along strait-laced and joyless with a sort of amateur mirth instead of the divine joyousness of Beethoven and Shakespeare and Joachim and all the Ocean-folk ! I shall go to the sea for my Pop to-morrow night (which I trust you will attend more literally) and

EDITH SICHEL.

not replace it by the musical element of the hotel—an odious old man with horizontal white hair. With head well thrown back he plays the vilest variations on Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, full of runs and trills and rockets, enough to make poor Mendelssohn turn in his grave. He solemnly waited, in the midst of a dazzling run, for the clock to strike, and then took it up in the middle just where he had left off.

After hearing Joachim play the Beethoven Concerto.

1887.

Take off thy shoes and stay thy halting breath
Before the flame—for this is holy ground !
We hear the triumph-song of Birth o'er Death
And kneel to Joy's Divine—half-mazed with sound ;
The larger Joy—the Joy of things that grow,
Of Youth and Spring, of buds and rush of wings,
When Earth is full of leafy whisperings
And, all for love, the wind itself sings low,—
The joy of waves that leap and hearts that swell,
Of Manhood striving upward from the sod,
Of souls that die for good where others plod.
Such feel we now to know that all is well
And dream we live when all the Sons of God
Shouted for joy—before the silence fell.

[To E. M. R.]

October 14th, 1887.

I have been coming to a hundred conclusions, and feel quite sure that it is better far, and the only thing, to work steadily on at one's barren little field and not cry out for a forest where the soil is not even prepared, and where the shadows are even thicker and farther beyond one's reach.

Besides, one would only be acting there on a larger scale the same story that one acts here in miniature. The Devonshire Streets* of this world may seem more urgent and less everyday, but one does more harm working there, and one steps even less surely. So shoulder arms and away! After all, nine visits which fail are necessary to the tenth success in every walk of life. . . . And about the inconsistencies and hopelessnesses of carrying out one's skimpy little systems. I don't think one need think much either. Such thought is right for the Tolstois and the Gordons, and the men and women who have the outward zeal of a noble fanaticism and the inward sanction of their own hearts which actually feel the passion for mankind to overwhelm private family feeling, but for the ordinary Jacks and Jills of this motley old playhouse which we call the World, the very fact that an instinct for the feelings of our surroundings comes uppermost with a dread of any separation from these, even in ideas, is good proof of the prior claim and authority of those feelings over our halting individual codes. Of course—and a thousand times of course—one always does really know that one's true gospel of peace and good-will lies there, in the sweet homely ties and precious claims for which one says grace in one's heart every day of one's life, and one's own insignificant notions of existence must jog along as consistently as they can after these, giving and

* Devonshire Street represented an experience of tracing a girl to a bad house in which the unutterably low and dismal scene suggested the published story "Eleanora Gladys Pratt." She had been thinking of schemes for concentrating all her powers on buying up the bad street altogether. For the last year and a half her mother's state of health had tied her more to her home, and now a serious illness required her almost constant devotion until the end came in May, 1888.

taking as best they may, truly grateful for the limits, and knowing that if they once cleared these they would certainly be a good deal the worse for the leap. A Tolstoi, or a George Sand, or a deaconess who has a clear sanction within must miss many clinging joys and cheering "glows." So *à bas* introspection and *vive* the Mile End Road, to which I am just off. . . . I am really enjoying everything to-day, and feeling thoroughly ashamed of my temporary glooms (caused, I believe, by that stupefying pain).

April, 1888.

"THE ANGEL OF DEATH," BY WATTS.

Oh Death we once called King and Conqueror ;
Truly we know thee as a Mother now,
With eyes of love down-bent and saintly brow
That shed deep peace where all was pain before.
Thy mother-arms most mild enfold her round ;
Thy hand can smooth the earth-lines from her face,
Till rocked to sleep within thy close embrace
She finds the rest our prayers would fain have found.

Birth-giving Mother ! Thou art tenderer
Than Life, the Master with the iron rule
Who might have crushed her in his bitter school,
Whilst thou to being new dost render her ;
For on thy breast a new-born child she lies,
And lo ! of such God makes His Paradise.

[To E. M. R.]

June, 1888.

It is just the difficulty of readjusting life after going through a parting. In theory there must be a beginning, and it must be imperfect. If this be a first chapter only,

one cannot wonder at its wants. But in practice it often seems impossible now to come back to this dwarfish world. And indeed, after *that*, one can never be the same again really, and one would not wish it. For, when one has tasted the Sacrament-Cup of Death, all is changed for ever, and things that were common become sacred, and things the world held sacred become common, and one bows one's head before names that yesterday were everyday parlance, and simply dares not touch the familiar things one used to handle carelessly. For here, too, one sees one's Peaks, since it is given one now and again to clasp hands once more across that gulf and to stand close by one's own, and look with them for one infinite moment towards the Heights that stand round that awful Valley of the Shadow; heights which we, wretched pigmies, cannot even begin to scale when our eyesight is blurred by our own sorrow. And then one has to come back, and it seems so impossible to face life again with its miserable street cries and puling indignities, and one *cannot* recognise that, in kind, though not in degree, it is one with the eternity behind. It is much harder than to say that a barrel-organ and Beethoven are both music. I seem such a coward for letting everything jar, even the blessed sunshine. No thought can alter one jot of the awful ache and the blank where once all was full; or that torturing freedom of days once full of precious ties. But grief is a most sacred possession and belongs to the back of one's soul, and becomes part of one—behind life—a holy place where one can sit apart. And “to make *the best of life*” one must remember Death, for that means love and memory. Do what one will, Death has so much of one's *best* that one dare not touch Life without it. I liked so much what you said about our being *obliged* to live and

feel and act for this present life, and, after all, that is no mere *pis-aller* if this life be only the beginning of the next ; living for one is living for the other. Good-night. It is 3 a.m.

[To M. E. C.]

HINDHEAD, *August*, 1888.

I think there comes a time when London with its mighty heart and heartless might becomes almost impossible, and one wants the pure candour of the hills. One has them here all about one ; they look to me very like the Land of Beulah in my old " Pilgrim's Progress," and it is possible to feel a heart-lifting here where the wind comes all day across the purpling moors and drives white clouds across the sky all night. Certainly — is a great deal nicer than Christiana, even than Christiana might have been if she had lived in the nineteenth century and travelled along the great broad, easy-going road of literary morality and impressionist righteousness that has sup-
planted her narrow way. . . .

It would be difficult not to get well here. I loll in an armchair and pretend to read Zola, but in reality " I am only very busy doing nothing at all," as Jane Carlyle says, and when I do happen to read a word I have immediately to jump up and take a bath in Browning or Keats to wash off that realistic mud. They call this facing reality, do they, and say that their work springs from a love of *the truth* ? It seems to me that only presenting, *over-presenting*, one side of a truth ends in a worse untruth than an honest self-conscious lie. Certainly science has played us strange freaks, and our passion for drains and sanitary clothing has plunged us into queer inward sewers and very ugly garments and impious attention to the body.

HINDHEAD : A FUGUE OF BACH.

Without, the rain drives by in gusty sweeps ;
The pine-tree sobs and rocks herself alone,
And in her boughs the doubting wind makes moan,
Whilst heedlessly the grey sky broods and sleeps.
Within, where human hearts beat humanly,
Live hope and fear and doubt and hasty strife,
And faith who beats her wings against the sky,
And grief who makes a holy place of life ;
But over all, the sweet compelling might
Of music still aspires and Law unbending
Put forth in melody that knows no ending,
And thus made one with love and high delight ;
Till storm turns song and doubt is held by awe,
And life stands by us sanctified by Law.

[To M. E. C.]

September 23rd.

And so again it is your birthday, and again I feel as if I had a whole ocean of love and wishes to send you and no words to wrap them in. The wish for many happy returns of the day is elastic, since " happy " is a chameleon and takes each new definition of the word that the years bring to us. And may happiness always mean the best for you, my friend — a life that grows fuller and fairer with time, though I don't think it could be much more of a blessing to others than it is now, specially to your humble servant ! And if shadows and ghosts of former selves and such uncanny guests cross the threshold of anniversaries when you grow older, send them off by the spell of others' love for you and others' gratitude for all you are to them.

EDITH SICHEL.

CANNES, *December, 1888.*

We grow too common in this world of ours ;
We prate of toys and boast of commonplace ;
Yet moments still are ours of saving grace,
As at this sunset, drowning all our powers.
For lo ! a cloak of flame falls round earth's knees,
As if it were the cloak of God that fell ;
Its folds are caught in every golden dell
And on the boughs of silver olive trees,
And on the waiting hills of amethyst
That, breathless with the sacramental fire
And, wrapped in utter silence, still aspire ;
While at their feet, clasped by an amber mist,
The tranquil sea, low-voiced, with soothèd might,
Still holds a tender memory of the light.

[To M. E. C.]

AVIGNON, *December 12th, 1888.*

Books are nice and friends are nicer, and both together make one feel that the world is a bearable ball and that the years will bring their happiness together with their burdens. I struck 26, on the Pont d'Avignon. . . . It is a great *possession* to think how many years we have punctually presented each other with choice books on the occasion of our several births.

The Gerald Ritchie's arrival at Marseilles was too brilliant and delicious for anything, and we had rare jaunts at Marseilles—Christmas fairs, shooting booths, serious sights taken lightly. Also a wonderful day here when we made pantomimes of all the Popes who haunt this deadly historical place ; together with the mistral and the cold, kind memory of John Stuart Mill. Theo is more than a duck,

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with a flaxen head and blue eyes. She walks underneath when her father stands astride and says two words of Hindostanee.

I do wish you were not going to leave —. It is everything for her to have a healthful outlet like you, who can divert her if possible at the right moment and talk of the sad things with real *fellow* feeling, instead of mere outside feeling which is always inefficient. Just because the ardent, loving natures feel and suffer most, don't you think they heal most too, in the end, and find the best balsams? I pray every moment it may be so in this case.

Your letter made me very happy. Even though in one's grateful heart one has perpetual faith in one's friends, still one likes to be *told* that one is something to them and feel life full of them.

HOTEL VOLTAIRE, PARIS, *December, 1888.*

I must subjoin my conversation with the old gentleman-housemaid of this hotel, who is much more assiduous and chivalrous in his manner of arranging one's hot water than any maid could be. He asked me whether I lived in London. When I said "Yes": "*Ah! on est bien à Londres,*" exclaims he. I agreed. He then enquired if I was about to rejoin my family. I assured him that I was. He asked about my relations. I replied that I had a good many. "*Ah-h-h! un mari et tout ça?*" I thought this rather rude, so I glided over it and told him I had four sisters and a brother. He was very contented with the number and said, "*Ah, ça commence!*" Then he again returned to the charge and said: "*Alors, madame n'est pas mariée?*" I answered, "*Que non, I wasn't.*" Then he gazed for a moment at my imperturbable mask and murmured: "*Ah, c'est plus tranquille comme ça!*"

EDITH SICHEL.

He didn't mean it rudely ; it was a cry wrenched from him by sheer inner agony, no doubt !

[To E. M. R.]

January, 1889.

Beloved—though still sallow
And just a little yallow
And lying very fallow
On biscuits and hot water
(Which I detest to swallow
Much more than bitter aloe,
Or than dripping or than tallow),
I thought you'd like a letter
To tell you that I'm better,
For which I am your debtor
And grateful as I oughter—
Nor am I a forgetter,
But Prudence I abet her,
And whilst the streets grow wetter,
Adore my bricks and mortar.
Meanwhile I hope, Belovèd,
That, booted you and glovèd,
On 'bus and foot have rovèd
Amidst this mud diurnal,
In company fraternal.
But, for me, both fog and wind are
As null as lifeless cinder
Till savage as a vulture
I flee to shabby culture,
With what inane result, your
Patience now can test,
And I grow as trite and tedious
As ten encyclopedias,

And quite as weak and weedy as
Old Baxter his "Saint's Rest."
But I still have consolation
From my endless Tolstoi-ration
And his lovable jobation
To the world and his own nation
And to all the landed youth.
For amidst his ardent treason
To the grammar rules of Reason,
You still feel most and seize on
The holy flame of Truth.
(You must grasp that pipe and tabor
Exist but for one's neighbour,
And that you and I should labour
With sickle and with plough—
That wrong are towns and new *chic*,
And right are fields and *moujik*,
And that both the man and true chick
Should begin to labour *now*.)
But indeed I grow too boring,
Which is matter for deploring ;
And the fire it is roaring
And the maid the soup's outpouring
Neat as the love of Corin,
Whose name remains no more in
My failing memory, or in
The foolish rhyme which breedeth
The brain which no one heedeth
Of thy unworthy Edith—
That feeblest old romancer
Who implores you not to answer,
As she wrote this but in piety
To save you from anxiety.

EDITH SICHEL.

(Which measure was planned *sapius*
To please her Æsculapius,
And the rhyme she did but fool it in
To wile away a bulletin.)

During her stay with us on Hindhead, then wild and unspoilt, Edith fell in love with the surrounding country and longed to have a footing in it. After my mother's death in November, 1888, we took together a cottage at Chiddingfold, and there we spent six summers before building our little house on the Green at Hambledon. The country life was a new experience for her, and she enjoyed everything belonging to it, and made others enjoy it. Small spare-rooms overflowed with visitors of all sizes, the relations of both of us coming often to stay; amongst them many children, for whom she devised endless little revels, actings, dressings-up, gay rhymings on whatever turned up in the course of the day. And what thoroughly satisfied her was carrying out a plan dreamt of during her East End struggles of a small home for baby girls to grow up in. Many of the children came to it from the Whitechapel Workhouse, one amongst them having been left as a parcel when a few days old. There were no parents to claim them as they grew up, almost all rewarded her care by becoming excellent young servants. One of these wrote of her godmother, as they called her, "Heaven knows how heaps of people whom she was a right hand to will miss her more than they can tell." Another little home which she started near by, and also absorbed a great deal of her time and money for five years, was not so long-lived. The story of her experiences of the untractable girls she tried to benefit is delightfully told by herself in "the Confessions of an Amateur Philanthropist," published in *New and Old*.

The only drawback to the happy days was her health, which, in the winter of 1891, caused her so much suffering that her doctors forbade her to expose herself again to the poison of East End streets. At first she could not acquiesce in this verdict with any ease of conscience, for, with her wonderful

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vitality and strength of nerves, she could always carry through what she intended. But by degrees she found consolation in the new activities recorded by Mr. Bradley. And then, too, she found in the country more leisure than she had yet had for writing, and the enthralment of literary work increased its hold on her till she felt that everything else yielded to it for abiding satisfaction. She had tried her hand at it in various small ways, and wrote to Anne Thackeray already in 1883, "My MSS. have such a clinging affection for me that they always return to me again, so that I never hope anything better from them. . . . I agree with you that disappointment is discipline, and one has to learn that one is an atom in a world, a part and not a whole—soon learnt in theory, but difficult to accept in practice." But her short story of "Jenny," published in the *Cornhill* of December, 1886, and one or two others in *Murray's Magazine* were praised, and she threw herself with great enjoyment into her novel "Worthington Junior," in the first summers at Chiddingfold. When she found, however, that the result was only a restricted success, she felt that creative work was not for her, and turned to the writing of historical memoirs as her special field for the rest of her life.

Her genius for insight, which made her read straight into the hearts of her fellow-creatures, was brought to bear with great zest upon the unravelling of characters of remoter days, and to understand, as she said herself when writing about the tabooed Catherine de Medici, how they came to be possible to themselves. More and more as the work developed did she enjoy the study of history as "human life remembered," and, apart from the interest in her subjects, she liked the sense in her busy practical life of "something craggy to break your mind upon," as Byron said.

Her attitude towards such work is well given in a dedication to Dr. Hodgkin, which she had prepared shortly before his death, for a new edition of her first volume of Catherine: * "Since your name stands for those things of good report which all

* The publication of this edition of the three Renaissance books has unfortunately been stopped by the war.

EDITH SICHEL.

students make for, it is a lasting proof that accuracy and vividness, the knowledge of the expert, the enjoyment of the artist, deep scholarship and warm humour can live happily together in one household, and it is because I love these qualities of the historian, although I can never possess them, that I dare sign myself," etc.

Those who knew how she gave herself to her friends, as well as to her needy people, wondered how she found time to write amongst so many distractions and interruptions. And it was indeed wonderful, for she was naturally unmethodical. As life advanced she disciplined herself to method, and trained herself in all the habits which help the march of things. But, apart from the wise rule of rigidly keeping two morning hours daily for her writing, one peculiarity helped her more than anything to accomplish what she did. Early morning hours being of no use to her, she used to sit up late into the night, the time when she felt most alive and when even without writing she valued the sense of quiet reigning around, and found her thoughts were clearer and more fruitful than at any other time. She often used those hours for her reviewing work in the *Times Literary Supplement*, which began in 1901, or for her articles in the *Pilot*.

Our installation had just taken place when she wrote this little poem. The letters that follow found me staying with Mrs. Kemble at the Italian Lakes.

CHIDDINGFOLD, *June*, 1889.

When pasture-lands slope quiet
Toward the setting sun
And toil of day is done,
The thrushes cease sweet riot
And the stars peep one by one.
But the scythe no more is heard
Nor the flutter of a bird,
When pasture lands grow quiet.

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The drowsy kine are lowing,
And the briar's breath is sweet,
Still streams of light are flowing
Where sister-meadows meet,
And the poppies curtsey glowing
Amongst the young green wheat.
Upon the breast of even
The day is borne to Heaven.
The earth of God is surer,
Our inmost thoughts are purer,
Great peace to us is given
According to His fiat
When pasture lands grow quiet.

July 20th, 1889.

Certainly London is girding up its loins and eating its Passover before departure. The houses have reduced their nightly awnings, many of them have put down their eyelids—otherwise their blinds—and settled for the summer siesta, the pink geraniums in the windows look wan and fagged. The thousand odours of London are creeping out, also that mysterious race of caretakers who probably reside for the rest of the year at some infernal purlieu like Baker Street station, and who stand about squares at night-time in bonnets which they wear, apparently, from the day of their birth, and in costumes held together by two buttons hanging by a thread, but which never come off.

Private omnibuses and four-wheelers piled with luggage are daily to be seen crawling towards stations where they disgorge children, servants, and panting parents who go off quarrelsome in search of a change and always remain exactly the same wherever they are.

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CHIDDINGFOLD, *July 25th*, 1889.

Such a walk as I went yesterday evening when the world was new-washed after the rain ! By-the-bye, what a difference between the rain in town and country. The fretted town only weeps for vexed desire, and her tears only leave her parched and brooding or grey and sullen, but Earth emerges from rain like a child after a burst of tears quite rosy and gay, sparkling with light, ringing with laughter in the sweet din of birds. . . . Blackdown stood out in a deep purple garment against a great bank of softest grey clouds, stern and imperial ; near me were blithe green meadows where the daisy-heads were bowed with raindrops ; harebells, extremely shy, and dandelions very gallant grew to the right and left, and there was a whispering and rustling going on wherever I turned such as a sober town-ear would hardly credit out of fairyland. . . .

I walked home with an easy mind and pondered upon D——'s education, and came to my usual conclusion that children bring *us up*, not we them ; the most we can do is to love them truly and help them to *grow up* and unfold the powers they possess ; and then I ruminated easily upon life in general, and chewed the cud of my third-rate thoughts in that luxury of rambling meditation to which a straight country road and evening air full of balm is so conducive. Then I returned and buried my nose in " Tom Jones " and my body in an armchair, and found my book completely harmonious with my walk, as all great old writers are. There is something so sweet and wholesome, so frank and winning about Fielding that he is not unlike all that is free and sane and " herby " in nature.

As I have otherwise such an easy conscience down here, uneasiness about my letters to you will be my only fear

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when the Trump of Doom finds me finishing the ninety-ninth page of my millionth letter to you. Be a good ghost and return very quickly to this cosy little world.

[To Elinor Paul.]

CHIDDINGFOLD, *August*, 1889.

I am completely absorbed in Sainte Beuve's "Port Royal," and find myself thrilling with excitement over Formularies and Bulls and all the things one has hitherto prayed to forget.

They somehow become so essential and so much a part of the grand monastic personalities that burn through one that one embraces them, too. It is quite an epoch in one's existence learning to know all these people whose ideal was certainly so far off one's own idea of right, but who made such a sublime mistake that its sublimity reaches Heaven, whilst our own far more natural and rightful standard has not yet even touched the first cloud on our horizon. I certainly would rather be wrong with them than right with Herbert Spencer.

[To Blanche Warre Cornish.]

CHIDDINGFOLD, *October*, 1889.

I am grieved for this tonsillitis plague at Eton, and wish you could all come Cot-wards and have the village cure. This is only a cannon of a note to *bombard* you into coming as soon as you can comfortably leave the children. I think you would find comfort in this cheap little heaven which is growing more beautiful every minute—the woods and fields all afire with tongues of flame, red and amber.

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Certainly Autumn's Passover is the most wondrous banquet given to mortals ; October seems to me the most *moral* month of the year and, whatever the poets may say, the most *victorious* time. There is such a sense of triumph and of due fruition about it combined with decay and endurance and the approach of winter, such courage in the fiery glow now that summer has fled. I am writing bosh probably, but the outcome of it is "Come" as soon as you can, with any number of the family. I am trembling at the Advent of the Cot break-up, and have no hankerings at all for town.

[To Anne Thackeray in India.]

CHIDDINGFOLD, *late Autumn*, 1889.

I wish I could put as much news as love into this letter, but the Cot produces more content than novelty. Nobody is born, nobody is married, nobody is dead. We are so happy here that one longs for a little more lotus-eating. Three months without a "worree" does spoil one dreadfully. However, London is always London and the marrow of one's heart.

We are all much excited by General Booth and his huge Utopian scheme. Oh lor ! how I wish we could take third-class tickets to Utopia and carry off the whole of Whitechapel there.

October, 1889.

To those that faithfully sweet music love
She gives herself and puts such harmony
Into their souls that all their life doth move,
By music's law towards eternity,
Till each new day a note soft-linkèd prove.

And thou who oft with music dwells't apart,
Thy life is governed by an inward law
Of melody, which rules thy mind and heart
With sweetness wed to order, free from awe—
Which, like the lute of Orpheus, stocks doth draw.

And thus thou makest music of thy days
And those of others for them, till each hour
Grows tuneful at thy presence, turning praise,
For strength in sweetness resteth more than power,
And music truly is the god's own dower.

H. S.

March, 1890.

The breath of jocund spring is crystal clear ;
Sweet winds are blowing softly from the west ;
The golden crocus-bud doth now appear,
And new-born primrose, cradled on earth's breast,
To whisper to us, " It is nigh the year."

Dearest, albeit our tears no longer flow,
It is not that we love thee less but more,
Feeling thee with us still, as long ago,
Yet purer, if that can be, than before :
The sweetest soul that we shall ever know.

So hast thou grown a Presence, still as prayer,
Staying like peace with us who wish for thee ;
Not fleeting like these mortals, here and there,
Nor bound by time, but calm, eternal, free,
One with the spring and all fair things that be.

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[To Elinor Paul.]

CHIDDINGFOLD, *August*, 1890.

I have never told you in words of my great happiness that all goes prosperously, and that you possess that sweetest rose of a baby, the picture of whose little pink petal-face seems to belong to these meadows and flowers and all delicious things. . . .

I am finding Wallace's "Darwinism" as good and sensible and impartial, and almost irritatingly commendable and desirable as anything of that school invariably is. It is so wise in leaving all untellable things aside and in being contented so to do, so cheerful and yet so unimaginative when it leaves facts for comment that I could almost stamp for vexation at so much virtue. It affects me as light, not warmth, the very best light electric if you will, but not fire, let alone sun; but then it doesn't pretend to be warmth, and wholly knows its place, so that my irritation is wholly unreasonable, and I know it to be a fine book.

TO A NOVEMBER COLD.

1890.

Season of fogs and yellow wheeziness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing chill,
Conspiring with it how to most distress
With coughs all such as daily rounds fulfil;
To bind the human form with ache and sneeze,
To fill all hearts with crossness to the core;
To swell the face and dump the human shell
With deep depression; to set grumbling more,
And still more every diner-out one sees,
Until he thinks cold days will never cease,
For winter has o'erwhelmed him with his "sells."

* * * * *

LETTERS, VERSES, etc.

Where are the winds of spring—ah, where are they?
Think not of them, they have their drawbacks too.
Now yellow fogs gloom the fast-dying day
And touch each human nose with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir all ladies mourn
With tingling cheeks; their spirits borne aloft
Or sinking as the east wind lives or dies;
And full-grown men's loud wailings know no bourn;
Bacillæ swarm, and now from pillow soft
Barbolic balls are used full long and oft,
And gathering snow-storms hover in the skies.

[To M. E. C.]

NORTHUMBERLAND, *September*, 1890.

I should have written before, but have been in a vortex of toothache, and had to go to Newcastle and back and induce a little horse-dentist, the image of Offa, King of Mercia (whom I knew intimately in a previous state of existence), to take it out and give me gas, which made me ill. However, I have now recovered under the unimaginably kind care of the Coltmans, and only wish you were here to share the amethyst glory of the moors, of the blue hills and the poet-firs against the fleecy clouds, of the trees dropping diamonds and the wind scampering over the heather. . . . I won't burst with rapture over Durham and its Cathedral towers flooded with moonlight above the silver river till I almost thought it a ghost, and expected Dunstan and Lanfranc to run out hand in hand, and Thomas à Becket to come ambling after; nor about the Jew's House in quaint Lincoln, where nobody

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under fifty-six exists ; nor about the grave of Mrs. Markham, who is aptly and inexpensively buried close by Saint Hugh of Lincoln ; nor about the old " Three Tuns," the Durham Inn which we shared with a Bishop who had three carpet-bags, as I have to write home. *Pax tibi.*

IN ILLNESS.

There is a land called Pain,
Whose heavy-lidded people know not sleep,
Where storm winds sob and shadows gather deep.
And yet to sojourn there is highest gain,
For whoso there hath trod,
Shorn of his pride, hath silent bowed his head
And, losing strength to stand, hath learned instead
To hold more closely by the hand of God.

[To M. R. and A. T. in India.]

BARKSTONE MANSIONS, *January 10th, 1891.*

Even you in your tents can hardly boast a more delicious day than I can see out of my window, in spite of my streaming eyes, the only remains of the epidemic which I also caught in due time. It really is the most deadly bore, nobody talks of anything else. It was actually prayed for in the churches. The postmen have It, the judges have It ; all the Prime Ministers, Chancellors and Policemen of Europe have It, and criminals can't even have a good time in consequence—because they have It also. The world of Fashion has turned into one great

sneeze. The pomps and vanities lie low, and even the spirit is not much looked after, as the Church is wheezing too ! and one meets a few sickly curates with streaming eyes as they totter out after having It.

A guest staying with Amy suddenly tumbled down in an epidemical heap like an Irvingite or an Ananias seized by this eleventh plague. I am really growing as boring as the newspapers. Many enquiries after you, my Nan, at the girls' service in Whitechapel last night. I was about to give Mary S. Smith a vivid picture of your pig-sticking, when it suddenly struck me that pig-sticking was not a proper word to use in Whitechapel, so I substituted " wild-boar hunting." Mr. Barnett preached a beautiful sermon, and we all returned bodily the limper, the grimier, and the more blessed for the evening.

You cannot imagine anything grander than Browning's funeral. It was a foggy day, but inside the Abbey walls the mists of yellow cloud just rolling away made it all look so full of mystery, so tremendous like the antechamber of eternity, with fuller possibilities breaking upon our sleep-bound eyes. It was a wonderful sight to see all the most eminent of the English clergy gathered together in the nave waiting. Dean Bradley, in his close black velvet cap, looking like Henry VII., Canon Westcott with such a noble face, the spirit shining through a rather rugged cast of countenance, etc. When the coffin came, hidden in flowers, borne by Jowett, Dr. Butler, Sir George Grove, Hallam Tennyson, Sir James Paget and others, followed by a train of the best known men in England, when it passed down the nave through an avenue of girls and young men, all stirred deeply, who had been standing for hours waiting for this moment ; when it eventually was lowered to its resting-place in Poet's Corner, near Dryden

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and Spenser and the rest of that goodly company, one felt that honour was at length paid where honour was due.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Some men there be with lives untouched by grief
Who know not evil, but who yet maintain
That all the ill they see not turns to gain,
And urge a cheap quiescence as belief.
Ah! but the poet with the prophet's heart,
More man than men, with eyes for the divine,
Has knelt alone at sorrow's inmost shrine
And faced bare sin and pain, nor turned apart.
And still he held his burning hope on high,
Not bidding us ignore but bear in mind
That shadow only proves the sun behind,
And that his light will kindle by and by;
Till dimmest eyes a Burning Bush have found,
And life and death for us are holy ground.

[To E. M. R.]

CHIDDINGFOLD, *March 5th*, 1891.

Glorious sunshine rippling over our fields and hills.
Shut your eyes and imagine the cool grey-blue of the
March sky, and the fretwork of black twigs against it.
There are a great many sappy buds in the boughs, and a
feeling of growth in the air; the copse is veiled in the
most delicate bloom, a haze of rose and amethyst hardly
to be called colour, and the thrushes sing of all the delicious
days that have been and are going to be. I am going
over to the Baby Cot soon, that poor dear Mrs. — has

LETTERS, VERSES, etc.

made the vaguest money-muddles ; like all angels she is vague, and one must thank heaven for it, as it is the badge of her celestial nature ; but what's good in spirits becomes embarrassing in flesh and blood which subsists on cash accounts. Also — is giving trouble from daftiness.

I am doing my lessons very hard and have nearly finished Merivale—am also deep in Gibbon, the last two chapters of Vol. I. absorbing on the rise of Christianity. The account of the schisms is masterly, sharp, clear, and learned. . . . I am also in the heart of Sismondi's " Florentine Republics," which will be useful in Italy.

The following poems supplement the published letters written during our first visit together to the regions she loved best in the world—the cities of Italy.

ROME, *April*, 1891.

ROME.

Where is the Truth, oh Rome, thou world of all
The creeds outspread beneath time's hoary wings ?
Where is the Truth ? For in the empty hall
Of Cæsar's Palace, green the young grass springs,
And here where women crowned and uncrowned kings,
Calm-browed, fierce-hearted, now the blackbird sings,
And white star blossoms clasp the Titan wall.

And in St. Peter's, on the world-wide stair
Where Emperors lay prone and interdict,
And pilgrims wept ; now in the shining air
Gay beggars bask all day and bless the light,

While deep within that domèd kingdom where
The Cross turned sceptre kept its slaves in night,
Now no man trembles, and the stranger there
Measures the dome and takes its breadth and height.

Where is the Truth? Not here, oh Rome, apart
In any system made since man first trod ;
At best *they* caught it in thy world of art,
The men who saw and kindled where we plod.
But we, the mass, seem far as at the start ;
Rome has no answer, for it is but sod,
And knows not that the Truth is hid with God
And only given to the pure in heart.

THE AMAZON IN THE CAPITOL.

1891.

Hers were the wind-shot forces of the morn,
And hers the starry stillness of the night ;
The dewy frankness of the hawthorn white,
Young summer's courage mid the standing corn.
She knew no sorrow, and her youth unworn,
Supreme, in love with freedom, eremite,
Looked down most queenly from its maiden height
On things unworthy, with a noble scorn.
She felt no want, for by her lightning torn,
The hounds flew onwards, whilst she led their flight ;
And now she scents the battle's high delight
Afar, and *leaps to victory* new-born.
But even as she smites, her arm on high
Stays fixed and helpless, for her wide eyes meet
The eyes of Theseus ; strong her pulses beat
And o'er her breast a tide sweeps suddenly,
Unknown, half-pain, half-rapture ; she would fly,

But cannot—for a new life—giving heat,
Within her kindles, seeming to complete
Her being, fill a want born in a sigh.
And, in a flash, she knows her life of sky
And air is vain ; nought triumph or defeat ;
But that to yield to strength is far more sweet
Than freedom in the woods of Arcady.

THE SACRISTAN.

Scene : A Church in Italy (April, 1891).

Sacristan (*aside*) : Who are these who dare to scan
This church without the Sacristan ?

(*Aloud*) I am the man called Sacristan,
I can speak Français and Inglese ;
And if you follow me I can
Show you the pulpit of Nicoli de Pise—
The Sybil's grotto, the frescoes of Giotto,
More fine than the frescoes of Assise—
Follow me dis way, if you please ;
This is the chapel San Sacramento,
The whole of this is cinque cento ;
This is the antique iron gate
Through which (six hundred eighty-eight)
Totila came with all de Huns,
And knocked down all dis church at once.

(*On intelligent inquiries.*)

This gate, first made by an Umbrian Lord,
Is very old, but it's all restored.
This which you see is the iron ring
To which St. Gregory did cling,
In fleeing for his life before
Pope Adrianus twenty-four.

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This is St. John by Donatello,
This is real marble, painted yellow ;
You hear, I tap it with the key, (*taps*)
This only can be done by me.
Do not stop for a single minute—
That's only a Vinci, there's nothing in it.
This green mosaic is wondrous fine—
Made for the Tomb of Pio Nine ;
But you must pay two extra franchi
If you wish to see his statue *anche*.
This splendid tarsia-work of the choir,
Destroyed ten years ago by fire,
Was worked anew on painted ground,
And cost two million eighty pound.
If you take a ticket for the crypt
You can see the stone where St. Mark was whipped.
I've done, and now I want to be tipped.

May, 1891.

ASSISI.

Sweet evening drew her silver hood,
And very quiet was her mood,
As in Assisi's church I stood.

From roof and walls and apse each part,
Where Giotto drew and loved his art
(The man in power, the child in heart).

Some rainbow saints who long ago
Leaped unto God, their souls aglow,
And *loved* Him ere they sought to *know* :

Saint Francis, spent with deedful prayer,
His sister-spirit, Holy Clare,
Saint Catherine with the pale gold hair,

Saint Bernard, praying at his post,
And all the rapt and suffering host
Kindled by tongues of Pentecost.

Abashed I stood within God's Court,
I saw the things these men had wrought,
And grey as evening grew my thought.

Were they not right to see their goal
So clear and give their bodies whole,
To test the sovereign might of soul?

Whilst we who see, yet see not, wait,
And argue at the Temple-gate,
Till death comes while we speculate.

Were it not best, like thee, to take
Our chance? To leave the world and make
In worst case, a sublime mistake?

Or have the fervent deeds of men
Waned with their faith of babe-like ken?
The God, more near, they worshipped then?

I searched for holiness of saint,
For sacrifice without a taint;
In vain I searched, my heart waxed faint.

Then suddenly a vision grew
Of friends I loved and forms I knew,
With hands outstretched and purpose true,

Of those who put the saving grace
Of kindness in the commonplace
And, with a smile, make life less base.

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Of those who toil without a pause
For purer streets and nobler laws,
And make dull prose a poet's cause.

A crowd is all their solitude,
And there they prove their brotherhood ;
No cowl they ask or prayerful mood,

No miracle from prostrate vice,
Or softening smoke of sacrifice ;
But pay their deeds as common price.

And very thankful was my mood
For this our broader form of good,
As in Assisi's church I stood.

And as I paced the sober street,
Flanked by the fields of bright green wheat,
I blessed a world so sane and sweet.

July, 1891.

Love for love's sake and not for love's returns :
Love's very self is all—his wage is nought,
But if within thy soul his clear torch burns,
See that thou feed its flame with faithful thought.
Keep it alight by day and eke by night,
For thus alone our feeble eyes prevail
To sound the deeps of life and know its height
Or, for one breath, to pierce beyond the veil.
Ah ! ye who love, fall down upon your knees
And thank God for your gift of giving love :
For its high rapture and its heavenly ease,
And strong belief that asks no voice to prove.
Blessèd are they that love, for they alone,
Even in life, have stood before the throne.

LETTERS, VERSES, etc.

The following letter was written after seeing the grave of a young boy friend whose sudden cutting off from life was filling her thoughts.

[To E. M. R.]

CHIDDINGFOLD, *June*, 1891.

From the deeps of one's deeps one cried out that this was not a grave but a threshold. . . .

Carlyle may be a readier refuge in the moment of sore need than beloved Browning, who is such a stand-by every day, and *could* not have disbelieved had he tried.

He did not write from the midst of pain, and it is also the sense that he treats of death from an abstract and discursive point of view that makes a difference in his helpfulness. This prose passage of his (quoted by Sharp) reminds me of those last words of Goethe's, "Now comes the change to higher changes—Zu höheren Wandlungen."

"Why should we not change like everything else? You know as well as I do that death is life, just as our daily, our momentarily dying body is none the less alive and ever recruiting new forces of existence. Without death, which is our crape-like, churchyardy word for change, for growth, there could be no prolongation of that which we call life. For myself I deny death as an end of everything. Never say of me that I am dead."

Goethe's saying, "It is a sign of weakness not to believe in Immortality" and those other words you quote remain with one and are like light—illuminating, blessed. Goethe, in whom reason ruled supreme and calm knowledge was perfectly proportioned, is the greatest witness to immortality that one could have; the most signal, for he was by nature an impartial *Knower*. But nearly all things that are written about death and sorrow, not written in pain, seem far away. Every fresh death and

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grief make one read one's poets and prophets in a new light. . . . If our mortality could grasp immortality, the world would not groan and travail. It is because, like Prometheus, we would steal fire from Heaven that we moan chained to our rocks whilst our hearts are eaten out. . . . After all, why should men hold down their instincts as mere wishes, or feel them impossible? . . .

[To M. E. C.]

CHIDDINGFOLD, *September 22nd*, 1891.

My heart is always "true to Poll," as the vulgar have it, but on your birthday it feels even more emphatically true than usual. May the years bring you joy and strength, which is quietness and confidence, and may your friends increase and be worthier but not more loving than your humble servant.

I am balancing between a craving to give you "Lavengro" and a little print of a Rembrandt called the "Burgomaster"—a scholar and gentleman, and so civic withal. Perhaps you will decide my mind for me. . . . Such gold as September has poured on our woodlands, such laying on of hands as coming priestly October has blessed the elms with. Such an incense of steaming loam!

My three babes have grown into rosebuds, and the Whitechapel girl even has turned into a weedy blossom—though outwardly she still alternates between damning me and saying, "Oh lor, 'ow I do love 'er," which causes a slight strain in my personal intercourse with her.

Shakespeare and Goethe do not belong to time but to eternity, and so I suppose one ought to expect Browning and Socrates in Shakespeare; but, nevertheless, your quotation from "Troilus and Cressida" made my soul jump.

[To M. R. (Mrs. Gerald Ritchie).]

CHIDDINGFOLD, *October, 1891.*

This purposes to be an equine letter, and I feel that I am doing right in sending an account of my equestrian career to such horsey people as you are. It having been discovered that a Horse was the Staff of my Life, and invaluable to my digestion, I hired an expensive white steed, on which, like Mr. Winkle, I daily mounted from a kitchen-chair, and which I daily allowed to gallop on the hard road. But it went at the knees, it went at the back, it went everywhere, and I had to send it away. Next day E. and I drove to Godalming in search of another, and interviewed a spanking old gentleman, anxious to rook me and to provide me with a hunter, but this I declined, and with many misgivings we then faced an ostler at the Angel Inn. In a shaky voice I pretended to know about horses' points, and after making him trot a fine brown cob up and down we hired him, Pickwickianly, for a month. Next morning I mounted him with my usual joy—he didn't seem fond of kitchen-chairs, but that didn't matter. I thought, however, as I rode off, that the saddle felt queer, and before I had gone a mile it began to slip and to turn round underneath the horse, and I with it. Having leaped off with a Herculean effort, I proceeded to lead the horse, and after much dusty walking I met a brewer with a cart and hailed him passionately. He saddled the horse again, but then came the question of mounting. "How can I mount?" said I tremulously, pining for my usual furniture. "Lor' bless you, Miss," said the brewer, "I can mount you." In one moment he had caught me in his arms, *my* arms were tightly round his neck, he heaved me on, and after this short but close embrace, we parted for ever.

After this I rode in peace, but next day we discovered the saddle was giving the cob a sore back, and it slipped woefully, and the saddle was padded. But the cob next slipped and swerved, the padding was of no good, and I had to let it rest for a day or two. I then again mounted it cheerfully, but this time it kicked and swerved, and dashed me into the saddler's shop, and I had to pretend I had come to speak about the saddle. Next morning, fresh faith, and again a start, deciding to pay no notice and ride with some precaution but a gay demeanour. Suddenly, without any warning, the cob dashed me into an oak tree. By dint of great care I managed to get my head *through* the boughs instead of under them, and found it was, as it were, separated from the rest of me, which was underneath the boughs, the cob also half on one side, half on the other, like a pantomime horse. At this moment I felt deep historical sympathy with all men or women who had ever lost their heads, figuratively or physically. A young man drove by in a dog-cart. I shouted to him desperately, as the cob was by this time trying to dash me against the trunk of the tree. The young man gallantly stopped and extricated me, and then, like the brewer, drove away rapidly, and he and I also parted for ever.

E. and I determined in despair that we *must* change the cob, though bound for a month to its horrible owner. After many days of correspondence there arrived a powerful white carriage horse, and again I mounted, but before I had got out of the village I found that one of his legs was stiff and that he had an elephantine canter, and a tendency to a praying attitude. So we again drove to Godalming, and are just awaiting the results of our last efforts.

January 1st, 1892.

The New Year stood on the threshold of Time :
The Earth was silent and silver with rime ;
The silence was deep and there was not a chime,
 As the little New Year stood waiting.
His eyes were mazed with the wonder of Birth,
His lips were smiling for hope and mirth,
For he knew nothing yet of the troublesome Earth,
 Of its loving or of its hating.

“ Oh, little New Year ” (it was I who spoke),
“ Pray grant me a gift ere the morning have broke ;
“ Thou must give it me now,” I said as he woke—
 And he laughed for the joy of giving.
“ My quiver is full of gifts,” quoth he.
“ So ask what thou wilt, I will give it to thee—
The Old Year has dreams of the Past, perdee,
 But *I* have joys for the living.”

“ Then give! ah give me, thou little New Year,
The griefs—if such be—that thou hast for my Dear,
The word that could wound and the shadow of fear,
 And the doubt that might work to distress her :
Ah, give me the tears my Belovèd would shed ;
Come yield them up now, I am ready,” I said,
 “ For the wish of my life is to bless her.”

But the little New Year was wiser than I.
“ These gifts are not mine,” he made his reply.
“ Much deeper and farther than Time they lie,
 Beyond to-day and to-morrow.
So pray not to change the years that must die,
Your love might work ill if I answered your cry,
The strength that is strong is the Will heaven-high
 That lies behind gladness and sorrow.”

EDITH SICHEL.

Then I knew the utmost a friend might dare,
Was to bow the head and to pray the prayer
Which, spoke or unspoke, is always there

Outside the need of proving.

And in simple silence to ask a share,
In weal or in woe, come rain, come fair,
And to clasp life always and everywhere,

With an endless faithful loving.

The following was sent to Mary Coleridge, to whom it suggested the verses "Dear Builder of the Bridge," published in the volume of her poems, page 116.

CHIDDINGFOLD, *Easter*, 1892.

Upon a bridge our feet are set ;

The silent sky above us sleeps,

Below us brood the silent deeps,

The goal we seek is hid as yet.

We may not gaze too eager down,

Nor of the depths the secrets know,

Lest peering we should dizzy grow

And lose our hold and fall and drown.

And if we strain with feeble eyes

To stare too long upon the sun,

Blinded we stagger all undone,

And miss the road that near us lies.

He is not wise who stays too long ;

Would we be safe we must pursue

The way which ends beyond our view,

And where the surging footsteps throng.

For in the hurry and the fret

Are some to calm and some to prove,

And some to greet and all to love

Upon the bridge where we are set.

1892.

Though health may go, with all its glow,
And buoyant strength have flown,
Though forces flag and blood runs slow,
Our souls are still our own.
Still ours the power to love and know,
To rest and hold our peace,
To soothe life's rushing to and fro,
Though fire for battle cease.

And though we slacken in the race,
So easy to begin
In dewy prime of morning-time,
When we were sure to win ;
We need not droop with saddened face
Albeit we miss our goals,
If but sweet Patience lend us grace
And we possess our souls.

[To E. M. R.]

June, 1892.

I am greatly enjoying Dr. Johnson's letters. The ardour with which he recommends riding to invalids would please you ; also his wonderfully minute letters about diet and *régime*. I fear that Mr. Thrale was like me in his days of *unregenerate illness*. " Mr. Thrale rides vigorously, rushes much into company, and is angry with anyone who says he is not well." I also found this : " Sadness multiplies itself : let us do our duty and be cheerful."

Most of his letters, where I am reading, are written in suffering, and therefore very congenial.

I have been much amused in reading about Renan in

De Goncourt's Journal during the Franco-Prussian War, and his attitude then which created absurd scenes between him and the patriots. There is something very fine in his telling them (when they were talking war fiercely during dinner) that Reason and Duty were above France and *La Patrie*, but it infuriated them, and at last Saint Victor shouted, *N'esthétiquons pas ; ne byzantinons pas, pardieu!*—on which Renan rose to quiet himself, and walked round the table. It was his wish to give in at once to the Germans, his impenetrable calm and insistence on talking of the Books of Ezra and Nehemiah when the siege had just begun, which exasperated his violent patriot-companions. One certainly does get a living picture of the stir and the devastation and the excitement and the seediness and the colours and the squalor and the unceasing conversation of Paris during that time. I should think Goncourt was very much prejudiced against Renan ; they certainly are the poles—Renan Hellenism and Aristocracy, Goncourt Realism and Democracy.

It is as natural for me to write to you every day as it is for a kettle to boil over at five o'clock, so have no scruples. Your letters have brought me all the salt, the sunshine, and the freshness of the sea, and I have quite *smelt* Devonshire. I think Lynton is only the adopted child of England, and was really born in Italy ages ago, but having lost the nymph and the faun who were her parents, came over here for an English education.

May, 1892.

Lord, take from me my body's health,
The force I own, the wished-for goal ;
Take from me love, take from me health,
But let me keep a poet's soul.

LETTERS, VERSES, etc.

For if a poet's soul I keep,
All gifts in one I there possess—
Riches and goal and love most deep,
And strength in perfect gentleness.

CAMBRIDGE, *June*, 1892.

D—— and I walked back from the Ball at King's at four this morning. The Towers of King's standing out sharply against the crystal serene of the blue-green sky of dawn ; the carven-fretwork seemed made of light, and the front of Trinity Archway flushed with pale rose-colour. It all looked like history gone to Heaven.

D. has been an immense success, her card was full before she knew where she was. I think I am made to be a chaperon after all and create little polking men. I sat patiently through twenty-three dances, and whenever I felt in the least like the mouldering dust in the Abbey, I boldly departed to seek food. It was the first dance ever given in King's Hall, and the loveliest sight ; the backs down to the river, and the bridges also, were lighted with coloured Japanese lanterns, as was the grand College Court, which was spread with marquees and looked like a grave old scholar married to a frivolous young wife twinkling with diamonds. The college windows looked down so kindly on all that youth. . . . Things reached their climax in the last polka, which seemed to last half an hour to the tune of the eternal Ta-ra-ra, and during which every undergraduate in the room shouted "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" in chorus, stamping on the floor till it shook like a boat—a real Bacchanalia of youth and spirits. . . . One of the few drawbacks was the severe cold—all the sitters-out sat huddled in wraps shivering and blue, I amongst them.

EDITH SICHEL.

TWO PRAYERS.

1892.

"Oh make me noble!" prayed I in my youth,

"Help me to hold the weak and raise the sod,
And let mine eye, of all men's, see Thy truth.

I will leave all to serve Thee, oh my God,
But let me keep my heart's desire in sooth
And bid me leap to Thee—I cannot plod!"

"Make me content, Lord," such is now my prayer,

"Since, in good faith, to life I've plighted troth;
Teach me to greet each day and take my share,

And say my grace for daily bread and broth:
To live and love and, where I can, to dare—
And cut my coat according to my cloth."

A CHOPIN POLONAISE.

1892.

We are the ghosts of a cause forgot,

And a trust without misgiving,
But the name that men remember not

To us made life worth living:

When our hearts beat high with the passion for truth,

With the hope that braved the halter,
And swift in our pulse flowed the tide of youth,
And we dreamed not faith could falter.

A few of us died, as we prayed, in fight,

But many at home, unheeded,
With heartsick hope and wayward sight
And with lives no longer needed.

For man is common and custom strong,

And the slave at his ease in prison,
But still youth swears it will vanquish wrong,
And dies ere the sun be risen.

LETTERS, VERSES, etc.

Yea ! we are dead, but our hearts thrill yet
With love of the land that bore us ;
Her wails we have heard—we do not forget—
But never her triumph-chorus.
And we shall know nought of her blossoming-time ;
We pray, and a voice cries “ Never,”
For we, who have given the strength of our prime,
Are ghosts on the shore of Forever.

[To A. C. F. (Mrs. Douglas Freshfield).] 1892.

I am greatly enjoying Wallace’s “ Darwinism.” . . . It sets one’s head in a whirl at first, and makes one feel rather like a Noah’s Ark, chock full of every genus and species of beast, bird and reptile, and as if nothing were so easy as to make and so difficult to remember as a long Latin name ; in fact, I feel rather Edithensis Sichelanus, and am comfortably convinced that it is my privilege only to exist at the expense of twelve other mortals weaker and, if possible, less useful than myself. But it hooks one on to things, and the over-population in Nature and in Whitechapel comes home to me just now. . . .

Did I tell you how my poor woman died of cancer, and the sorrow of her husband—such as I have never seen out of our own class ? He came here on Tuesday, not having tasted food since her death in the dawn of Friday ; it seems almost as if he would go mad. He is very near suicide I fear, but he told me that when he remembers his children he feels restrained. He walks and walks through the London streets without knowing where he is going, and his only comfort seems to be talking about his wife to people who knew her and loved her. He said that when they were starving, and he had come home without finding

work or food, and said, "Mother, I have nothing for you," she never made any other answer than "Never mind, dear, don't trouble." Until the last weeks she used to get up and dress herself, clinging to the rail of the bed for support. And then she would struggle through her laundry work, and even scrub a floor for an extra shilling, though she could keep no food down for three days together and lived on tea. Almost her last words were, "Lord Jesus, give me sleep." The funeral at Forest Gate, a stunted poor people's cemetery, the only place where they would bury for a pound, was the most touching sight imaginable. The husband did not weep—he only gave two heart-rending groans and nearly fell forwards, and cried out once, "Oh, my darling, darling, I cannot leave you." After that he kept an utter silence.

[To A. C. F.]

CHIDDINGFOLD, *August, 1892.*

Lately, worry upon worry—a perfect Vesuvius of worries has been raining down and almost buried this poor little Herculaneum. The scarlet-fever has now attacked four in the Baby Home, and I tremble to think how many more to come. And have you heard of the homicidal Whitechapel papa and his wretched limp family, who have all drifted down here to escape from his knife? They fill The Cot with limpness.

How unfortunate it is that one dislikes the negative quality so much more than vice. One cannot even have the Zola consolation, as in the educated classes, of calling it *une réaction nerveuse*, or *une nervosité abattue*. I have been thrilled by *La Débâcle*, and nothing could give a stronger impression of Zola's power. One feels as if one's inside had been bombarded, or as if one's mind

had fought a battle, and the terrible sense of Forlorn Hope which haunts one for days afterwards is a proof of master-force. Everywhere in the book one is stunned by the amazing power of heaped-up detail—the power almost of fever when details get on the nerves with alarming distinctness—as though Zola wrote with a hammer instead of a pen. He seems, to my humble eye, to lack the subtleties and delicate shades which make the finest *flavour* of art. . . . I am deep now in the delightful book you gave me, Janet's *Maîtres de la pensée*. It is truly absorbing and nourishing, and I feel as if I had been drinking a bouillon of philosophy flavoured with laurels and bays. The Spinoza is especially interesting, his figure always so pre-eminently fascinating. How different is this book from what an English one would be on the same subject! Nobody but a Frenchman can be deep with a light touch, and thorough with brevity.

A Frenchman runs uphill and loses no breath; an Englishman plods and does not look nice at the top; a German pants doubly, because all the way up he wastes breath on proving that the hill is not a hill but only a mode of space.

CHIDDINGFOLD, *August*, 1892.

A CORNFIELD.

About the fields a hedge is set,
At morning time all dewy wet,
Of hazel-nuts and brambles green,
And of sweet briar
That doth aspire
To the honeysuckle in between,
While the purple thistles boldly kiss
The tender clinging clematis.

Upon a hill the field doth lie,
Close against the bare blue sky :
The field is all of shining wheat,
And the wheat-ears bold
Are sunburnt gold,
Quivering in the August heat ;
Or deeper bronze, whose glittering sheath
Shows the green husk underneath.

As here I lie, the field appears
Like a host of elfin spears
That guard the wealth of fairy-land ;
And in gay dresses,
Like sweet princesses,
Who blush deep red, the poppies stand,
While nodding weeds and grasses prating
Curtsey near, like maids-in-waiting.

Young August 'tis, who on the hill
Holds his court and drinks his fill
From his golden horn till the rise of the morn ;
For he plighted troth
With a royal oath
To do the will of his Lady June ;
And he was watched each year unfold
From emerald green to burning gold.

Each day the corn more high he sees,
And at his breath a ruffling breeze
Bows all the blades like a wave of light,
With a whispering noise
Of secret joys,

One way to where he's throned in might ;
Stilled at his step is the blackbird's tune,
And the air is drowsy with insect's croon.

IN ILLNESS.

Lord, teach thou me this day to bear
The fact of life, its petty care ;
And all the bitter dregs to drain
From out the earthy cup of pain.
Help me to lie where I have lain
No more beyond the hour to dare ;
To build about my soul with prayer
And keep my spirit sweet and sane.

What does it mean, true weariness of life ?
Not the desire to rest from frequent strife.
It is the feeling that the end must come,
That evening falls and every soul goes home.

Dedication of a little typed volume of verse. 1892.

Lady who from the pliant keys
Dost draw such golden numbers
That every discord slumbers,
'Tis not as music that can please,
Or compliment that cumbers,
I send thee verses such as these,
Mistress of many melodies.

* * * * *

But we have pondered many things
In fellowship unbroken,
And much of life have spoken.
Till in my heart the thoughts took wings
And chose fair song for token,
That so I might give back to thee
The harmony thou gavest me.

EDITH SICHEL.

[To M. E. C.]

September, 1892.

I meant, my beloved friend, to write you a sonnet, or an attempt at one, to celebrate your thirtieth birthday, but I am as barren as the Sahara. It seems futile to tell you that I'm extremely glad you were born every day of my life ; a friend's birthday is always one's own birthday too, with countless undeserved birthday gifts of trust and love and faithful comradeship. For you, my dear, I indeed feel and say : " Youth shows but half, trust God, see all nor be afraid." For I am glad that *you* are getting older, as I know it means greater happiness for you than youth could possibly mean, and that is the greatest compliment one could pay to any human being.

Yours ever and ever,

E. S.

[To the same.]

AMICA MIA,—I agree with all you say about Amiel, and especially with what you say about his sympathy being through the mind and not, as with the characteristic artist, through the heart. What is perhaps still rarer, if not the same thing, is that his imagination is an entirely intellectual one, and he is a poet through warmth of intellect and delicacy of feeling. . . . I suppose anyone of Amiel's depth says the unsayable to the deep and delicate of all times. And what a curious feeling it is, when a book finds you out and knows you better than your family and friends.

[To E. M. R.]

(*After reading Chateaubriand's "Atala."*)

CHIDDINGFOLD, October 5th, 1893.

All is peaceful in The Cot. Un silence profond plane sur la cabane ; la voix de la souris sauvage retentit au

foyer ; le canapé jette des ombres confuses. Au milieu de cette immense solitude se dresse Chactassine qui écrit sans cesse, d'un mouvement plein d'élan primitif et qui regarde alentour de son air mystérieux et dyspéptique. Au dehors on entend la voix rauque de Parsonsela—chasseur apprivoisé des Montagnes "Derrière Tête"—qui remue la terre pourpre du potager où fleurissent les marguerites comme des astres d'argent.

Votre dévoué,

RENÉ DE C.

Mrs. B. (the job-cook) has burst upon me this morning that all her children have to be arranged for by Monday ! However, they *are* all arranged for. The cripple-boy has gone after a place at Witley, as he wishes, Shelley-like, to remain here "for ever." . . .

Going from — to — was rather like stepping from a ditch into a morass—a good many flowers but no footing ! How hardly shall the rich—and yet she has managed it. The *servants* of the rich don't get through. The fuss makes me feel as one under an anæsthetic.

[To E. M. R.]

April, 1894.

I am greatly looking forward to Freshwater, my wishes speeding me, and quite hope I shall be able to keep to it, though I must bear in mind that Edith proposes but :

School Committees,

Orphans,

Banks,

Sarah Janes,

The Half-penny family,

} opposes.

I am deeply, tenderly, faithfully in love with Madame de Beaumont, who haunts me charmingly. Yesterday I

pursued her to the British Museum Library, and hunted for her "Letters and Journal," which are *not* there, but she and her family are mentioned in much of the contemporary literature, and I had a fascinating time over the brilliant froth of the *Correspondance Secrète*—full of Court and Salon gossip; hardly a book perhaps, or, at any rate, a book in powder and patches. . . . The Museum is a blessedly concentrated place, but oh! the ladies who frequent it. The most depressing population, with an aspect of mingled rakishness and dowdiness.

[To E. M. R.]

July, 1894.

I seize this moment before my day of classes, beginning with the dear Sunday School Savages, after catching the 2.45 from Clapham Junction. The country sights and smells and sounds will be delicious in this burst of May. Yesterday I spent the morning with a ravishing old accountant for Mrs. Hughes' Home, who looks like the Hermit in "Atala," having an exaggerated flowing beard and saintly expression. His present life is consumed by the Search for the Absolute in the shape of a perfect scheme for keeping accounts, which he thinks he has at last found, having begun by fighting in the American Civil War and then building hotels in Virginia.

In the afternoon I went to check my School Register, and then to the class for children of deficient mind.

[To B. W. C.]

CHIDDINGFOLD, September, 1894.

I have had such a charming letter from Raynal (the writer of *Les Correspondants de Joubert*) authorising me to reprint the Madame de Beaumont portrait, and,

still better, he encloses the only portrait of Joubert extant, which he got for me from Joubert's heirs, and entrusts to me to reproduce. I long to show you the exciting picture—gentle, malicious, romantic, a little like Lamb in the witty, *unique* expression.

It seems too sybaritish to be true that we start for Italy about the 19th, till which date we are immersed in plans for building; interviews; well-sinkers; Lords of the Manor, and a fine racy whirl of business.

As I stand upon our Hambledon site, I feel my whole nature becoming changed. The Feudal System steals o'er me, and I become a Conservative to the backbone with Landed Interest in my veins.

To-day is heavenly, with lights and shadows with those radiant showers that seem to come from April grown old.

[To the same.]

HOTEL VOLTAIRE, PARIS,

October 31st, 1894.

I read pretty hard in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*—the abode of all the sobriety, concentration and good sense of Paris.

Every sort of student, from the peppery philosopher in black-and-white check cravat, the pale, twitching, historical youth at the end of his century and of all things; the leonine, *La Patrie*, Victor Hugo type, the sensible, moderate, gay, wise Frenchman—critical yet enjoying all things, and retiring punctually at 12.15 for a luncheon of smoking bouillon in the *buvette*—all alike plunged in their subjects, as much absorbed as any Englishman, yet with the expansiveness of children.

Did you hear about our charming visit to M. Bardoux, the emotional, impersonal-personal lover of the ladies?

He showed me not only the MS. account by Chateaubriand of Madame de Beaumont's death, but all the love-letters of Madame de Custine, too passionate to be published! She quite knew that she bored him, and his little answers are frigid mostly, but after seeing her he bursts into ardent love-letters and *galanteries*, evidently written under the spell of her magnetic presence. M. Bardoux, in reading them out to me, was perpetually checked by his tears, and they rolled down his cheek and on to his gay pink-and-white tie. "*Mercredi; voyez-vous? comme c'est vivant!*" He has just written a book about her which he is sending to me.

He gave us a most enjoyable little lecture on the 18th Century, on the death of Salons and of good talk, on the growth of Democracy, the advantages of "Oxford," where his son is, for young men, on the *Institut*. . . . He says it is the only place where you hear good conversation now. *Discrète, profonde, toujours intéressante, l'inconvenable n'y entre jamais*; also that the decadence of talk in France was most of all to be laid to the charge of the *women*.

This was the first of many visits to Paris, when Edith combined some reading for her books with complete holiday humour while there, before going on to short travels in France, in Germany (when a musical festival drew us there), or in Italy. It was in our five or six journeys to Italy that she found the greatest enchantment life could provide, and she planned and saved money for it whenever it was possible.

Giving away, as she did, the half of her income, and therefore rigidly economical in her own needs, travel was the form of expenditure she indulged in without grudge, and she looked upon it as an occasional *necessity* for soul as well as body. Apart from the inspiration it gave to her artist spirit, she needed refreshment from the incessantly harassing details which

her many responsibilities brought her, and only during a few weeks abroad could she enjoy the real rest given by a sense of *vogue la galère*.

[To M. E. C.]

1895.

I should have written long since, but have been smitten with horrid cares at my Laundry Home, which I shall soon have to break up. . . . I have been reading that blazing poem fit for midsummer, "Venus and Adonis," which makes me see Tintorets all the time I read. What strikes me most is the extreme and superb cleanness of Shakespeare's spirit even when dealing with such a subject. It is all senses and no sensuality. I'm sure what you say about the limitations of a *play* is true, and accounts for anything that bewilders one from that Titanic pen.

I have been running through George Wyndham's very interesting account of the "Poetomachia," and Shakespeare's part in it, and of the Satiromastrik. And I have also been stumbling elegantly about Turkey with Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

Dorothy Temple's letters are sweet and full of dainty wisdom. She is like one of Shakespeare's gentlest women with a sort of April playfulness.

[To Theo Ritchie, in India.]

HAMBLEDON, 1895.

O Theo dear, your letter here
For ever I shall treasure,
For it was writ so large and clear
It made me laugh for pleasure.
And when in Britain you appear,
We'll ponder at our leisure
On merry clubs and such-like cheer,
And jokes that know no measure.

EDITH SICHEL.

For in this Cot where care is not,
Nor anything despitful,
We'll sit and chat of this and that,
And life will seem delightful.

.
And when it pours we'll stay indoors
Within our parlour airy,
And sit on chairs or else on floors
To talk of elf and fairy,

And giants grim with horrid whim,
And golden-haired princesses
With jewell'd shoe and eyes of blue,
And long pink satin dresses.

For in my pate, I must relate,
A little box lies hidden,
Where fairy tales lie packed in bales
And come when they are bidden.

When Theo knocks upon the box,
Three times with patient finger,
The lid up-flies, the fairies rise,
Not one behind may linger.

[To E. M. R.]

FRYSTON HALL, *December*, 1895.

I must write you a line from this Vere-de-Veredom before I go to bed. Let me tell you at once that I am enjoying myself extremely. The house is delightful, not a whit formidable, and lined with stately portraits of sweet ladies and powdered gentlemen and tight-laced maidens. There are Tudors all up the staircase, and a lady in a ruff guards the door of my bedroom, which is

the pink of comfort with exquisite—not too exquisite—fleshpots. Nothing could have been more formidable than my arrival. At the station I was sternly claimed by a Rhadamanthus footman, seven feet high, who transferred me to a brougham. Presently into this dark vehicle there rushed an explosive white-haired gentleman who did not see me, and was proceeding to sit down upon me, when he discovered my presence and apologised. Knowing this must be Bret Harte, I delivered Mrs. Henniker's message that she would arrive later. He exploded with wrath in a strong Yankee accent, swore that he wouldn't have come, having work to do, if he had known he wasn't to escort her, and then relapsed into silence. Mrs. Hodgson Burnett then got into the brougham and we drove off, Bret Harte occasionally rousing himself to curse the slowness of the Yorkshire trains, and to describe his pilgrimage to Charlotte Brontë's grave. Then we all three sat in the drawing-room, Bret Harte groaning for his tea till Lord Crewe came in, a most charming host, gracious and simple. He began talking to me about Walter and his memory of Thackeray as he saw him, in his childhood, standing under a particular picture at Fryston. He poured out tea while his *jeune premier* secretary handed the cakes. Bret Harte had to have a lemon brought to him instead of milk, and rapidly ceased to roar. After retiring to our rooms for two hours came 8.30 dinner, by which time Mrs. Henniker had arrived—a very sweet hostess. After an agreeable dinner she and Bret Harte spent an hour in making up their breach, then four Rhadamanthuses in gold handed us silver candlesticks.

Next morning. I got down before any other lady, and spent a happy morning looking at the enchanting pictures—Romneys of all the Crewe ladies and some of the gentlemen—

with the soft eyes and witty expressions peculiar, apparently, to the Crewe family. A fascinating Gainsborough of little Miss Emma Crewe, who afterwards becomes a less romantic matron by Hoppner; an exciting portrait of Canning; one of Lady Caroline Lamb, most spicy and rather mad in a black riding dress on a black horse. . . . And then the Blakes! Such a mystic beauty of a painting, "Christ lying in the Lap of Truth." Then the books! You can fancy what a happy hour I spent looking at two whole bookcases devoted to French Revolution memoirs.

Lord Crewe was in a very merry mood at dinner. Bret Harte very funny, and we have been laughing so much this evening that I feel quite exhausted. At luncheon we talked about rudeness—great-minded rudeness. A great deal of Dr. Johnson was handed about; Carlyle, wicked old Dowagers. Lord Crewe said he thought that rudeness was the tradition of the distinguished in Holland House days. The last Duchess of Cleveland, after her doctor had timidly prescribed for her, and politely paid his respects, roused herself from long silence and said, "Good-bye, Fool."

Lord Crewe had heard Carlyle reply to some remark about Herbert Spencer, "What! *that* never-ending ass?"

Here is a verse he once heard Tennyson quote as the finest poem of its kind:—

Mrs. Boem wrote a poem
In praise of Tynemouth air;
Mr. Boem read the poem
And built a cottage there.

I feel I have not described the house enough. It feels as if human hearts had beat there for years and made it their home. There is no formality about it or feeling

of a gallery, and the pictures grow on the walls, though they look down incongruously on the "Woman who isn't," and the pseudonyms on the tables and bookshelves. Below stairs, when I asked G. how she liked the steward, she said, "Oh, Miss, he is the extreme of sarcasm; his Lordship's valet, who has travelled, has much better manners." I have spent most of my day in trying to fathom Mrs. Hodgson Burnett. I think she is very interesting, and I have grown to like her *through* her vulgarities of manner, her dyed hair, rouge, blacking, and endless stories of Liberty hangings and hotels. I can mention them comfortably, because she has not got a vulgar soul, and I'm sure her heart is large. At first it was impossible to fit her on to any of her books except "Little Lord Fauntleroy," but now I understand how she wrote her beautiful stories. She has the power of intense suffering and intense admiration, both conferring distinction of soul.

H. W. P.'s delightful arrival has just occurred. Lord Crewe beamed at his arrival, and everybody had been prepared by Mrs. Henniker for the arrival of "the wittiest man in London."

ONSLow GARDENS.

I want to shoot out an arrow between the Scylla of the Soapy-Sam accountant and the Charybdis of the School Register. . . . One woman I was canvassing for the School Board said, "Well, you see, Miss, I've always lived in the service of noblemen and gentlemen, so I've never been used to elections." Another choked me off with "You see, Ma'am, it's like this—my 'usband and I, we don't take *hany* interest in *hanythink*." Such are the pore!

EDITH SICHEL.

[To E. M. R., after Theo's death.]

May, 1896.

It is a helping thought on this earth that Love is stronger than Death ; though it cannot overcome its force, it can lift it and survive it ; not the weaker and more earthly love, but the greater, which is part of God, from which thought of self has dropped away—the love which life often teaches, thank Heaven, and which is kindled at the touch of death.

I am realising for you, as far as my spirit can, these days of waking dream and intangible reality, when the outside perceptions take in all things, even beauty, as usual, but are quite separated from the inward consciousness which usually gives them substance.

May, 1896.

TO THEO.*

Theo, thou child in heart and strong in soul,
Unconscious poet from the hand of God,
Thy feet could dance where ours are used to plod,
Dancing they led thee to the shining goal.
Thine not alone the fairies' freakish grace,
The spirits like young April's, sweet and wild,
The wistful fantasy writ in thy face,
And nimble wit that duller minds beguiled ;
Thine, too, the strength of saints and queenly calm,
The patience of strong angels meek and mild.
To know thee was to know the undefiled ;
To learn why, through its years of care and qualm
In this one faith the wounded world finds balm—
That God Himself became a little child.

* The child of Gerald and Margie Ritchie, who died within a month of her ninth birthday, on the homeward journey from India. Her sister Peggy was born the same summer at Chiddingfold.

October, 1896.

TO PEGGY—THREE WEEKS OLD.

Dearest Baby come to earth,
Art thou but a downy nestling,
Or a human spirit wrestling
With the mystery of Birth,
Sealed for sorrow, sealed for mirth?

Only Nature's now thou seemest,
Eating, sleeping on Life's breast—
Yet a soul thou quiet dreamest
With the wisdom of the blest,
Knowing all, content to rest.

Helpless, mighty, weak, immortal,
We know nothing of thy history,
Save, oh Babe, that thou art mystery,
Wafted here through cloudy portal:
And that God confounds the wise
When they look into thine eyes.

August, 1896.

EMILY, LADY TENNYSON.

A cloistral face some Tuscan master drew,
Carven in light, with smile austere, serene;
Within a great dome's shadow is it seen,
With sweet Italian sunshine piercing through.
Such wert thou—half a saint and half a queen,
Close in thy mighty Poet's soul enshrined:
Those deeps lit by thy beam, now soft, now keen,
A woman's radiance—subtle, undefined.
Lady of Farringford! Thou wert a star
Mounting the lonely vigil in God's eye,
With flame apart, yet in thy course, afar,

EDITH SICHEL.

Around thy Sun, catching his Majesty :
Thine orbit leads where the Immortals are,
But leaves a track of light upon our sky.

[To E. M. R., travelling in Germany.]

42, ONSLOW GARDENS, *March*, 1897.

My memory of Munich and its Rembrandts dates from the time when I was fourteen, and they were the first Rembrandts I had seen since the opening of my eyes. So all my impressions of the Gallery are like those of a man who wants to marry and invests the woman he meets with every ideal quality. The Sistine Madonna opened the New World, and then came Munich to continue the intoxicating voyage of discovery which only ends with life itself (and perhaps not then), though one *does* set out on it at fourteen.

. . . . No milestone can be depressing when, in spite of sorrow and care and all, it makes so clearly each year a nearer stage to the City of God, that immovable place beyond the roar of change which we can only reach *through* change.

The book of "Tourgenieff Reminiscences" is very interesting. What I admire in him throughout his life is the way that he controlled his imagination through the exercise of it ; this impresses one certainly as a great quality full of the "Sanity of true Genius." He suffered misery from the gout, and here is his philosophy : "Quand les souffrances me tourmentent trop je suis le conseil de Schopenhauer. Je commence à analyser mes sentiments, et les douleurs commencent à s'en aller pour quelque temps. Séparément chacune est tolerable, et quand je les envisage ainsi il m'est plus facile de les envisager. Il faudrait

faire toujours ainsi dans la vie, analyser les souffrances et on ne souffrirait pas autant."

His way is much like that of Socrates when he doubled his leg beneath him and said, "What is pain?" But it requires a very sane *artist* to make philosophy out of sensation, as one can prove by looking at smaller men now-a-days with their medical melancholies. . . . He says "First Love" is his favourite among all his works; that "Eaux Printanières" was a piece of autobiography, an episode of youth. He had a *dossier* for each separate character in his books, and kept Bazaroff's diary the whole time he was writing "Pères et Fils." He followed Ste. Beuve's advice and took one critic, whom he said he obeyed "les yeux fermés." His name was Amenkoff and he made Tourgenieff tear up one whole novel! Confound Amenkoff! . . .

[To E. M. R., when recovering from a disabled foot.]

April, 1897.

I still lie with my feet higher than my head, for all the world like the allegory in an Ibsen play (the wife's feet would always grow higher than the head, as the husband's head grows higher than his feet—most significant!), but the allegorical position interferes with my writing.

I wish I had sent you more than a shabby p.c. yesterday, but I have been obliged to reorganise everything for Mary Kingsley's Lecture on behalf of the Watts Hughes Home. Deep complications with beloved M. W. H., who shrinks from £ s. d. Besides which Daftie Home accounts took up the time and energy I had at command, while my index for Lafayette had to be finished. Now all these

writings are over, the lecture will march, and all's well that ends well. . . .

How strange to think of our meeting after all our new sensations, for I too have been travelling in my own fatherland of Pain, which has its special prospects and experiences though the inns there are uncomfortable and expensive. Still it is not without a diary.

1897.

When one has lost from sight the golden gifts of God—when the Saints He gives us vanish from our daily life, every word we said to them *must* come back, however causelessly, because we are mortal beings with immortal Love. But whatever trivial *word* may have come from our lips it was better and more wholesome so ; better, too, for the one to whom we said it, because it meant living naturally.

Afterwards we think of them as having gone from us, as the spirits they have become, but when they were with us in the body we treated them in the dear daily way which is the image of Love in its sweet work-a-day garb.

1897.

— took us over his exquisite palace and grounds ; but somehow when, added to the old masters and objects of virtue and art on every side, I saw his wife rolling homewards beneath the two claret-coloured menials in her laudau, I felt my usual wicked irritation at the unbridled prosperity of it all, and longed for one ugly, shabby old table or chair with 1850 associations. If only they had to put down their carriage in order to collect Renaissance staircases, or to forego one marble bath for the sake of somebody, I shouldn't mind, but there wasn't

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an illness about. And pray, you will say, what business have *I* to be talking like this, when I am so rich myself and living in luxury? But other people's foibles are certainly easier to attack than one's own.

[To M. E. C.]

1897.

I am still plunging into Rabelais, and it seems to me, after looking about in that period, that the Reformation sprang from conviction of sin and the Renaissance from conviction of folly. They are parallel movements which can never meet, though they are bound to run side by side, and they seem eternally typical of the two temperaments most opposed and most needful to each other in the life of the individual as well as in the life of the world.

[To B. W. C.]

CHURT, *September*, 1897.

I came here to the Hopkins' from Eversley, where the Kingsleys return, or rather float up, into their father's atmosphere, which the old red church tower seems to exhale, and where his soul still seems to breathe in the fragrance of the heather and the manly pine trees.

I had a wonderful cruise upon my wheels to and from there, alternating between bicycle and train under mountainous clouds and Titan shadows, with my nightgown and "The Return of the Native" in my bicycle bag.

I am deeply absorbed in my Marguerite of Navarre, a strange and possessing character—child, saint, sceptic, scholar and woman all in one; almost Queen Elizabeth, almost Catherine of Siena, but she was not enough of either to attain great queen- or great saint-hood, though as human biography her many-sidedness makes her most satisfying.

IN THE PARLOUR OF HAMBLETON HURST,
September, 1897.

DEDICATION OF THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE
LAFAYETTES.

By the land of warmth and plenty
Unexplored till five and twenty,
Land of mingled fact and mystery,
Not romance and hardly history—
Land of memoirs, blessed Hades
Thronged with gracious ghosts of ladies;
Thronged with gentlemen of leisure
With their sorrow and their pleasure:
By these friends I first found through thee,
Plights this book its truth unto thee.

By a thousand memories also
Which its every page recalls so—
Storm-rent pines where yonder hill is,
Primrose dells and summer lilies,
Purple copse and upland sober,
And the gold of King October:
By all joys that have delighted,
Unto thee this book is plighted.

By the fogs and fires of London,
Where life studious meets life mundane;
By the woods and fields of Surrey,
Where old Time forgets to hurry—
By the silvery quays of Paris
Where the Seine great secrets carries,
Wit re-echoes and the Graces
Dance still in deserted places:

By all gracious thoughts and pleasant,
Sweetly linking past and present,
Craves my book (accept the burden)
For thy blessing as its guerdon.

[To Gerald Ritchie.]

BLOIS, June, 1898.

MON CHER SIEUR,—Je vous adresse aynsi, puy que scais que vous estes le dict Sieur Geraldus; aussi puy que suis en votre ancienne Province de Touraine de laquelle vous avez parfaitement connaissance. On the whole, I think I had better try to give up the "Letter to François I." style, and resume my vernacular. It seems sometimes as if you must be here, so familiar have you made me with every corner of this lovely ample country, through which the river flows serenely like a silver scroll which none may read. Think of the secrets that have reached it from these Châteaux windows and balconies! What shall I tell you about? Shall it be Chinon, which seems to me one of the grandest pictures I am carrying away. It seems so strong that it is hardly a ruin, and the grace of the wandering vegetation mingling with the strength, the elder-bushes peering into the hall where Joan first met Charles VII., give it a sweetness of its own. I so much enjoyed sitting behind a crenellation and looking down at the mediæval town and the sweep of the Vienne, the castle joined to them by the huge bastions.

At Loches, the horrible cruelty of the dungeons gets upon one's nerves, and it is more laid out with arrows—
—→ *Aux donjons de Louis XI., au tombeau d'Agnes Sorel*—than Chinon, with less of wild Nature in between. But it is admirably grand. As for the tomb, it is a treat in its beauty, and one feels Agnes to be much more of a

saint than a sinner as she lies there like a little dead Geneviève with her lambs at her feet.

Perhaps my favourite impression of all is of Amboise. We drove there from Tours on a heavenly June day, memorable in the chronicles of "Jaunts and Beauty." The chateau, strong and graceful, hangs over the Loire, the generous and beautiful curve of it fringed with every kind of poplar, here and there a gentle bank or upland crowned with trees. To the right the little town of St. Denis, its Byzantine church and charming winding streets. Then there are the gardens with their pleached lime-alleys and shady paths, not to speak of the jewel of a chapel, a charm inexpressible in it all. There is little left of the rooms, but you are shown the awful hall which the Guises made into a shambles for the Huguenots, and round which the Court ladies sate to watch, among them Mary Stuart! Also the fateful balcony from which Protestant after Protestant was hung. Those Guises seem to me worse than the Borgias—much more brutal and more stupid. Then you see the superb inclined plane which served as a staircase, and up which Charles V. rode on his horse to the top of the tower, and the other inclined plane which took a coach and pair. We dined at Amboise, and drove back to Tours at sunset, the stars coming out, the wood-cutters making bonfires in the fragrant woods where they were clearing wide green spaces.

The day we drove to Azay-le-rideau, that gem of grace, we went to Langeais, taking the Chateau d'Ussé on the way, not expecting anything very special, and therefore it seized us the more forcibly. It is one of those feudal castles on which the Renaissance has grafted itself, and where the crenellations seem to melt into beautiful cornices. Inside, the rooms are noble, full of interesting portraits,

and imagine my *thrill* when I found myself in the presence of the Maréchal Mouchy de Noailles and his wife in their youth, and also at eighty years old in prison, where they were painted just before execution. It was so strange coming unexpectedly across the people I had lived with last year. At Langeais we returned to the thrills of earlier history and the well-known ermine and shell and all the insignia of Charles VIII. and Anne de Bretagne. We were much amused at seeing a flunkey standing upon an unrestored drawbridge in the sunset, looking very cross. Our cicerone-flunkey was quite as cross, so *blasé* that he didn't finish his periods, but pointed to an object and said, *Du Quinze* or *Du Quatorze*, according to what century it belonged to. After showing us the unique treasures belonging to Charles or Anne, he solemnly pointed to an accursed white model of a church under a glass shade, and in just the same voice explained, *Un modèle de la Cathédrale de Cologne fait en papier par le père de Monsieur Siegfried*.

Langeais is a wonderful whole, and oh! the good taste of the lucky M. Siegfried, who collects furniture all over the universe. Do you think he feels bound to make his family eat peacock pasty and steaming wild boar? Their table seemed laid on that scale. Of course, for sumptuousness Blois bears away the prize. *What* a place! I am getting quite free and easy with salamanders; as for Reine Claude's swan with the arrow through it, it is enchanting, and then that kingly porcupine! We have been in the library of the chateau, looking up names of books, very fruitful work. At Chaumont, delicious place, our furniture-pictorial sensibilities went to heaven at the sight of the Beauvais tapestries representing the various stages of love—rather cynical, but made up of the most

beautiful lovers and ladies, in the dresses and fantasies of the fifteenth century. The only blot on our whole trip was Chambord. How wise you were not to go there. In the abstract it is a comfort to find that even at that period they could have thoroughly bad taste. In the concrete, however, it is thoroughly depressing to come upon a sort of hyperbolic hotel rising out of a hot sahara, all the old park having been destroyed. It is an absurdly promiscuous mass of cupolas, a jumble of florid memories of Rome and useless ingenuities, now a regular Legitimist muddle, added to and restored in every direction. Alas! we turn our backs on beloved Touraine, and after two nights in Paris we return to the stolid joys of our Island.

[To M. E. C.]

August, 1898.

I understand so well that weary eternity of ache and sorrow, when all the past and future are mere shadowy perspective, and childhood seems much more recent than what happened six weeks ago. . . I believe there are few people on earth even amongst one's loved ones who have the supreme knowledge of love to be silent. And in their desire to say something they are bound to say nothings.

[To E. M. R.]

WALES, *August, 1898.*

My train did not start till 1.30, so, with Epicurean energy I went off to the National Gallery, thrice-blessed Elysium of golden shades. The light was a miracle; all sorts of new beauties seemed to come out, as if they dreamed that their Italian sunshine had come to visit them, and were putting out fresh graces to do it honour. It made one look at figures hitherto unseen or obscure. Two sunburnt

young shepherds of Signorelli's—mighty, and with all the tenderness of youth. And do you remember the Amazon Angel in white plucking rainbow plumes from Love's wings in his "Victory of Charity"? Those two figures give one a Miltonic joy.

[To E. P.]

1898.

We had a most cheering visit to Mr. Watts in his House Beautiful near Guildford. I had never seen him before, and he seemed to me nobly *adequate* in his simplicity and in his rational edition of Tolstoian principles. He says he is never again going to paint a picture that is not for the public, nor a portrait that is not for the National Portrait Gallery. He is now at work upon the sequel to "Time, Death, and Judgment." Time and Death are both dead, prostrate on the earth, and Love, surrounded by his own light, neither the light of morning nor of evening but full of golden glow, is rising into the air above their bodies. He talked beautifully about death, and said it was "an old institution, not to be feared," and he added, "Life alone is inexorable." I said, "You have made Death into a mother." "Half mother, half nurse," he answered. Mrs. Watts is a bit of a genius too. The ceilings of the house and some of the decorations of the chapel by her are beautiful.

[To Lucy Broadwood (*on a post-card*).]

Christmas.

Angel, double distill'd Angel! the boy shall
go to-morrow.

All the compliments of Noël
For your work with Mister Powell.
All the blessings of the New Year
Go to you for what you do 'ere!

EDITH SICHEL.

Hope's glass bubbles ; Fate's best modellings ;
Fun in plenty free from twaddlings ;
Happiness without disparity,
Crown your year for this your charity.

You ask for verses, dearest Lucy,
The which obediently produce I,
And yet, howe'er I dream, the deuce I
Can find one line the least bit juicy !

EARLY STYLE.

Love is but a frolic boy,
I'll have none of him ;
For he only clings to joy
Till her light grows dim.
When hair grows grey, cries Love : " Away,
Elsewhere I'll seek my whim."

Friendship in her work-day guise
More is to my mind ;
Friendship with the deep still eyes
That are never blind.
When hair grows grey, she'll cry : " I'll stay,
For I am true and kind."

[To E. M. R.]

Christmas, 1898.

Visitors are an extinct race, and everybody has 'flu, or is nursing it, or is weak from it, or is afraid of it. — had it unconsciously last week, and is in bed from after-effects. . . . There are days when the touch of a human hand is everything—and days when it is not, and when

the human being appears on the right day it becomes a milestone on the road.

I have been going on with the Millais "Life," quite a sensation of wholesomeness. And how kind! A saying of his sticks in my mind, "If you don't begin by doing too much, you will end by doing too little." He says it of art, but it is true of life also, isn't it? I think it is very interesting that such a full human being, without the highest poetry and with such gifts, should yet have remained so noble in spite of pot-boiling, just through sweetness of spirit—a large sweetness, of course.

[To J. Alexander Fuller-Maitland, on hearing of a bicycling accident in Scotland.]

September, 1899.

Wha wae the nicht! Scotch is the only chance for the fulness of my heart. Poor beloved person, how I pity and sympathise, and long to do something more helpful than send affectionate sympathy! I can *feel* your stitches by emphasising the remembrance of those once sewn in my own chin. As for your eye—which to me means so much of friendship and of fun—I can only bless it and nourish wishes for its recovery. If I could turn into a little bottle of chloroform when you are in pain, I would with celerity.

But there is nothing an invalid wants so little to hear about as his own illness, and I will "calm my tumultuous breast," as a pre-Victorian poet would remark, and give you my news. Your accident tones so exactly with my reading that I seem to have been *living* a chapter of my book instead of reading it—"The Heart of Midlothian," with which I am more impressed than I can say. One's mature feeling for Scott is double that of one's early youth.

EDITH SICHEL.

The simplicity, the sincerity, and the concentration of his genius take one's breath away, and the substantial *warm* matter-of-factness of the man adds to the wonder. . . . I don't think there is much use in writing kind things about one's acquaintance to the sick and ill, so all my unkindness is merely to be regarded as sick-bedroom gossip—not as an emanation from my unregenerate nature.

I am writing my book and consuming a vast amount of improper sixteenth-century literature, and I try to explain how people of the French Court *could* combine the free and easiness of Whitechapel with the grace of the Renaissance.

[To J. A. F. M.]

1899.

There has been a cheap excursion from Hades to Hambleton, and I met a few of the poets, to whom I related your misfortune. They desired me to send you their condolences in verses, which I took down at the moment, and now send you.

I.

On Erin's shore the sunbeams smile,
Free is Glenailsa's craggy isle ;
Then tell me wherefore Fear unblest
Should lodge within a female's breast.

Upon the sacred road of Ayr,
His callant wheels shall rin nae mair ;
Flat lies his pibroch in the clay,
And he hath lain where heroes lay.

His form into a bed they bore,
Domestic virtue can no more ;
But absent friendship proffers here
The timely tribute of a tear.

II.

"Alec," I said (my friend was he ;
I shook him by the arm),
"You are in pain, you cannot see,
Say, does your mind keep calm ? "

"Nature has beauties," he replied,
"At which we cannot guess,
But it is man's mind and naught beside
Which governs cheerfulness."

So said he, yet he was not old,
Nor born in Cumberland ;
His words were neither more nor less,
And clear to understand.

III.

The wheel whirleth on like the wheel of my passion,
And the dust is upraised as I thunder along,
But my feelings, alas ! are now quite out of fashion,
And terribly boring when put into song.

Thy limbs are laid low that have sported with viols,
Thy brow is fast bound that controlled the spinet ;
And the hopes of thy prime are transformed into phials
That all can remember and none can forget.

IV.

Alec and Charlotte sought a Scotch Retreat ;
Their wishes few, their purposes discreet.
Social but wise and happy though alone,
They neither called Time back nor wished it gone.

EDITH SICHEL.

Men seek for a change of scene—they change a name ;
For in all places risk is just the same.
Man is a gambler, chances are his dice,
And he who dares not play is over-nice.

We often say, and oft we say aright—
The Wheel of Fortune turns and turns in spite,
And when too bold a mortal mounts her wheel,
Slow to reflect and over-quick to feel,
Justly incensed, she pays him with a quid
Pro quo, and overturns him—by a skid.

V.

Forever on the road he span,
Whether for weal or woe,
More like a spirit than a man,
With the cold path below.
The curse was on him, and he ran
Where man may never go.

[To G. R.]

BRUGES, *October*, 1899.

To think that Peggy escaped from Darjeeling before the earthquake and landslip, and that M. was writing to me at the moment that we had rushed to the station to try and get some more news ! Well, miracles of joy are as enormous as miracles of sorrow—one can only say that with a heart full of thankfulness. . . .

Here we have been *bathing* in Memling, the glorious old Bach of painting. How wonderful is his richness, as well as his single-minded austerity, so sumptuous in apparel and so sober of soul. What do you like best in that haven of sweetness, the “ Hospice de Saint-Jean ? ” I like the “ Madonna of the Golden Apple,” with the portrait of the

donor Martin (the large head) in his mulberry velvet, and then the outer shutters of the great "Marriage of St. Catherine." Don't you find particular satisfaction of eye and spirit in those full-sized figures of the nuns with their cloistral saints, in their browns and greys, especially "St. Claire with the Host." . . . We have been trying to possess Bruges in these two and a half days. I love the little city of the past, yet not the least ghostly, as if the courage and sense of its prosperous old burghers still protected it from melancholy. I love the streets of shadows and leaning gables, and the streets of sunlight and old Spanish houses. And I love the canals encircling the town with clear grey opal reflections as clear as life. To-day we visited the *Béguinage* and went into the church, but could see nothing but the snowy veils of the nuns, fluttering like so many pigeons at their prayers. . . . M. will not be surprised to hear that between me and the race of sacristans war rages as fiercely as ever.

I know you have heard all about our divine music at Meiningen Festival, and the unimaginable glories of the five days of Joachim, and of that perfect orchestra and choir. We ended with private music at the Schloss, where there is such a charming homely little court, the nice duchess (called a *Frei Frau*, as she was a Meiningen actress) and a podgy Lippe-Detmold princess keeping one side of the room and Joachim friends the other—the quartett in the middle. And such a perfect music-room, with a big window, from which one could see the waving golden beeches whilst the music sounded and soared.

It has been one of the finest trips from beginning to end that could be imagined—full of every sort of satisfaction.

And now back to so-called duty.

[To E. M. R.]

November.

Dohnanyi is of the electric of the earth, and the whole room drew to him magnetically. There is something dreamy and remote, yet fiery and actual and all there about him when he plays. In conversation also he is a remarkable being—severe, ardent, sincere, very ironical, and full of ideas expressed in few words. He is intellectual, not to say abstract (his father is Professor of Metaphysics at the University of Presburg, in Hungary), and, as he talks Hungarian-German very hard to understand, and likes plunging at once into the depths, conversation at moments is a strain, especially when he investigates the ethics of Nietzsche and Strauss; but all he said was so fine, generous and interesting that even a reeling brain could grasp it. He had known Brahms for several years, but would say little about him, except that he was lovable; and suffered from the worst of memories and blessed heaven daily for it, because he took any air that happened to come into his head without knowing whether it was a volkslied or not, and recreated it without wasting time. Dohnanyi himself says that it is the plague of his life that he cannot forget a note of any composition, whether it comes from a street-organ or the greatest master. He detests “programme music,” and says Berlioz and Liszt are to blame for what he considers the criminal abuse of Wagner, performing his music away from the stage. He has an immense admiration for Wagner, as *musician and poet* together, not as musician alone. He said very well that the ultimate test of great art of any sort was that the hearer or spectator should go away *befriedigt*; that the sad or glad end of music, story or poem, had nothing to do with this—that you went away *befriedigt*

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from Hamlet, from all Shakespeare's tragedies, and that this was the only proof of what was really great.

[To M. R.]

December 8th, 1899.

It has been delicious having a sight of Anne. . . . More serious considerations did not prevent us from leaping forth to the common or garden melodrama—"Hearts are Trumps" at Drury Lane. It included an avalanche, a sunrise over Mont Blanc, the private view at the Academy, and a music-hall on the stage. And the villains were hissed (there were at least half-a-dozen of them), and the heroes—who were much more villainous—were applauded, and we came back after four and a half hours rather more dead than alive.

My other event has been reading Stevenson's Letters, which are enthralling. I think there never was a being more fully equipped at every point for human intercourse.

That bright undaunted courage and power of sympathy are like a cordial to the spirit. His genius is much more magnetic to me in himself than in his books, though I love them dearly.

[To A. I. R. (Lady Ritchie).]

New Year's Eve, 1899.

In eighteen hundred ninety-nine

We've lived and loved and laughed and blundered.

And so we shall do, I opine,

In nineteen hundred.

In eighteen hundred ninety-nine,

Some friends have met and some have sundered ;

What meetings, partings, will be thine and mine

In nineteen hundred ?

EDITH SICHEL.

Kind hands have toiled in ninety-nine,
Kind hearts have kept their store unplundered,
Kind eyes like stars with love and faith will shine
In nineteen hundred.

Even if harder years than ninety-nine
Pursue our steps and Jove his worst has thundered,
The blessed past is ours—sweet anodyne
For nineteen hundred.

[To B. W. C.]

December 26th, 1900.

In spite of all its abuses I love Christmas—it is the Feast of the grace of giving out.

I know that the throes of that contest between all and nothing, world and Tolstoi-ism, are hard to bear. Out of a full heart my mouth is speaking, and I am sure a *via media* becomes visible if we wait and pray for it; not the media of a base compromise, but a means—maybe apart from the Church—of reconciling the claims of God and earth. But whatever step is taken *must* be taken on nothing less positive than enthusiasm for humanity. After all, Tolstoi could only do what he did, because he possesses that glow for his kind, and though he too is out of gear with formulæ, that was not the motive which made him set himself apart, nor could he have effected what he has done had it been so. . . . I am only telling you what I have so often said to myself in past years. I thought I had it, and found I had not, and I know that if I had separated myself I should have found at the end of three years that I was not fulfilling God's law as I imagined.

[To the same.]

WENLOCK ABBEY, SHROPSHIRE, *September, 1900.*

I am writing from this heaven and haven of an abbey, where I am staying for three or four days. As I look up I can see the clusters of red hawthorn berries against the broken thirteenth-century arches. The ruin is about the same period as celestial Fountains Abbey, which we saw a week ago, on *the* jewel-day of the year, and left with enamoured hearts. The Cathedrals of the North, Ripon and Chester, and the great York Minster interest me much; they seem to me to have been born *Protestant*, and to have come into their rightful heritage after a phase of Catholicism which didn't belong to them.

And now as to the Hovingham Idyll—the combination of Yorkshire uplands and brown streams and square grey villages, with Joachim's god-like strains, made a wonderful dreamlike impression, only converted into reality by the turning-up of many accustomed visages.

The whole of the country-side was given up to the music—so proud of it—and though infinitely less gifted than Meiningen, so musical in aspiration. The orchestra comes chiefly from London and the towns, and the men's voices from Leeds, so one can't count the performance as local, but the hospitality to music is of the place; and Canon Hudson's *love* of the whole affair is different to things elsewhere, and gives the personal touch. The audience, including Hindhead, Haslemere, and limited Kensington, burst out from twelve-foot cottages where baths are not and marmalade flows in never-ending streams to the exclusion of every other comfort. The Beethoven concerto still glorifies the days, and Joachim played it as if it were the music for his own soul to march by.

[To Margaret Warre Cornish in South Africa.]

HAMBLEDON, *July*, 1901.

How much I envy your first Aunthood, remembering what it was when Gerry was born, and that feeling of holding in one's arms something that belongs to one's own flesh and blood, and yet is new and different. What a thrill it all is! And that little tiny warm life that holds so much of mystery—of unknown good and happiness, and maybe endurance and sorrow, with a soul to triumph over all, and a spark of God Himself in its little shrine of a body. I do hope that now Mrs. — is no longer professional she won't be so stupid. I don't believe one ever gets virtue and intelligence combined except in early youth. I hope Dora is illustrating this Tupperism.

I am feeling rather Swiss Family Robinsony, as I have just risen from a kind of emigrant's sick-bed during my sojourn here, in which these events overtook me:

1. Favourite orphan stole half-a-crown.
 2. — went practically off her head after expensive convalescence at Hale.
 3. Mrs. — lent all the household money (a large cheque) to her daughter, and did not consult me till she came to borrow more.
 4. Our poor little cook was drunk three times. . . .
- I have been writing about Miss Brickdale's pictures for Mr. Newbolt's Monthly Review. She is a new painter, a really inspired force, exquisite in colour and poetic idea. I don't think I have had so much pleasure from a modern since the Pre-Raphaelites, but she is not like them in an imitative way. I went to see her before coming away—an interesting girl of twenty-six, cultivated and calm, with all the calm of real gift. She not only possesses

her soul, but she has a soul to possess. Mary has gone quite wild about her.

How far off and how near we must all seem. I think you must solidly enjoy the sense that you are part of the world's affairs, and are judging for yourselves instead of asserting and moaning and disputing like the politicians of our ken.

We have been having a charming visit from A. C. F. Really the little Hurst must put up early Victorian obelisks to its most fascinating visitors. . . .

We paid a long-planned visit to —. I think gardens have become to literary women what politics have become to men of letters. — keeps half an eye upon Henry James and one and a half upon her polyanthuses, and neither poetry nor success calls forth such a gleam as the mention of Sutton's seeds.

[To M. E. C.]

1901.

I have been revelling in the most lovely life of St. Francis by Arvède Barine. Never was conversion so sympathetic except Tolstoi's, and in many ways the two are, I think, alike.

But, oh, the refreshing *earliness* of St. Francis; it is like dew on life to read about him. I wish someone who could would paint him at the feast he gave to the young sparks, his companions, just when the call was coming to him and he seemed "like to one deaf and dumb" in his gay clothes. . . .

[To J. A. F. M.]

ONSLow GARDENS, *Christmas*, 1901.

Your wit I'm longing to return, oh!

You shall *not* dine in the Inferno.

EDITH SICHEL.

(Indeed, that is not manageable
When *angels* come to grace our table.)
But we will borrow from the Devil
The serpent's wit to grace our revel;
With smoking heat of all our rations
And, if we can, a few temptations—
Fruit better than the tree of knowledge I
Can promise! With sincere apology
For writing this upon a card I
Am yours E. S. (Alas! no bard I.)

June, 1902.

We had an exquisite Temple service with Handel's introit, "Peace doth her blessings spread around." The slender black pillars seemed like shining pillars of song. The beloved Christian elf preached a beautiful sermon—an outburst of fine English and refined feeling. He took the Dedication of the Temple as his subject, and compared the unity of the Jews with the individualism of to-day, which only felt the need of unity on single state occasions. Unity was inspired by enthusiasm, by leaders—we lived in a critical age which only analysed the disease which light and air alone can cure.

[To J. A. F. M.]

HAMBLEDON, *June, 1902.*

Your letter, like the Owl and the Waverley pen, came as a boon and a blessing to women in the form of E. S.

Gertrude will have given you all our news, including the Buckingham Palace gossip, which rages at every street corner. If the King had wished to increase his popularity, he couldn't have done a cleverer thing. Even

the Proerest Bores (or are they spelt Boers?) have tears in their eyes when they mention him, and Edward Seven has now apparently become a popular Saint. I have seen few people except a great many (which comes to the same thing) at the Alexanders' yesterday—good old Mrs. — and her sister looking so like statues of Bavaria and Saxony that one could hardly withhold one's sixpence as one drew near. But I love Mrs. —, she has such a large sunny-south-room of a mind.

[To J. A. F. M.]

HAMBLEDON, *June*, 1902.

So poor dear old Mr. Butler has passed into that Valley, and one can't help smiling at the surprises he must be having. He will realise now, as we trust, that Nowhere turns into Everywhere, and that God is very gentle with seekers after Truth, in whatever path they have sought it. Peace to his spirit! How thankful you and Charlotte must feel for having been so much to his last days.

We have been house-hunting in the Farnham region. It is really appalling to enter the small suburban homes of England and see the cross, mediocre life that goes on in them embodied in their furniture. (By the bye, can you explain the miracle of transmission of personality to sofa-cushions?) One confounded little table of silver imbecilities after another, and everywhere the same ignoble army of filigree frames containing the same cabinet-photographs of ladies with Royal Family fringes.

I have been steeping myself in Elizabethan plays. Webster seems to me nobler—if less proportionate—than ever, and the Duchess of Malfi stirs one's deepest chords.

EDITH SICHEL.

Did I tell you I saw "Everyman"? It quite ranks, doesn't it? among the spiritual experiences of life.

[To M. E. C., when a friend of hers was dying.]

August, 1902.

I am thinking and praying for you in your long days, which are spent in that strange, far-off country on the Border—the country that can come into existence anywhere and conquer all other countries. Days and hours disappear there, and I know well how full of whispers it is. . . . The people who love best the one who is passing are themselves dying all through that struggle for breath. And it is when that dying is over without ending in their death that the love of friends comes in with outstretched wings to shield the poor weeping eyes from the daylight.

[To M. E. C.]

LEYBURN, YORKSHIRE, 1902.

Richmond town is like a bit of Turner's soul, with the River Swale running beneath the steep hill and under the three-arched bridge, and, above it, the stern great Castle dominating and concentrating the town like a noble ideal in a busy life, and clambering, clustering up the hill are the friendly grey houses with here and there a splash of red from the tiled roofs.

Will you see the *Sacre*? Canon Ainger says the King has presented him with a beautiful red robe, and that he looks "just like the 'Scarlet Woman'" in it. . . .

The manner of ——'s recovery is terribly sad. Clouds never come alone, and the only comfort is that God's sky is ever behind them. The shadow of the Great Angel's wings, once cast over life, remains.

LETTERS, VERSES, etc.

[To J. A. F. M.]

HAMBLEDON, *September, 1902.*

I have been here alone with Matrons since Tuesday, very much annoyed that promised visitors, for whom I returned, fell through and never let me know till I arrived. I am cross, I am bilious, but I am feeling affectionate and exceedingly amiable to the absent. I am absorbed in reading Pasteur's Life. What force, what simplicity, what humble, confident genius! And what incessant moral and intellectual output. It makes one adore practical science. I am rather enjoying my book again after two weeks of festival and visits. At Hovingham Fanny Davies was really glorious, especially in the Bach Concerto, and Jo got quite excited at her playing of that and of her Schumann. I don't think I ever heard anyone who has so developed herself. . . . After Wales I went on to lovely Wenlock Abbey, full of beauty and kindness. The witty host was more like M. Bergeret than ever. . . . Write to me soon, for I am feeling exceedingly flat, like John Stone in Wenlock churchyard, whose only epitaph runs:—

Here lies John Stone,
His Grandmother's Friend.

[To G. and M. Ritchie.]

PARIS, *September, 1902.*

MES AMIS,—I must address you in this affected manner from the land of *Amis*. At Senlis, Compiègne and Chantilly and Chauny, all the restaurants are *Aux Bons Amis*, *Au Grand Ami* and the like. They are, excepting Compiègne, delicious little pieces of an old French world. Even Chantilly, with its air of modish

elegance and its English jockeys, keeps its tone of the past, and it was delicious there to have the chateau all to ourselves on an off day ; with twenty boxes of Clouet portraits to look through, Renaissance captains with rich sleeves and fierce courageous faces, subtle princes for whom good and bad never existed, subtler princesses for whom much existed besides good and bad.

M.'s message about my new attempt cheered me greatly, as I am in the fog of limbo that is bound to gather round beginnings. Monsieur Bouchot * will clear me up. He is the most adequate of men and *savants*, and seems to belong to the Causeries du Lundi. He was interesting about the Princesse Mathilde,† who was a great friend of his, and who, he says, was the counterpart in ways and character of the Reine Margot—love-affairs, good nature and all. When he told her so she only said, *Oui, je le sais*. He says it is so strange to hear her say, *Mon Oncle*, and realise that she is speaking of Napoleon.

. . . The Luxembourg Gardens are full of hawthorn and lilac and laburnum, and we sit there beneath the dear insipid queens and watch the sympathetic streams of the Quartier Latin—the students with the neat if not very respectable ladies on their arms, the little self-conscious girls with brown legs and plaid frocks, skipping with grace and vanity. (Why in a nation of taste is there always such an orgy of plaid ? When it isn't frocks it is socks and blouses.) Then there are the exuberant widows in flagrantly deep mourning, leading by the hand boys of fourteen with socks and casquettes ; the stout decorated elderly gentlemen, the ladies waiting for their rendezvous

* Head of the Print Department in the *Bibliothèque Nationale* and a great appreciator of hers.

† Daughter of Jérôme, sister of Prince Napoléon.

LETTERS, VERSES, etc.

with perturbed - unperturbed faces and unperturbed costumes.

What fun it all is! Of course, what I am personally fullest of is my work at the *Bibliothèque*. When I am not slapped and scolded by whirlwind officials, I am much helped and stimulated by kind old *savants*, who explain complicated indexes to me in express-train tones, and then bow several times and leave me somewhat harassed and *hébétéé*, but on the way to something.

I had meant to tell you about sleepy, prosperous, forgotten Senlis, with its late-sculptured, not too sympathetic, but very elegant Cathedral, with François I.'s salamander over the west door. But there is no time for more than my best of best loves.

Yours in Paris as everywhere,

E. S.

[To Molly Warre Cornish (Mrs. Desmond MacCarthy),
staying at a small German Court.]

HAMBLEDON, *October 4th, 1902.*

Here comes my letter to thank you immensely for your delightful one, and to say how I long for more Pancke gossip—every princely, footmanly, and Vaterland detail interests me enormously. I am pining to hear of the aides-de-camp, the organist, and the charming Princesse Mère. The daughter sounds to me as if she were very nice and frank, but as if she wore a high stiff collar round her soul. When you move to Anhalt mind you see the Duke's pictures, above all his Memling, which was at the Bruges Exhibition. . . .

Here we have Fanny Davies staying with us. She has a sturdy little body, and a sturdy great soul, and will always have an interesting life, I think.

EDITH SICHEL.

Francis' letters have been absorbing us all. They are the wisest, drollest, simplest, most vivid letters ever written, I think, and you must indeed feel an ever-renewed thrill of pride in having for a brother such a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*.

WILLIAM RITCHIE, WHO DIED ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1903.

Kind was he with a kindness half unguessed,
A royal kindness you must understand,
Of inmost thought as well as of the hand,
Leaning towards the humble and oppressed.

Far had he wandered in the thorny vale,
The storm-swept valley of dread suffering,
Where each must walk alone till he prevail.
There was about him something of a king.

Uncrowned he was and chose to dwell apart
With very few, far from formalities,
Nor e'er allowed the world's banalities
To touch the deep springs of a loving heart.

Unlearn'd in ease, he daily fought Life's pain,
Armed with the sense of duty humbly done :
He fought until the sunset and has won,
And now is come unto his own again.

[To E. M. R.]

SIDMOUTH, *March 6th*, 1903.

The sea has been too glorious ; shimmering green and shadowy purple, seething in the storm-winds when it tosses the red earth to its surface, and deep red is added to the other colours, whilst through them all there shoots

a moving path of silver. All day it has seemed like the home of all the passions of the world—they boil and glow in its deeps, and the only creatures at rest near it are the stormy gulls that swim upon its waves, dipping up and down with them. When they fly upward they look like the spirits of the storm. . . .

It is a special gift to bring out the spiritual side of wisdom (daily wisdom), which is such a helpful thing in this unfathomable, confounded, blessed old struggle between body and spirit, joy and sorrow, which we call life. . . .

The world is a very spiritual place, besides being a damnable muddle.

[To J. A. F. M.]

ROME, *Christmas Day*, 1903.

Emily and I have just been drinking your health and Charlotte's in the heady champagne presented to us as a *régale* (with oysters) by our host. We have been following your excellent and gratefully received advice all day. Santa Maria Maggiore is certainly a great national sight, full of colour and movement, and I love the families of shepherds, Madonnas and St. Elizabeths, who come in from the Campagna and camp all day till the *cullo* is borne through the church. At all events they are nearer Bethlehem than most things in Rome. If I wanted to prevent anyone from joining the Roman Catholic Church I should send them to Rome. We have spent our day between the two most heathen places in the world, the Coliseum and St. Peter's. St. Peter's seems to embody the whole affair, the notion that God needs a palace, not a shrine, and the sprawling palaces seem like the boulevards of religion made by some queer kind of Haussmann certainly ignorant of God.

EDITH SICHEL.

[To M. E. C.]

ROME, *New Year*, 1904.

It was beautiful on Christmas Eve to drive along the Appian Way by crumbling walls of giant girth, sad tombs standing out against the silver sky in the silver and brown ocean of the Campagna, with all the mystery of Rome pressing on, yet enchanting, one's soul. There, in the Appian Way, we met a Cardinal in scarlet stockings hobnobbing with his coachman, and that is the most Christian sight I have seen. . . . I can pray better in the Coliseum than in St. Peter's, unless I am just under Michael Angelo's *Pietà*. What was really sweet was hearing the children "preach" one after another in their traditional little wooden rostrum at the church of *Ara Coeli*, tiny curates of four and five, briskly reciting their hymns to the manger and getting nervous and smiling, and shaking their heads and breaking down, and being lifted from the pulpit by their waiting congregation of parents, all so devout and at home in their vast candle-lit temples.

[To Paula Schuster, now Lady Jones.]

42, ONSLOW GARDENS, S.W.

March, 1904.

I know we are feeling just the same about his * leaving us—the same ache and the same gladness that God has taken him before he lost the zest of his mind in bodily distress.

To me, no friendship has been quite so stimulating

* Canon Ainger.

and so solid in so short a space—though time has nothing to do with friendship at all.

You have known him much longer, and I feel to you this is the snapping of a *habit* of intercourse as well as of the intercourse itself. But we must both say grace for what we have had, mustn't we? and know that, whatever it is with us, it is well with him.

ON A WALK IN SURREY AFTER THE DEATH
OF ALFRED AINGER.

1904.

Where bare black boughs are burgeoning
And Surrey commons smell of spring,
And throstles call and swallows skim—
Not there, not there, I seek for him.

But in the Temple precincts, where
An urban peace broods o'er the Square
(Deeper because the lawyers walk
Hard by, with busy bags and talk).

Where pigeons, with a thoughtful croon,
Make circling flights all afternoon,
And boughs grow green the earlier
For that they live 'mid such a stir.

And on the Strand, as on the shore,
The traffic breaks with mighty roar,
While Templars sleep in carven peace
And tell us that the noise will cease.

Here, in this quietness apart,
Wrested from London's throbbing heart,
Where contrast lends an artful charm,
And surging life is wed to calm—

Here do I find him, now and then
Close to his books, more close to men,
And closest to his haven there,
The sleeping Templar's House of Prayer.

[To B. W. C.]

May, 1904.

Your picture of Hester and David is too enchanting. These last two evenings I have revelled in the next best thing to a child—the company of Mr. Barrie. Two nights running he took me in to dinner, and I had him after dinner too. He is electric, swift, elfin, and certainly a man of genius—and he flashes forth profound things in a manner which clinches them. . . . Au revoir, I hope in Olympus.*

I have been in Walhalla too, but I'm not comfortable there. "Literal, literal, literal," is what I long to cry out at Wagner. Why is a man born a great creator without knowing where to stop?

RHYMES WRITTEN IN CROSSNESS.

Of care and pain I've had my fill,
Of coldness and reproof,
To everyone I bear good will,
But wish to live aloof.

When your nerves are on the loose
Try to think of Robert Bruce,
Or the wholesome abstract Spider
(If your interests aren't wider).
Anything on earth to find
Something to absorb the mind.

* Hearing the Joachim quartett.

[To Peggy Ritchie, aged nine, at Heidelberg (steeped in gallant romance).]

1905.

SIR GASPAR LE VOYAGEUR—THE
WELL-BELOVED.

From my manor at Hambledon.

I indite thee this missive to tell thee how my olde heart rejoiced in thine younge pleasure. The students with their motley headgeare must cause thee to split thy sides with hertie laughtere.

For what cause duel they? With broadswords or with dirks?

Full oft, I trow perdee, must thine adventurous soule long to join the fray.

Here have we no gallant deeds; for, by my halidome, the ancient dames of the Greene care nought for feats of arms.

Yet your gallant uncle, the trustie scholar, the Baron de Warre-Cornish, bideth with us at the present time and habiteth the bower, of us named the Spare-Chambre. But he loveth bokes more than the clash of fight. We long for your presence, and the roses of the fair pleasaunce send thee fairie greeting and a kiss to far Alleymayne.

So doth your devoted friend and squiere,

EDITHUS DE HAMBLETON.

DEDICATION OF "CATHERINE DE MEDICI"
TO MY COUNSELLOR AND CRITIC.

1905.

In Florence, where the Arno flows,

This little book was born—

There were your Campanile rose

To greet you night and morn.

EDITH SICHEL.

And as through street and square we went,
There thronged round you and me,
Shadowy, real, magnificent,
The Ghosts of Medici.

In Surrey, where your garden grows,
This little book had end—
There where deep blue the larkspur blows
And shining lilies bend.
Italy's fire and England's cool,
Fancy and fact of me,
Thoughts that you praise, words that you school,
Bless and come back to me.

[To B. W. C.]

MUNICH, *September*, 1905.

It is delightful to write to you from this German world of art and music, where at 7 p.m. (most moral hour) all sense of responsibility vanishes and we enter the fantastic, sublime world of Mozart, to dream of nothing else for twenty-four hours. The two operas already over are "Così fan tutte" and "Figaro"—performance of every note given with a supremacy drawn from the fountain-head, and except for the extra Watteau beauty of the present staging they are evidently given as when they were first given by Mozart.

Then we are absorbed in the German school of painting, contemporary with all the big Italians but much less developed, strenuous in thought, often childish in form, unsymbolic and in that profoundly unlike the Italians, who glow with colour and devoutness. There are few good Italians here, but one supreme—"Botticelli Entomb-

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ment," so tense in feeling and ineffable in expression that it gives one quite a *shock* of beauty.

I can't tell you how interested I am in your hopfields mission. It is what I like most hearing of, and you know how my old Whitechapel heart goes out to these people, and their warmth, and their hardships and their possibilities, all of which your letters suggest so vividly.

AFTER BERLIN, 1905.

I hope that London will gradually reassert its own strangely potent *indoors* spell for H——, though it can have no South African charm. There is, I am sure, nothing between the Veldt and the Strand. . . .

You can't think how I have enjoyed seeing that delicious little piece of Maytime, C——, so full of grace and humour and sympathy. She seems to me the very blossom of good sense, and I immensely liked my "Zauberflöte" and "Macbeth," and our "Himbeersaft" and chocolate and my tea in her student's room, and all the nice atmosphere of youth and hope and grip of music and life which it all means.

I believe in a groove. It somehow seems to suit young things, and they run along it with such winged feet that the narrowness, when there is any, doesn't matter. . . .

Yes, I should have liked Paris, but perhaps it would have been too *bonne a bouche* in the end.

[To P. S.]

HAMBLEDON HURST, GODALMING,

April, 1906.

I do so wonder how the days go with you, and I love to hear of Robertson's church, where his spirit still dwells. Also I love to hear of Ethel's happiness, which also belongs

to the region of holiness. I indulged in tonsillitis directly I got down here, which left me rather weak and tired, but I was well for Easter and its primroses and its *sterben und werden* feeling.

Have you read Henry Sidgwick's Memoir? I have never read of anyone so longing for definite religion, so reverent, so profound, who yet was for ever unable, through his analytical and scientific qualities, to get farther than a reverent mark of interrogation. He demanded that religion should be a science, and was unaware that science had become a religion with him, both of which facts seemed to hem him in.

June, 1906.

I can think of nothing but "Armide," which Gertie took me to. A heaven of beauty, of dignity, and grace ineffable. The scene in which Armide first invokes Hate, and then dismisses her, has all Gluck's grandeur, the Nafad's music all his exquisite sweetness, and then what poetry in Renaud's soliloquy!

[To M. E. C.]

HAMBLEDON, September, 1906.

Your letter was a coal upon my head. . . . What with toiling at my book and my matron's marrying, and bills and streams of visitors, I begin to long for peace. We have been very happy, but work and hospitality are rather a *mésalliance*. My head and heels don't know which is which. We start on Saturday, thanks be to Sybarus.

SAULIEU, BURGUNDY.

This is a place for you. It is a land of roofs, wave upon wave of mediæval tiles of all curves and colours wherever you go—steep roofs all straight out of the past. A land, too, of walled townships almost untouched since

about 1400, of towns and rich Romanesque churches, on which Viollet-le-Duc has hardly laid a finger. Vézelay and Avallon are sensations of beauty and of history, especially Vézelay with its marvellous Abbey church crowning a high hill, and its red and gold-lichened roofs, and the serpentine streets climbing strenuously up the steep hill; the whole overlooks a Corot landscape of silver-grey willows and grey fields and silver streams, here and there a blue-aproned woman stands herding calm fat white kine.

To-day at Saulieu we have the Fair of St. Andoche, "the greatest fair in the world." It is attended by a circus (made for Peggy), which contains *Le Clown Monstier*, and *he*, though we have never known it, is the greatest clown in the world. You can buy cattle and ginger-bread and tortoiseshell combs for a few sous, and turn incessantly in a merry-go-round. Peggy runs and leaps and sparkles like a stream—the Spirit of Delight at one moment—at another absorbed in Dickens or Scott or the whole world of knights and romance.

[To A. T.]

HOTEL CALCINA, ZATTERE, VENICE,
Autumn, 1906.

We have a balcony where we can watch, at dusk, the lights of the boats come floating across the wide water, disembodied, like Dante spirits, for you cannot see the boats to which they belong. Some are elongated, some spiral, and some have shining heads like saints and long shadowy bodies, and some dart across the shining depths like vehement little stars, while others glide away into the infinitely deep blue. . . . I wish for you at all times. I wish you had seen Verona, blue and silver at

EDITH SICHEL.

morning, tawny gold at sunset ; and I wish you could see the boats here full of pumpkins, and the hills of purple grapes in baskets, that come shooting up the canals, with a lazy ragged Bacchus lying asleep in the middle of them.

[To G. R.]

October, 1906.

I do wish you had seen the Adriatic at Sinigaglia. It is a haven of a place, now for ever in my heart of hearts. On one side the limitless waters flecked with orange and saffron sails, on the other the divinest hillsides, the earth brown as only Italian earth can be, and the vineyards red and amber. In and out, almost like their tendrils, dance and twine the sweetest little Bacchuses and Ariadnes—merry Ariadnes with handkerchiefs over their heads and the sun in their hair and faces, like flowers on their stem-like little necks. Or else there passes a file of massive, primal, patient white oxen, traps for the sunlight as they drag their carts, followed by regal-looking peasants or straight women bearing great water-jars on their noble heads. Sinigaglia is one of the fashionable bathing-places in Italy, but, thank goodness, the season was over, and the only remnant of fashion that we beheld was an Italian papa passionately photographing on the sands his family in a pony-cart in mid-ocean—the pony first being led by him into that inappropriate place for the occasion. The reins were held by a *chic* mama in a claret-coloured toque very far on her forehead, while two little boys in brown leather Scotch caps sate beside her. There seems a great desire in Italy to rear a sporting childhood, for, at Padua, I saw some *Plaid velvet casquettes* in a shop, marked in large letters, *Novizie di Sport per Bambini*.

[To A. C. F.]

PADUA, *October, 1906.*

We are just back from a divine day at Castelfranco. Giorgione's picture glowed in the mellow light, the St. George and his armour so vital with beauty that he made everything *out of the picture* seem mere shadow. The Madonna on her throne is so beautiful that the restoration doesn't seem to matter as much as I dreaded, and the whole is such a heaven of tone and harmony as one could never realise from any description. Then we had coffee in the sun-flooded street, opposite the great red-brick city-wall, with a tide of burning creeper flowing over it, and so back through the little tiny New Jerusalem, with the sunset over the Alps and over the grape-hung festoons that link the mulberry-trees together, while here and there were groups of graceful peasants garnering in their vintage. To-morrow we go for the day to Vicenza and pursue Montagna, that most fascinating painter, in his own palladian city.

Padua is entirely sympathetic; every stone seems imprinted with learning—the glorious early-morning learning of the first Renaissance, when every scholar came here to learn with all the force of maturity and the passionate curiosity of youth. There they still look forth from sunny cloisters and shady churches, on their tombs sculptured at their desks, or in their pulpits with square caps and University robes.

The Great Hall and Donatello's giant horse I won't descant upon.

My last experience at Venice was to see the Layard pictures once again. *Two* most unwilling gondoliers took me rocking on the roughest of wind-lashed canals. The

EDITH SICHEL.

experience was most exciting, the landing quite difficult, but the pictures were more than worth it.

I have a fairy-belief that loving thoughts are allowed to act as useful fetch-and-carry guardian spirits. Mine are unceasingly diligent in attendance on you.

[To E. P.]

1907.

Mr. Masterman's dinner-party at the House was interesting. I sate between General Lyttelton and Mr. John Buchan, and listened to a great deal of excellent talk between General L. and Snowden (who was the most *forcible* person there) on a Citizen Army and its possibilities, a Citizen Navy and its impossibilities, and the possible death of Liberalism in the future. Also good talk between Snowden and Mr. Masterman and Lord Salisbury, who seemed very much taken with the "Burn-you-next-minute" Calvinistic personality of Snowden, whose quiet tones and deadly earnest and matter-of-fact words about the growth of socialism in Scotland and the provinces impressed the table more than the conversation of all the pleasant tradition-people congregated there and talking so well. . . .

I had a nice talk with Mr. Milnes Gaskell, who, when I said my favourite prayer was "Lord, give me understanding," said "Mine is 'Lord, give me a quiet mind.' " I said "Not quite a quiet mind, or you would be dull," and he answered "No, only a *quieter* mind."

AN ALPHABET OF PHILOSOPHERS.

- A. Aristotle the Founder of Morals,
Who was crowned by the schoolmen with true—and
false—laurels.

LETTERS, VERSES, etc.

- B. is for Berkeley who said we weren't here,
And rendered obscure what was hitherto clear.
- C. is for Comte who discovered Humanity,
And cancelled its I.O.U.'s unto Christianity.
- D. is for Encyclopaedic Diderot,
Who proved that God did not exist—by *bons mots*.
- E. Epicurus adored by Pater,
And also Empedocles over his crater.
- F. Fichte allied to the school sentimental,
High-souled, rather heavy, and quite transcendental.
- G. Goethe and Genius—no systems he taught,
But Phœbus-like drove the sun-chariots of thought.
- H. is for Hegel of world-wide repute,
Who spun from his ego the Great Absolute.
- I. is a deep philosophical spring,
The mystic from Oxford whose name it is Inge.
- J. is Jacobi who lived at some time,
But as I don't know him I can't make a rhyme.
- K. is for Kant who drives to distraction
In thinking out problems of compound Abstraction,
And makes us all feel as mad as a hatter,
Because Matter is Mind and Mind is the Matter.
- L. is for Locke, who lived at a season
When Religion was not unrelated to Reason.
- M. is for Mill, who proved the futility
Of guiding our course by aught but utility.
He explained man's soul, he explained man's history,
He could not, he owned, explain their mystery.
- N. Newton, who changed the whole world's persuasion
By means of an apple (the second occasion).

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- O. Omar Khayyám, who as far as I know, meant
That we ought to take wine and live in the moment.
- P. is for Pascal, profound and alone,
Who through thought and much suffering made God
his own ;
Also for Plato, the poet of thought,
Who rendered immortal what Socrates taught.
- Q. Economist Quinet, and may I add *that* you
Will find all he is—at Bourg, on his statue.
- R.'s for the great and preposterous Rousseau,
Who wished man to live like Robinson Crusoe.
- S. is for Schopenhauer, odious and ill,
Who coddled himself and loathed man and man's will.
- T. is for Thoreau, of so many moods
That nothing could suit but a hut in the woods.
- U. is for Us in our short-sighted blinkers,
Who, though we can't think, try hard to be thinkers.
- V. is for Voltaire, the *crème de la crème*,
Who scorned *le bon Dieu* for his own *Être Suprême*.
- (W.) Next Wagner, who preached the esthetics of passion,
Till nerves and Norse gods became all the fashion.
- X. is Xenophanes, who needn't stagger us,
For all that he taught was taught by Pythagoras.
- Y. Yorick ; no *moral* philosopher he,
But as sage in pure sentiment took his degree.
- Z. is Zoroaster removed from earth's jars,
Because he habitually lived with the stars.
And Zeno, the stoic, too comes into Z,
But now we have reached him enough has been said.

LETTERS, VERSES, etc.

[To A. C. F.]

(*After Mary Coleridge's Death.*)

1907.

Her love had not times or seasons, suns or moons, it only deepened. . . . God help us to live more sweetly for her dear sake. . . . I do not feel memory binds us more to earth. It seems to me more like the first link of the chain which vanishes out of sight. . . . It sometimes feels as if I had been drowned in a strong tide and had left something mechanical here as me. I have a strange *désorienté* sense that my real me is not here but away—*where* I do not know. The sense is so strong that sometimes, when I am walking or moving, I have to dwell on the physical sensation of it to make me feel *here*.

[To Walter De La Mare.]

1907.

I have been wanting to thank you so much for your appreciation, your beautiful appreciation of Mary Coleridge. All that you say about her spiritual chivalry, her gallantry, her self-identification with others, strikes home. She had the most heavenly humility and the most heavenly pride I ever knew, for her pride was the flower of humility.

[To Violet Hodgkin.]

Autumn, 1907.

We must thank God that Mary compels us to grieve with our faces towards the sunrise and not towards the West. I am so glad that you are going on as she would wish. Life does not stop because one great part of it has grown so much larger. . . . And why are we mortal and all playing at the tedious screen game, when we have such forces within us, as free as air and as strong as love. . . . It was a kind of realised law of friendship by which

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she largely lived. The more I think the more I see that, instinctively, she showed to each one she loved the bit of her that was most theirs. The one who had most selves perhaps got more of her facets, but each of us had the same Mary and a different Mary. . . . She saw her own soul in all our eyes and, standing by it, the soul of the person she was looking into. It was—is—a kind of radiant self-identification.

A later date.

I have been so much grieved to hear of all your pain and illness. But now I trust that is past, and only the soothing rest remains. I believe that anything that makes a pause in living, not in life, helps one best to find one's bearings in sorrow. One has to master a new topography. . . . Love seems to make a kind of eternity on earth; it is the only eternity I can picture.

[To V. H.]

HOTEL BURGUNDY, PARIS, *November 2nd, 1907.*

Hotel letters are as hard to achieve as the showing of a calm countenance at the telephone. . . .

Paris is being as sympathetic as only Paris knows how to be. I am sure I was a French man or woman once. I now believe I was massacred on St. Bartholomew's Eve. I am not at all sure that I did not commit some crime, which has left odd feelings of remorse in me for something I can't explain. Saint Cloud the other day was a lovely vision, with the long, long alleys dropping amber leaves slowly like memories of the summer, and the broken-nosed statues and the mournful cool basins, and the vivid green lawns, and the eighteenth-century ghosts, and the high arches of trees almost like bars of Couperin's music. Don't you love the cheerful people and the fat jolly men with their narrow slits of eyes all twinkling with *joie de vivre*?

[To V. H.]

ONSLow GARDENS.

About Mary's poems I know one thing for sure, and that is, that whatever her place among the poets, she is a poet, and all her threads are pure gold of her own spinning. If there could have been a feminine of Blake more incandescent than burning, she might have been something like Mary? She said a truth when she called her poems "*Fancy's Following*," and it was because she knew her "Thus far and no further," that she made such an exquisite thing of her poetry, that much of it is so perfect. Exquisite-ness and distinction seem to me her qualities, with *intensity* and gallantry of fancy. Her wings were the strongest of many strong things about her. She seems to me to show a mingling of Christina Rossetti and of Stevenson. He, I think, is very strong in her. The gallantry and generous love of adventure very often recall him, though she was always completely herself. The exact position on the slope of Parnassus is hard to define—she was so delicate about defining it.

[To V. H.]

PILLOW JINGLE.

Children-angels make thy bed,
Maiden sprites lay down thy head,
Dreams of beauty and of wit
On the drowsy pillow sit.
Young stars on thy slumber shine,
While the Muses more than nine
(With the tenth, yclept *Amuse*)
Stand around in silver shoes—
And the air about be fraught
With my silent speaking thought. E.

EDITH SICHEL.

I know a good deal of the weariness of ill-health. Coming back to life is an ache and a weariness in itself, and though I hate to tease you with such furbelows as words, I feel as if I understood.

We must remember Mary's summer sunshine in November. Each of us has this comfort, that each of us have had a perfect love unassailed by time—a light by which to live, and to die, too, for that matter.

I dined with F. She is well and translucently good. Mr. Bradley has just been here, the most fastidious of scholars and critics. When he saw her poetry in Robert Bridge's article he said, "This is the real thing." He owns hardly anyone as fit for the dynasty.

[To A. C. F.]

Yesterday I went to hear Mr. Bradley lecture on "The Thought of Shelley"—extraordinarily good. He analysed Shelley's conception of creation and of poetry—of poetry as the realisation of ultimate perfection and so including moral aspects and every pure human relationship. He quoted a great deal of Shelley's "Defence of Poetry," which I have never read.

Edith's poetry belongs mostly to her earlier years, when it came to her as the natural medium for expressing her depths of thought and feeling. She never cared to publish it, for she had too high a standard in verse, too passionate an appreciation of the real magic, to make much of her facility for it, a facility so marked that a whole stanza occasionally formed itself in her sleep like this one, after she had been wondering one night, on going to bed, whether anything like "In Memoriam" could be written to a living friend :

"I care not where my steps may stray
If thou, my friend, be by me still

To hold my hand along the way
Until we reach the Holy Hill."

Or these impersonal lines which came into her head "at random" on waking one morning :

" When a man to an inn hath come,
What he hath broken,
Payeth he with a good round sum
For honour's token.

You rode straight to the inn of my heart,
There to break it,
And all the gold of India's mart
Will not remake it.

The sonnet beginning "Death when I die," which was published in the *Spectator* and selected by Mr. Bradley, came to her in a specially strange way. She had one day been undergoing many hours of such unhinging pain that she could no longer bear herself indoors, and wandered off into the woods a little way from the house. There, whilst she was sitting hardly conscious of where she was, the beautiful calm lines formed themselves in her mind almost as they stand, and she repeated them to me when the bout of suffering had passed.

In her own words to Violet Hodgkin she tells of the almost unbidden way in which poetry forced itself on her at this sorrowful time :—"For years I, who am but a rhymester, have ceased, except for brief attempts, from verse. But after Mary left us something in me was set going. Lines haunt me, and I feel inclined to write in a way that is almost teasing."

TO MARY.

August, 1907.

I asked the stars where Mary dwelt—
The light they gave was but their own.
Remote they shone, a gleaming belt ;
They made me colder, more alone.

I asked my faith where Mary dwelt—
She spread white wings on upward way ;
I could not see her where I knelt—
It seemed a pointless task to pray.

I asked my heart where Mary dwelt—
My heavy heart so full of woe—
And as I questioned it I felt
That here was something I could know.

For with the rush of tears that welled
From deeps below to heights above,
I dreamed at last where Mary dwelled,
Since there, as here, her home is Love.

August 28th, 1907.

“IT IS ONLY THE ROSES THAT MATTER.”

These words she thought she heard Mary say as she lingered
by the grave covered with roses after the funeral service at
Harrogate.

“Only the roses count,” she said,
She who has gone away.
Only the roses white and red,
Whose scattered petals lay
Upon her grassy bed,
Where passing children play,
And the sun is overhead.

Of old did Saint Elizabeth
Give bread unto the poor ;
Her husband swore she would no more,
Or it would be her death.
She gave them as before—
In fear, with bated breath—
As they clustered round her door.

Sudden her husband found her so :
She hid her loaves in dread.
“ What dost thou hide ? Come, show,” he cried.
His voice nigh struck her dead.
She oped her arms—but lo !
No bread, and all aglow
Lay roses in their stead.
What mattered but the roses red ?
It is Love’s miracle,
When bread turns roses (as befell)
Or roses turn to bread.
It is the Spirit’s ancient spell—
Man liveth not by bread—’tis well.
Give roses, as she said.

THE SOUL HERE AND THERE.

(To Mary’s Friends and Mine.)

When I tread the path that Mary has trod,
And I, too, become a ranger
Through Time and through Space to the feet of God,
Ah, feel me not colder, stranger !
When you laugh or cry, I shall linger by,
I shall share in your joy and sorrow—
My heart will stay close to yesterday,
Although I have no to-morrow.
When I go the way that Mary has gone,
Though her soul was ever the fleeter,
And she stand near the Throne in its innermost zone,
Yet haply at last I shall meet her.
Her spirit will shine as it rushes to mine,
Itself, and if that can be, sweeter.
For the glory of Youth and of Wisdom and Truth
Shall make her the same but completer.

THE TWO THINGS.

From the gates of Birth unto Death,
Through the deeps betwixt Death and Birth,
 And the misty vale of the years,
Two things are sure as our breath,
Two spirits inherit the earth—
 Laughter and Tears.

TO A VIOLET FOUND IN AUTUMN.

[V. H.]

Long grey shadows found me
 Which had not found me yet—
The crackling briars enwound me,
 Damp leaves my footfall met.
An autumn eve closed round me
 And my cheek with rain was wet.

When a sudden scent came stealing
 That April did beget,
Some hidden scent revealing
 Which on my road was set,
And when I sought it, kneeling,
 I found a Violet.

[To E. M. R.]

December, 1907.

It was very sweet being with Charlotte last night. David and Hester had gone to bed, and I went up to them and told them a story. I had hold of their hands, and I said to David, "How cold your hand is." He at once replied, "But my body is very, very warm. I fink you had better have that to warm yourself with," and

straightway swept up his nightgown and offered me his little white Cupid's body as a hot-water bottle.

I am finding Lewis Nettleship's Letters most congenial about death and religion. He had a fervent philosophical faith outside churches.

[To E. M. R.]

Christmas, 1907.

I have been reading that just not great poem "The Hound of Heaven." There are splendid flashes and grand verses and lines here and there, but it gets entangled in sensuous imagery, and the fundamental sincerity seems to me hampered by rather violent conceits. I had tea with —, who is, I think, very like somebody in "Pilgrim's Progress"—"Mistress Nearly-through-the-Needle" or "Madam-on-the-Way," or the like.

F. read me a heavenly letter from Mary about the sense of duty as to becoming a missionary. She said that no one could go wrong if full of love, that Christ gave no command, even to Lazarus, to evangelise, that He nowhere mentions such a duty except to the disciples, a group of men set apart. But the beauty was in the saying, so humble, so crystal-clear.

I paid a long call on the —. I like their bright dullness—it is so much more congenial and uncommon than dull brightness. I met Mrs. —, whom I liked more than ever; she looked rather like a policeman à la Gainsborough in a picture-hat, and we conversed on the nice incongruous topic of why people painted their faces.

Betty's * babe is a joy of a moral grandchild, and Betty herself a real Simple Susan—marriage to Village Model and all.

* One of her adopted girls.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

1907.

Love the King was born to-day,
Friend and Stranger ;
Love was born on the King's highway,
In a manger.

Not apart in a distant shrine,
Set with danger—
Here, at hand, in thy heart and mine,
In a manger.

His name is old—the world can hear,
Nor call him changer
Who bids men rest and cast out fear
At his manger.

His name is new that youth may dare—
Youth the ranger,
Nor dread things will be as they were
And pass his manger.

For he dwells far, yet near he dwells—
Magnet, estranger—
The Kings and shepherds would not else
Have found his manger.

Kings are no pilgrims to seek out
What might endanger,
And what can shepherds do but doubt
A common manger.

So He is near, that Kings may meet
Their King, no stranger—
Far, that the poor their Lord may greet,
Despite His manger.

1908.

SUNSET: CHELSEA EMBANKMENT.

To pace with thee along the river-side,
When the wet sand becomes an opal floor—
And sapphire mist and flame the ebbing tide,
While lowly brickwork seems a palace door,
And each black twig stands sharp and glorified ;
When, if we turn, most still, most blue, most wide
Stretches the sky in whose night-deeps appear,
Sailing, the silver Moon, a dream, yet clear,
And, in her wake, the evening-star beside—
To feel this sunset spell, to feel thee near,
Still makes a sunrise in my heart, my dear.

[To E. M. R.]

BARMOR CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND,

March, 1908.

Snow headaches and heaviness are the worst of my ailments, and this house is pamperinglly Capuan. I am fed and warmed and kept late in bed in a way that would highly content you. We find plenty of "oft and much" personal talk, but Dr. Hodgkin's historical talk is what I most enjoy. He is seventy-six, has been out to-night in the snow lecturing on Coleridge in the village, starts, alas ! to-morrow at 7 a.m. for Hitchin. Violet declares he would sacrifice everything to Queen Elizabeth, for whom he cares more than anything, except a waterwheel which he has set up in the village, and which he walks daily to see.

If only the snow would cease this country would be heaven. Directly you get outside the gates you see Scotland. Close by is Holy Island, and every castle of romance is within reach, screened by sombre fir-woods. The maid here is a Dinah Morris, bicycling sixteen miles

every Sunday to preach ; she is a beautiful dress-maker, though renouncing all dress for herself. Otherwise no head at all, except for poetry, and looks a saint.

Dr. Hodgkin is still regretting a footman who wanted to combine being a footman with reading five hours daily for his degree. Regretfully rejected by Dr. H., he is now at the head of the Education Department in South Africa.

Through all years and far beyond them

THY E.

[To V. H.]

March, 1908.

The Bach Mass at Oxford was a real lift-up, a bulwark of beauty for one's soul. Gertie sang the soprano solos at a moment's notice—an incredible feat—the other soprano having fallen ill.*

M. Sabatier talked a great deal about the modern Catholics. . . . Says that a large number of the Cardinals are with him, though they daren't say so. But they meet him in neutral houses. Did he ever tell you his grandfather was shot dead in the Counter Revolution of 1815, for refusing to make the sign of the Cross. When I told him that I had eaten *the* fig of my life at Assisi, and I should always associate Assisi with a fig, which hardly seemed right, he said, "*Pas du tout*," for St. Francis on

* How much Edith felt Gertrude's ever-growing achievements in her art is expressed through a little ingenious game which she enjoyed playing at, flashing her friends' personalities in the letters of their names, the letters to be used *ad libitum*.

GERTRUDE MARY SICHEL.

Music greets thee. The Muse hails thee. Rich is thy register ; such magistral art—sad, gay—reaches real delight. Sure is thy heart, true as daylight thy nature. Time is mighty, age teaches thee surely. Let thy star guide the years.

his deathbed had sent to Rome, to a friend, for the materials out of which his favourite cake was made, that he might have one as he lay dying.

[To Dr. Hodgkin.]

May 11th.

When I have had a treat I confess to such an inordinate desire to say "Thank you" that I cannot resist doing it, even at the risk of bothering the treat-giver. It is years since I have enjoyed anything so much as the "Italian Invaders." Since I read Creighton's "Papacy," I have had no such feeling of feast, of the bones of history made glowing with motion. That terror-stricken realisation of the Huns—of races that were almost like natural forces in their scourge-like inevitableness, only worse because man's consciousness was added—is immensely enlarging to one's provincially petty historical horizon. And nobody but a writer with such deep *human* knowledge as is yours *could* make the ignorant realise remote creatures such as these, still less make them an exciting pleasure as you have done.

Now that I have written this, it looks ridiculously impertinent—and it *is* impertinent to dare to express appreciation from out such depths of ignorance as mine. But you will believe me that it is gratitude which prompts me. How anyone with such mountains of knowledge as you carry can possibly manage to wear your learning like a rose in your cap, is to my humble sense a miracle. I believe in that miracle lies one of your secrets of transmitting your knowledge to the ordinary historical tripper. Oh, how I wish there were more Huns to come, more horrible stupefying flails like Attila to be interpreted by you.

Yours Hun-grily and Hun-remittingly gratefully,

EDITH SICHEL.

In answer to this letter Dr. Hodgkin wrote :—

Many, many thanks for your delightfully kind words about my book. This is the real reward for all the labour which the book cost me ; but, after all, it was most enjoyable labour, and I do not know why I should talk about reward of any kind.

How much happiness History has added to my life, and I am persuaded to yours also ! Though sometimes I feel self-condemned for my selfish literary life, I think, on the other hand, that probably the Maker Who gives the bees their instinct for honey-making gives some persons like you and me a passion for diving into past centuries and bringing up facts from thence for the benefit of the present generation. If nobody cared to write or to read History, we should be like a man without a memory.

Again thanking you for your most helpful words,

I am, yours very truly,

THOMAS HODGKIN.

[To the same.]

42, ONSLOW GARDENS, *May 13th.*

DEAR DR. HODGKIN,—I must give myself the pleasure of thanking you for your kind and delightful letter, and also of making a protest. Real historical work such as yours is surely more unselfish than any *doing*, and needs as much austerity and discipline of mind as any more obvious form of altruism. I think one of the greatest helps in life lies in the widening of knowledge, the opening of windows on to enlarged horizons and enlarged sympathies. I don't believe anything helps our judgment as much as history, and the historian helps more than most men, does he not ? to answer that great human prayer,

"Give me understanding." Of course, this only applies to a historian like yourself, and though your words alluding to my foolish scrawls filled me with immense satisfaction, I know, alas, that they are not true and that my only chance is in grasping this! I am only a gossiping lady's maid who curls the hair of History—adoring my mistress, but only allowed to go up to her by the backstairs. And my one aim is to be as conscientious as a lady's maid can be, and to carry her gewgaws and parcels faithfully behind her.

There was one thing in your history I wanted to thank you for especially, and that was for the last chapters of Vol. II, when you speak of the effect of Christianity and of God's law as shown in the world's story.

Your words are so warming when one emerges, as one must emerge, crushed by the terror and the waste. It isn't that faith goes in any way—faith in God or in man—but that one has to wander through such huge, ugly, dark tracts with the same-sized lantern as one uses for the smooth bits of high-road.

It sometimes seems as if Nature, "red in tooth and claw," were what men used to think the devil!

Forgive, please, my daring to run on in this way, but your chapters suggest so much. I am now going to bed to dream, I hope, of Theodoric at least.

[To E. M. R.]

SOUTHWOLD, *June*, 1908.

This place and my journey unimaginably Constable. A miraculous flaming sunset, orange and smoked opal over the sea with the sharp crescent moon in the midst, and the pale yellow harbour light against it. Still more miraculous fact, that at 11.15 at night it was still flaming

over the sea like an aurora, while on the other side was all deep blue night. The inland broads at Woodbridge made me long for you—sapphire pools shot with green weed like fairy lakes of agate. Het is reciting her multiplication tables out of the midst of her Fragonard curls. David is at the same uncongenial task, while the waves are dancing and shining even more than Het and David dance and shine.

August.

TO MARY.

Together we trod the earth,
Together we trod the air,
Through the depths of grief and the meadows of mirth,
To the gate of Death from the gate of Birth
We wandered everywhere.

Thy darling spirit fled
Twelve mortal moons ago.
The dull folk call thee dead—
They prate of a broken thread,
For that is all they know.

My feet still tread on earth,
But thou art fire and air.
Farther thou goest than grief or mirth,
Through the gate of Death and the gate of Birth,
Into the everywhere.

AUGUST 25TH, 1908, AND AUGUST 25TH, 1907.

Oh dear, dead friend, come back to me!
Come with the gesture that I know—
Or if God will not let that be,
Come thou unseen, with murmur low,

My heart is heavy—come—aglow—
In pure and burning dreams that we
Have dreamed together long ago.

Ah, poet-friend, thou art not dead !
Come on the dewy wings of morn,
And lightly touch our daily bread,
And rarify dull things we scorn.
Come quickly ! Blow thy magic horn,
And take my soul where thine has fled,
Where love and poetry are born.

[To P. S.]

HAMBLEDON.

I share your feeling both about the sea and—August !
But these things are only moments, after all, in the sum of
things, and as long as we have the privilege of believing
in God, happiness and life are worth the keeping and
having. And the “other people,” who in some measure
need one, pull one through—even through August !

The Coleridges come to-morrow. I am so glad you
are with the Hodgkins ; that blessed Dr. Hodgkin is a
saint with a twinkle in his eye.

[To V. H.]

WYCH CROSS PLACE, *September, 1908.*

I am staying with my adored Mrs. Freshfield. She
is very suffering, but her mind is so vital and *unself-*
absorbed that she goes on delighting as keenly as ever in
her books, and in talk and in ideas. Indeed, her mind is
like her house, a beautiful, harmonious, richly-furnished
Palazzo, hung with masterpiece memories and exquisitely

EDITH SICHEL.

woven thought and serene hues—a Palazzo of noble proportions with fine views towards the sea from the top windows.

[To Dr. Hodgkin.]

September 3rd.

I wish that you could know what pleasure and humble pride your kind words about "Catherine" gave me. In the first place, it was so very good of you to write; in the second, you wrote such a delightful letter that it warmed me throughout a bitterly cold damp day. For one brief moment I felt a little like "the haughty Catherine" herself—but not for more. No criticism ever makes one feel so humble as praise, and yours came at a moment when I was feeling so despondent about the work and about work altogether.

I am glad you think that she lives. She still haunts one with that final mystery of evil which is produced by *der Geist der stets verneint*. The only person who has seemed to be like her is the Empress of China? I have just been seeing a friend from China who had been dining with her, and gave the most vivid account of her *bonhomie* and the fears of poison that she inspires in her guests and all who come near her.

Which would you rather have been—Attila or Catherine de Medici? I know quite firmly that I would rather have been Attila. There is something so enervating in *polished sin*. I am glad you like generous Margot. I have just refused to write a book about her. So many chapters would have to be left out. She seemed, as I went through my proofs, to have only half her life for me, for all the time I wrote her I kept thinking that she would please Mary, and we parted last summer without my

having been able to read aloud the completed chapters about her. . . . The comparative immunity from slips is entirely due to Violet's masterly reading of the proofs.

Yours gratefully,

THE DETESTER OF THE HAUGHTY CATHERINE.

Dr. Hodgkin had written :—

I have just finished reading your "Later Years of Catherine," and must tell you how much I have enjoyed it, and not only that but what really good historical work I think it to be. Both in what you tell us, and in what you leave untold (the latter so hard to decide on), I think you have admirably hit the mark which you proposed to yourself. Catherine's own most peculiar personality stands out from the canvas, vivid, strong, unforgettable, and many of the minor characters, especially that delightful Margot (whom I never even remotely understood before), are splendidly imprinted on the reader's memory. I feel that I do not hate poor old C. de M. as I used to do when I was a boy, but I surely understand her better, and can even pity her a little, though I entirely agree with your remarks as to the death-dealing influence of natures such as hers. That whole conclusion seems to me very free and strong.

1908.

REFUGES: NOTRE DAME DE PARIS.

Beneath the carven eaves of Notre Dame,
Amid the warrior angels with their spears,
The twittering sparrows build without a qualm
Their straggling nests of straw. They have no fears
Their chirrup might disturb the soaring psalm,
Or vex the rang'd Apostle's sculptured calm,
They take the glorious shelter of the years.

Within, like specks within the pillar's might,
The poor say prayers so crude that saints might scorn.
With kerchiefed heads down-bent and clasped hands worn
By toil, they take from Time as 'twere a right
Their faith, nor know the over-arching height :
Patient and dull and busy—not forlorn,
Because their refuge is not out of sight.

[To Walter De La Mare.] 1908.

I have just come back from Burgundian beauties
(Burgundy flows with grapes and cathedrals). . . . If
one works well, one nearly always feels desperate over
what one has done, because one sees all one meant to
do—and also has the dust of the journey on one's shoes.

* * * * *

I am so glad of the good tidings that you are leaving
that hateful oil-trust, the oil of sadness that runs
down nobody's beard, and that you can begin your real
work at last.

[To V. H.]

HAMBLEDON, *July*, 1909.

In a garden—in heaven—with masses of blue and
white and green framed in by an arch of red roses, and
in the deep-sea peace of our cottage—summer reigning in
the background. That is how I am writing to you, and
I am too lazy to write much. . . . I like all your *Quaker*
tidings. They interest me, and I can fasten on! . . . Paris
was delicious. . . . My beautiful Jeanne Beaunier has the
mysterious gift of enchanting, and the still greater dis-
tinction of enchanting without egoism, or even the shadow
of it. Then we had a perfect week at Chenonceaux,
driving along the banks of the full river fringed with
rich sedge and yellow irises.

TO JEANNE BEAUNIER SINGING.*

Your voice sounds, rich as Summer—where am I?
Deep in long meadow-grasses washed in dew,
Blue is the ether and the water blue,
Making one heaven of river-bed and sky,
While on the sedgy stream the lilies lie.

* * * * *

And lo! a bird sings loud for pure delight.
It is the azure bird of poesy,
Who singeth, hidden, in the reeds hard by.

Is it your voice or his which soars so high?
This is a magic world we sail into.
Blue is the ether and the water blue,
Near things seem far, and far-off things seem nigh,
Your art makes one the heaven of earth and sky.

It was for André Beaunier, who had recently married this noble and gifted woman, that Edith worked so enthusiastically and successfully in getting up lectures in London. Their friendship became one of her later sources of happiness and drew her oftener than ever to Paris. Jeanne Beaunier wrote to her: "*Personne ne parle mieux de l'amitié que vous et personne ne la pratique mieux,*" and spoke of her after she had gone as "*l'amie idéale que l'on ne trouve pas deux fois.*" It would be difficult to say to how many Edith was *l'amie idéale*. Although her range of friendship was always widening, and especially in these years when she grew closely intimate with some of Mary Coleridge's friends, these words of one who knew her well define truly the nature of her relation to all those she loved:—"Each of her friendships was clear-cut as a separate jewel; no one ever entered so fully into each detail of her friends' lives."

* First written in French, in which language she wrote two articles at this time published in the *Figaro*.

Those who were in trouble found her "a very Rock of Gibraltar" (the expression of an emphatic old lady when speaking of her), while at normal times her talk and her own enjoyment of her friends' company stimulated and enchanted them. The demands on her sympathy and counsel were everywhere. Something magnetic about her used to call forth confidences even from unknown fellow-passengers on a railway journey, from hotel chamber-maids and all kinds of promiscuous persons. And she had cause to dread being the recipient of opened flood-gates from less temporary pourers-out who might threaten to become "hers for life." Conventional society she abhorred, but even in a somewhat stifling atmosphere she would often find that she had struck a spark where she least expected it and had got beneath some unpromising surface. But she had a strong sense of the need not to fritter herself by accepting too many of the invitations always pouring in on her, or going further into acquaintance with people for whom she had no natural affinity. As in everything else her line in friendship was based on a plan in spite of her spontaneity and impulsiveness. And all the more because of these restrictions could she give herself to her real friends, old and new. Intercourse with them was the salt of her life; she would not otherwise have brought to them what she did, in all moods. "If happiness can be counted," wrote one friend, "no one ever added more in a lifetime." She knew the virtue of good spirits and fun too well not to enjoy her own gift of raising the temperature of her friends when depressed, and Pascal's words may well be applied to her: *Qui rend justice à la gaieté? Les ames tristes. Celles-ci savent que la gaieté est un élan et une vigueur et que, jût-elle pure affaire de tempérament, elle est un bienfait.* No fatigue or inconvenience ever prevented her from going to those she thought wanted her, her services were ready for friends of all ages and her inventiveness found plans for providing for needs of every description, important or otherwise — a helpful introduction, a tour abroad, a ball-dress, an opening for work, a theatre jaunt, a good social combination, and every detail was thoroughly thought out. But with all this ready devotion and happiness in those she cared for, she could not live without some

withdrawal into herself. The full cup of human life was necessary to her, but she had to find spaces of time when she could live in her shell, think, and lose herself, alone or with an habitual companion, in books and new impressions of art and Nature. Pictures never failed to inspire her. She could not have found greater refreshment in them had she made painting her own art.

[To E. M. R.]

November 5th, 1909.

I can talk of nothing else but the glory of the pictures at the Grafton Gallery. There is a Giorgione portrait that fairly bowls one over with emotion, and a splendid Titian man. And an extraordinary portrait, half Whistler, half Sargent, that I thought must be modern, and then found to be Andrea del Sarto (but I can't believe it), and among minor pictures a little heaven of a Portuguese "Marriage of St. Catherine." Tiepolo's "Finding of Moses" is a brilliant piece of romance and wonderfully dramatic, but I can't feel that it goes deeper than that. I think he is rather the prisoner of effects.

Geoffrey's departure is very moving now that it has come. He is such a darling—already quite a soldier and full of his men.

Nelly Fuller * and her husband and James Hogan came late, and Hogan's most remarkable brother, an

* These young friends were amongst those Edith had taught in the elementary schools during her Manager days, some of whom she helped to good positions when they grew up. One of the teachers who most loved and valued her wrote of her "pioneer" attitude to education, of the lasting good done to her pupils by coming in touch with her, and the vitalizing power of her lessons. This power, it may be said, she expended with enjoyment on children and young people of her and my family and of many amongst her friends from the year 1890 on to the last months of her life. The enchanting lessons she gave them in history and literature will always live in their memory.

idealist, who reads every philosopher under the sun as he goes to his work, deep in Nietzsche as he crosses the streets. I never heard better kind of talk than between those four very real young creatures, who are not afraid of criticism or social tradition in what they say, and who are living on their own work and on their own experience. Their adjustment of Post Impressionism and of John was all so fresh and good coming from hands that knew as well as minds.

[To E. M. R.]

Christmas, 1909.

Our evening was a *succès fou*, the boys acting most amusingly. Geoffrey gave a capital impersonation of a family solicitor in Everard's play. All our usual guests, except Marion von Glehn and Bertha Lathbury, too ill to come. Alec did amusing piano parodies and played Chopin.

I agree with what ——— says about "the thought of the heart" for most of us. But I think it has one snare most difficult to avoid—that of letting a very few take such proportions that their concerns take up too much room in one's mental outlook. To concentrate the thought of one's heart, and yet to widen it is, I suppose, no such easy matter. . . . As to a transcendental religious sense helping in sorrow, it seems to have an extra strength when it belongs to otherwise matter-of-fact people, as in the case of Madame Lafayette and the compulsory saints of the French Revolution. Those who have it from the poet's side are by no means always helped by it consistently as *comfort*. I don't think they feel it there in the great pains of life for more than moments any more than others. They only *know* it there, and that is a support. It isn't faith itself, but it makes faith easier. And we all find it

difficult to live by our best moments. I should say all this realisation of the unseen was extra true of Mary, who so often couldn't get the good, at her bad moments, of her own heavenly gifts, though she could sing them in her poetry.

I had an amusing letter from Mr. Gosse, in imitation of one from la Comtesse de Hugo, who signed herself by her title, and added "Nièce de Victor Hugo." I signed myself, in answering him, "Nièce de personne."

To-day Mr. Bradley and I went to the Grafton, and had much talk about Shakespeare and ultimate matters, faith in God and in Time.

I have been reading Arnold Bennett's potent "Tract for the Times," rather like a sandwich all ham and mustard and no mitigating bread. I am also deep in Pascal. Isn't it his primal error that he lays so much stress on hatred of one's self and none upon the love of our neighbour? He is certainly not Christ-like.

[To V. H.]

HAMBLEDON, 1910.

"Gathered Leaves" seems to have reached a great many people of different sorts just as Mary did, whether they are simple or complicated.

Ellen Terry came to see us yesterday and was like delicious summer sunshine, all warm with goodness and gift.

I have been re-reading "Shirley" with enchantment.

[To E. M. R. During a trying visit.] 1910.

It is certainly a great comfort when one grows older that, as one loses need for enjoyment—excepting from the heart and literature and art, time seems always supportable.

One gets the art of letting the days slip over one, instead of trying to get over the days. I shall have read some 300 pages of my churning-to-the-spirit, yet ever racy Montaigne, who understood Monday so well and Sunday so little. Jew by the brow ; Gascon by the foot ; level, mountain-hating thinker ; large, sensible, consistent liver—such a contrast to Bacon, high-thinker and low liver. Montaigne certainly teases one into thought, not out of it.

Montaigne's "All or Nothing" is interlaced with the sense of comfort and of self-preservation. That of Pascal sprang from the desire to lose himself, from conviction of sin and need of salvation. He had nothing to do with days, he was concerned with eternity.

So when he had found his "All," any rejection of this was evil in his eyes. And, it seems to me, that landed him in a *religious* fallacy. He hated evil more than he loved his fellow-men.

And because his nature was unfathomably deep, this realised conviction was bound to cut deep. To those who seek direct teaching from him, and not only what comes from the inspiration of his giant mind, I think it presents a difficulty. I suppose it is a mistake to go to such thinkers as law-givers, not as cisterns of force and inspiration. To me this makes small difference, because the rest of him affects me so much more. He gives me the main gift. He wrestled at close quarters with that which has no Name—he touched God—and he prevailed.

[To P. S.]

HAMBLEDON HURST, *September, 1910.*

One line of love, dearest, and a God bless you for your birthday. Life becomes more and more part of the

invisible, and so it can never cease to be interesting ; and it is good that God allows us to keep together on the road—together not only in body, but in final aim, which is the only together worth having.

We are not going abroad after all, and are actually going to spend a week with the Birrells in Ireland.

[To A. F. M.]

HAMBLEDON, *September, 1910.*

You are a gem, and we hail you as such.

Your letter was exactly the spur and guide we needed, and we shall thankfully follow all your instructions.

So imagine us on Thursday morning, neatly and sympathetically clad in kilts (I have been reading Montaigne, who says that you must adopt the dress of the country you are in, in order not to be conspicuous) and " finished " with cairngorm gems on hat and shoulder, and then extend your vision to the next day, when we shall go to every castle and abbey you tell us of. . . . Last Sunday we hired a millionaire's motor, which is now let at a moderate rate, and flew in just about two hours to Winchester, and came in for a heavenly bit of the service, and had tea in God Begot house, and passed through Jane Austen's Chawton, and revelled in the soft-shadowed shoulders of the downs.

[To E. M. R.]

March, 1911.

It was curious to come out of the Calais cold and travel in dense white fog and to emerge in warmth on nearing Paris. I was given a spacious compartment and shall never travel first again. At Amiens two school-inspectors got in, one dignified and scholarly, the other a

black-bearded Provençal, who talked with his eyes, hands and feet, as well as with his mouth, at the rate of an express chariot of fire. He began with elementary education and *psychologie*, then he was at the Restaurants (*Je suis gourmet—je suis aussi gourmand*), then the impossibility of a personal God and Science (*Si l'on veut des miracles guettons la science*), etc., etc., for two hours without a break, and then he drew on his black gloves, "*Ah ! comme ça fait du bien de parler un peu la philosophie !*" Impossible to imagine a greater contrast to a wretched curate and his yellow "rib," who slept ungainlily in a corner when they weren't studying the book of hotels that hangs in railway carriages.

[To E. M. R.]

PARIS, *March 11th*, 1911.

I saw "The Blue Bird" once more, with the awful Madame Maeterlinck as Light—a great affected fair woman with an endless *decolleté* neck, on which decorative light was always playing. If I see the "Blue Bird" again I shall scream. Jeanne felt it even at the second time. But as she said, it is a refreshing draught after the beastliness of the modern plays. The little girl was wonderful ; the little boy would have been wonderful had we not discovered that he was a dwarf of twenty-eight.

I saw the preposterous Madame Catulle Mendès, enamelled, befrizzled, behatted, just like an advertisement of French mustard.

Wyzewa, alas, had "the fever"—my unchanging fate with the distinguished men I am bidden to meet—so Strowski came alone. He is modest, full of knowledge, full of Montaigne—like one of those delightful, quiet, literary *savants* we have seen eating their dinner at Fogot's.

He says he has changed his point of view of Montaigne since he wrote his book. Alas, no portrait of Etienne de la Boétie is to be had, only a splendid signature of his. Jeanne showed her usual surprising knowledge talking of Montaigne. Strowski was most flattering talking about Wyzewa's possession of my books and knowledge of me. He has lent one to poor Strowski, who does not understand one word of English. — had the supreme virtue not to come.

PARIS.

It is most exciting for me that André Beaunier has all the Joubert MSS. and note-books in his keeping while writing his book, and I—*moi qui vous parle*—have been touching and reading J.'s little commonplace book with all manner of jottings in it. Most interesting of all, a few fragments of a life of Pauline de Beaumont. . . .

A. B. is full of a projected tirade against Pommeroise, a poet who lost his daughter and immediately afterwards invited a party and read out a poem about her in a room hung with crape and lighted with many candles. He is still writing about her, and in Paris they say: "*Il a trop perdu sa fille—il n'a pas assez perdu sa femme.*"

[To Hélén Sichel.]

NOEL ARMS, CHIPPING CAMPDEN,
August, 1911.

I should immensely like you to see this Elizabethan paradise of a village, with its Tudor gables and stately market-hall, and then the surprising little Burghs all round, with Jacobean manors and early churches, and broken cherubs and civic squares and crosses hidden away amidst orchards in the folds of the bleak, grey

Cotswolds. One peculiarity of this place is that Campden seems to be made of all children and no parents. It is a town of happy orphans, or of babies who have borne themselves and are consequently blissful the whole day long. You see their curly fair heads look out at about 10 a.m., and then they bustle along the streets going a-marketing with baskets on their arms. Or they saunter at noon in blue pinafores or roll meditatively in the dust, reflecting whence they came and whither they are bound, and finally you hear them whooping good-night to one another after their club in the street at about 10 p.m. On Saturday there was a china-huckster, and a crowd of them stood round him by torch-light, while he offered them adult goods at reduced prices. "There are glories 'ere," he said, "only 1s. 3d. a set of jugs . . . what, not a buyer for 1s. 3d.!" But not a child bought a crock or risked a penny. They are prudent little things. I never saw the like.

[To E. M. R.]

HAMBLEDON, *August, 1911.*

My visit to Molly and Desmond was most charming. We agreed that it was a pity I didn't come across Desmond in the train, as he was deep in my "*Montaigne*," of which he said very warm things. He was delightful in our talk of *Montaigne* and *Sam. Butler*, and we had it out about *Harris' "Shakespeare"*, which he adores, amidst much laughter and many raids into the *Sonnets*.

I have never seen anything so strenuously responsible and hard-working as Michael and Rachel, or so glorious as *Dermod*. Michael has become the *Tolstoi* peasant with a dramatic sense of the spade, talks of nothing but work from morning to evening, and was busy digging a

deep hole, in the conviction that a black and white rabbit would run into it. He refuses to allow any partnership in tools to Rachel, who helps him all day long, and says that nothing belongs to her in the world, excepting her to-- He is a delicious child.

[To E. M. R.]

LOCKINGE HOUSE, WANTAGE.

September, 1911.

The House-Party here (or rather "no party" as they call it) is Lady Wantage herself, a charming niece Lady Jane Lindsay, the delightful Rayleighs, Mrs. Strong, Sir Sidney Colvin, Sir Lewis Beaumont, who has been a sailor. I had a most interesting evening with Lord Rayleigh, who talked, amongst other things, about Darwin's wide character and narrow general knowledge, Huxley and his width of information outside science, Sir Oliver Lodge and his power of over-versatility, psychical research. He has himself worked hard at it, has never seen striking results though much that he cannot explain. He said that my inherited experience theory of our half-crown experiments (in which he was deeply interested) has nothing scientifically wrong about it, and that there are indeed some facts that have been proved in that direction. Lady Wantage is a beloved hostess. She is so good and shrewd and sincere, and reminds me of "Let all things be done decently and in order." She has the greatest love for her pictures, as well as her philanthropies. The pictures are adorable, too many to describe till we meet. Beside a whole library of Art-books. . . . Claude's "Enchanted Castle" (which inspired Keats' "Faery Lands Forlorn"), the Gerard David, the marvellous Pesellino Cassones, exquisite naughty

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little Tuscan ladies receiving David fresh from victory and beautifully dressed; wicked Venetian nobles and princesses. The garden and park are deliciously lovely in this temperate blue sunshine, and we breakfast and lunch in the garden.

[To P. S.]

HAMBLEDON HURST, GODALMING,
August 30th, 1911.

Your letter was a joy, and I was deeply thrilled to hear of your adventures in the strike. We only adventured in mind, as we were safe in Chipping Campden, and had quite made up our minds to live there for ever in content as it seemed likely we should have to do so. Of course, it was impossible *not* to take the strikes to heart and mind, and Wales was a tragedy and Liverpool too, but I do feel the men had a real grievance in not having come together with their employers. I can't believe England will ever come to Syndicalism. It suits us about as well as a Jacobin cap of liberty would suit Miss H.

[To the same.]

HAMBLEDON HURST.

BELOVED PAULA,—I am so particularly glad that you were born. I think a great many stars shone at your birth—friendship and sympathy chief and most serenely bright among them. How I adore steadfastness! Our roots are struck together, interlaced deep down in our dear indestructible past beyond the reach even of Time himself.

Your loving old

E.

[To E. M. R.]

December 31st, 1911.

The comforting thing in life is what the poor —s do not know, that happiness comes from within, not from without, and that it lives apart from sorrow or any of the assaults of life and death ; and that the more we love the more it comes to the strange rolling years. Amidst all the deep floods of sorrow it is a blessed fact that, to wholesome and unselfish minds, life itself is holy and its *real* interests do not jar with death. And, in the end, life is, or should be, love, and therefore not incompatible with death.

[To E. M. R.]

PARIS, AT THE BEAUNIER'S,
January, 1912.

This morning I went out shopping with Jeanne and her terrible dog Tob.

It is delicious to hear her, as she goes out, telling the cook that her cake was a masterpiece, and Arcade, the manservant, that he is a genius for inventing a new place for the coffee-table, her maid that she has grown fatter since the morning, and the telephone-girl (down the telephone) that she is the most intelligent of her sex. All the shop people cheered up at sight of her, as if May had come. She ate all their chocolates, praised all their wares, bought *bottes* of flowers at her particular cart, scolded the old flower-woman for being cross to her old husband, and told me afterwards she had nursed and cured him herself of varicose veins. The old woman once said to her, "*Que mon mari est bête ! Mais que voulez-vous ? Je l'ai eu depuis si longtemps.*" This afternoon she was most brilliant with her thirty-five ladies, including Hérédia's two daughters

and Jeanne Granier, the actress (a marvellously made-up sixty-five), after which she fell, *éreintée*, into my arms, and then had to go out to dinner. She talked so beautifully during our walk about Shakespeare and his love for all human beings; she said that she and her husband differed, "*Moi, j'aime les êtres—tout à fait à part de mes tendresses,*" she had so many different sorts of love besides the concentrated one which was almost all he knew, that one *could* but only love to the brim of one's own cup. We had a nice evening *à trois* yesterday, talking Sévigné and Grignan and Bussy as if they were the Joneses.

Dining with the St. Marceaux was a most delightful experience, more like one of the old salons than anything I could have imagined. People dropped in, in evening dress or not, as they liked, and such stimulating people. Jules le Maître, still a little formidable to talk to, a trifle trenchant, with words like weapons and wit for a shield against others, man of science more than man of letters. Monsieur St. Marceau, next whom I sate, a perfect darling of the old sort, delighted that anyone looks at his sculpture, scornful of his "*Génie du Tombeau*" at the Luxembourg. He said that Michael Angelo had influenced his youth immensely, but now austerity attracts him, and he only cares for sculpture of the twelfth century and before that, but he cares so much for that it doesn't seem to matter. He thinks Rodin tremendously clever, fussy, not great. He is eagle-eyed, acute, grey-headed, benign and sympathetic—talks, as is usual in France, with as much fire about his own sleeplessness as he does about Art or God. An oration at the *Académie* had inspired great regrets in him that he had not the joys of religious feeling. Opposite us was Madame Alexandre Dumas, much dressed, hair still fair sprinkled with grey, china blue eyes,

pearls round an evidently much admired throat, which wants you to know that it had had sonnets written to it and advances from many, but had resisted all. She was much surrounded by all. Then there was Flammin, who had sculpted Queen Alexandra and Mrs. Keppel (whose bust Edward VII. constantly visited in the studio when in Paris), a jolly man, *bon enfant*, a kind of chef in the Art kitchen, with amusing stories of Forain in his poor days. He (Forain) sometimes spent the night on a bench out of doors, and by day he copied in the Louvre and spread havoc by making love to the old ladies copying Raphael Madonnas. Oh! how wonderful is the talk of the French. Fifteen live souls at dinner, all talking at once with all their minds, and all listening at once with all their ears, leaping from *Académie* orations to the little hands of the Duchesse de Noailles. The nicest woman was a grey-haired George Sandish looking lady, a Madame Vaudroyer who had been the *grande passion* of Henri Regnault, to whom she had been engaged, and was the adored of most of the young men of 1870. She amused me by refusing to lean back in her chair, "*Je ne peux pas vacher*," she said. After dinner her son, who is a poet, with noble eyes and plastered hair straight out of "*Madame Bovary*," came in and gave her a smacking kiss as they hadn't met that day.

The Beauniers have lately been meeting Anatole France at dinner; they were both bewitched, and some mysterious feud between them had vanished at once. He told André Beaunier that he was the one present writer he admired in France, that he alone knew how to write, that their differences in politics didn't matter a bit, and they must know one another. He is, of course, coming to hear Jeanne's music.

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[To E. M. R.]

BARMOOR, *June*, 1912.

Yesterday I went for a walk in the rain with Dr. Hodgkin, to see the Cheviots and the Kelow Mountains. The round-shouldered Cheviots were once as high as the Himalayas, but, he says, have come down in the world. The volcanic Kelows make sphinx-like shapes against the sky. The rain came down in torrents, and we came back and Dr. Hodgkin read aloud his delightful pages on Boethius and his "Theistic Consolations," which are so strangely modern.

The one drive we took, skirting Falloden and Embley, made me swallow Northumberland, I feel. I wish I could give you some idea of Holy Island. Between the island and the land all is lagoon—a wonderful polished mirror for the sky, and everywhere on the shore there grow, right down to the sea, great clumps of tall grass like wheat and spear-like bulrushes. The Farne Islands are the homes of all rare birds, and cormorants, buzzards, and gulls of all sorts haunt each of them like waiting spirits.

[To Mrs. Walter Sichel.]

LE CROTOY, *August*, 1912.

It was a great joy to have your letter. . . . How delicious the *jodelhütte* sounds. Tell Helen to write all her experiences to me like an angel.

I am feeling very lazy in this dear sleepy French seaside place—that is to say, it is an estuary place at the mouth of the Somme, and when the tide is in the red-sailed boats come sailing in just under our balcony; when the tide rolls out giving place, gradually, to fields of golden sand indented with silver pools and streaks of water. . . . I

wish you had seen the arrival here yesterday of the *Sous-Préfet* of Abbeville, with band and *pompier*s, and a *table d'hôte* strewn with dahlias and an unimaginably fat cook with short sleeves and veal-like arms. We go to St. Germain for a few days, near the Beauniers, and then on towards Italy, a high place first, Lanzo d'Intelvi.

[To Lady Robert Cecil.]

BULLE, SWITZERLAND,
September 1st.

You cannot think what a treat your letter was to me. I read it on the road from St. Germain to the church at Poissy, where St. Louis was christened, and I so much enjoyed spilling a little William Law on the straight logical white French country road. We were staying at St. Germain near my beautiful French friend. One day we rolled in a *carosse* (unlike the *carosse* of the Roi Soleil) along St. Simon's high road to Marly; it is all dead with the dead splendours of a dead monarchy; the next we drove to Port Royal, the most heart-stirring of places—destroyed, razed, ruined, yet throbbing with the living memories of a living faith. It was thrilling to stand where Pascal knelt and where *la Mère Angelique* prayed. The foundations of the chapel are left and the dovecote—a fortress of a dovecote which seems as if it must be the refuge for the spirits of the meek resisting nuns, as the grey and white doves flit in and out. The precincts where the *Solitaires* lived and Racine's school and Madame de Longueville's repentant *hôtel* stood are now all grassy orchards. There is a little modern building full of relics—Pascal's thrilling death-mask among them. . . .

I have run on shamelessly, not knowing even whether

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you share my love for the Jansenists, and my feeling for terrible glorious Pascal.

Here we are in detestable Switzerland on the way to adorable Italy. I can't bear its ugly beauty. . . . The people, too, are so needlessly hideous. I have been trying to think why. I believe it is all along of their looking-glasses, the most humiliating looking-glasses on earth, and that by dint of looking at themselves they are what they are. Even the children are out of drawing, and when a Swiss child has curls you know it is a foundling. All this Sabbath Day the little Calvinistic grasshoppers have been jawing away in the grass, and I have longed to make them read Law. . . .

[To Mrs. Walter Sichel.]

FLORENCE, *September 12th.*

Here we are in the most divine cool summer, taking drives into the celestial Tuscan hills—Santa Maria Impruneta far out among the vineyards, the vines beauty-laden, with purple grapes hanging in festoons from mulberry tree to mulberry, or twining about the silver olives. . . . I feel as if I had died and gone to heaven, and I meet plenty of little angels in pictures and sculptures, and outside of them also, herding pigs in the valleys or eating hunks of bread on the doorsteps or turning somersaults in the churches.

[To P. S.]

FLORENCE, *September 13th.*

MY DEAREST P., BELOVED COZ AND FRIEND,—My first word for your birthday is to say "Thank God" for you, and may you reap all the love and blessing and peace that you sow—in my heart as in so many others.

Oh, Paula ! I'm so happy in Italy, that I can't write letters. All the art makes my soul drunk yet calm. And then the drives and walks in these soft lilac Tuscan Hills to find some tiny village church with a gem of a secret picture or sculpture hidden in its heart. And the wayside shrines. Whatever Catholicism does, I do enjoy its gift of testifying on every roadside that man does not live by bread alone.

[To E. P.]

BORGIO SAN SEPOLERO, *September.*

I have wanted you so much here in Italy that it seemed almost as if the strength of my wish might have brought you. I longed for you, especially while we were eating grapes and figs on the grass under the little walled city of Monverchi, posed like a crown upon its hill, a stone's throw from the small hidden chapel containing a supreme Piero della Francesca. For centuries expectant women used to kneel there to pray for their safety in child-birth, and Piero has finely expressed all the poetry and waiting majesty there is in that condition as of a queen waiting for a sure throne. The Madonna is in a beautiful full grey-blue mantle, and behind her is a curtain of grey "vair"; two stately young angels in mulberry colour and green stand on either side of her. We were driven to Monverchi in the kind Franceschini-Marini carriage by the Countess, who is Irish by birth, and very good company. She told us almost incredible tales of the narrow, ignorant *ancien régime* of her husband's relations with the grandest names, who think of nothing but scandal and their rosaries, and know nothing of anyone outside themselves, and tyrannise and stifle life and love. Her husband is a child of nature and full of charm, occupied with his olives

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and vintage, and bored to death by art and literature. In spite of her mental solitudes, she is full of cheerful stoicism, and Montaigne would have delighted in her.

[To Lady Robert Cecil.]

PERUGIA, *September 28th.*

Before this we were at Borgo San Sepolcro, visiting the descendants of Piero della Francesca. . . . They live in a vast palace with three servants in white cotton gloves. It was one of the first monasteries of the Franciscan Laudi in St. Francis's time, and they own Monte Cavale, to which he went straight after the stigmata ; but they themselves are not at all holy, and they have been forced into a marriage with Poverty. They bear it very well. The Count had owned our National Gallery "Nativity" and the "Baptism of Christ," by Piero, and had been brought up under it—and his guardian sold it for a song.

[To Andrew Bradley.]

January, 1913.

Sometimes for a few moments and more (lately more), constantly I have that sense of oneness and seem to get on the top of Death and to clear the barrier. But I have long times of mortal craving for the hands and eyes and habits that I have loved and known, and the other sense, with me, is sadly intermittent. Only when it does come it makes one feel, as you said on Saturday, "unconquerable," and even when it goes, one knows it has been there and will come again. It is easier to experience it, I think, after the loss of friends than of relations, because with relations the bonds must have more of a physical nature. But anyhow, when we lose ourselves and find ourselves, we find God—and negations, like death, vanish before Him.

LETTERS, VERSES, etc.

We seem to find Him in such strange ways—in the lowest depths as much as on the highest heights, through badness, through goodness—any way, so long as it is real. And nothing has helped me lately better to formulate the world beyond the limits of action, whether of poetry or religion, than your address—it shed light.

I have been reading the Byron fragment, and very much agree. Much more intimate, much less egotistical and rhetorical than most of his poems ; but when he comes up to a fence he cannot take it, because he will use nothing but his lame leg, and does not even know that a poet has other means. Even here he gets precious near sentimentality ? He was uncomfortable, wasn't he ? because he was a haunted house—haunted himself—as well as because he couldn't fly ; most poets are uncomfortable because they try to fly upon this earth and, like Shelley, take it for ether. I imagine that winged feelings like that sense of oneness of life and death and God—the conviction of “immortality”—floating us, as they do, into a region of stronger vitality are bound to bring us back to pain and separation with a heavier thud ; and so, as you say, all the mortal part of us is accentuated.

[To E. M. R.]

Christmas, 1913.

I am too tired still to enjoy evening company. I ran in to Tite Street to kiss Charles's neck and have a bout of “Peep-bo” sport in the nursery, where he chuckled aloud—much less grave than at his delicious Christmas feast when he took the tree as a matter of course without the faintest excitement, and was very solemn and *symbolic* trotting round with the presents put into his hand to bestow, his fat little dimpled wrist being guided.

March, 1913.

I must tell you of my exciting adventure when I went to say good-bye to Rhoda Broughton. An important-looking lady was introduced to me as La Marquise de Lasteyrie, and as I was wondering if she could be a member of the Lafayette family she jumped up and said "At last!" She is the wife of Lafayette's great-grandson and lives at La Grange, and she said that she and her husband have my book always by them and keep a copy for lending, and wondered how I got to know the family so thoroughly—they think it better than anything about him in French. She was in despair on hearing that I had been to La Grange while it was let, and begged me to come and stay there, and she would show me all the relics of Lafayette and Adrienne.

[To V. H. after Dr. Hodgkin's death.]

March, 1913.

Nothing struck me more about him than his heavenly way of taking death. He helped one so much to divest oneself of the flesh. And yet he was always unlike other holy people in loving the body and all the *fun* it brings with it.

I treasure beyond words, beyond sorrow, all my talks with him, especially one about religion, after Mrs. Freshfield's death, which will live with me for ever. Death is only one step beyond for him.

I felt I could but send him a victor's wreath. How you must thank God for the time in Australia. He has let His servant depart in peace.

LETTERS, VERSES, etc.

[To Amy and Everard Hopkins on their Silver Wedding Day, April 12th, 1913.]

To-day when you are silver-wed
How much is felt that can't be said,
How much, too, is remembered
Most far—yet nearest !
To you, inwoven with our lives,
These silver forks, these silver knives
We send, of husbands and of wives
Our best and dearest.

Swift, strong and bright shine forth each blade
To guard your road through sun and shade,
And to protect, all undismayed,
Your heart's endeavour !
Yet, though they cut and pierce like none,
There still remains beneath the sun
Something beyond them—one thing, one
They cannot sever—
That sister-love no wind can move
Which lasts for ever.

[To Lady Robert Cecil.]

HOTEL GROSVENOR, SWANAGE,
August, 1913.

It seems to me that Mark Rutherford was so personal a man (chiefly from his dependence on human sympathy, and also from his early inrootedness in the *personal* religious atmosphere of Evangelicalism) that he rather confused the issues of the word personal and stuck to our present sense-bound, at any rate limited, definition.

But if we believe anything to *be* beyond us, as I do, we must believe that our perception of the personal will

change ; that it will be, perhaps, nearer to what we now call the impersonal though infinitely warmer, and that we shall awake in its likeness, and not miss what we now feel as if we should miss so badly. I wish we had more words. The *essential* seems to me the truly personal, and, whatever there is of essence in us is surely *here and now* immortal, much more *then and there*, as well as here. Andrew Bradley once helped me by saying, "I believe the Personal beyond will be much nearer our Impersonal," so I have been quoting him.

I am feeling quite crazy from reading the new Post-Impressionist literature. The idea is to convey the *impression* of a person by words that make no sense, but are supposed to symbolise certain qualities, even happenings. Bedlam is as sane as Queen's Gate in comparison.

BEAR HOTEL, DEVIZES, 1913.

Pray, why do you say "You and your friends"? Please, ma'am, I don't belong to any camp. Nor do I think that the Puritans *changed* English character—merry England only meant more feast days, less gloom and no over-population. But I do think they brought out prominently the part of English character best left latent, and that, by denying the importance of beauty and the existence of taste, they demoralised art, which is one of the chief ladders to heaven. And they so enhanced conviction of sin natural to the North, that they let it take the place of love, a terrible blunder, so it seems to me. In this way I think they did change England, and in so far before conviction of sin was dragged from its context, and beauty and the natural made sinful in themselves, I think England *was* "Merry." But I adore the moral strength and hatred of evil meant by Puritanism, and I

bless it for the backbone it brought with it, and I am not its enemy—only hostile to one-half of it.

TO SOLITUDE.

1913.

Emperors for empire fight from pole to pole,
Cæsar and Alaric and all their brood ;
Lovers storm hearts and courtiers seize their dole,
But Poets sweat to conquer solitude.
Not on the lonely hill, or in the wood,
But on the roadside, when the waggons roll
And idlers press, mid common fret and feud ;
Where Time and Space alone assume control,
Here throneth Solitude, serene and whole,
Queen of the senses, seeing what she would,
Knowing not Time, nor Space, nor any goal,
Giving to man his one and sovereign good—
The vast and dreamy empire of his soul.

[To M. MacCarthy.]

CHATEAU LAGRANGE, *September 30th.*

I am having one of the most thrilling times of my ancient existence—my stay at the *wonderful* old 1340 and Henri IV. Chateau—Lafayette's Lagrange—the rooms as he left them, his library intact, full of Henri IV. and Catherine de Medici letters to the family (unpublished), and added to this the debonair Marquis and Marquise de Lasteyrie (she related to the Leinsters and Lord Edward Fitzgerald) have been like people in a book—a page out of feudal old France, the Marquis still kissed by the grateful peasant girls. . . . You can still see the note which Turenne left in the wall as his visiting card on his enemy La Feuillade, the then owner of the Castle.

October 8th, 1913.

IN THE *PETIT THÉÂTRE* AT TRIANON.

Up is the curtain, the actors gone
Who played on the stage at Trianon—
Played and bowed on the exquisite stage
In Marivaux, Diderot, Crébillon—
Bowed and tip-toed and set the *ton*
And dreamed that gold made a Golden Age :
Call-boy and lackey with gold *galon*,
Golden chariot and *postillon*,
Walls with their golden borderage—
Lute and timbrel and *Cupidon*
All for the Queen and her Babylon.
Mocker and Masquer, Lover and Sage,
Statecraft waning with “ *A quoi bon ?* ”
Schemers who failed for a golden wage.
Loud cried the fiddles, the lustres shone—
Long clapped the Queen for poor Clairon
Fading fast behind hoop and cage *
. . . Sudden the prompter stops in his page,
White turn *mesdames* and their gay *galants*—
What does the nearing storm presage ?
Thunder of tocsin—dread fanfaron—
Call the carriages—clear the stage !
Hush, this is Liberty’s *Réveillon* . . .
Desolate, silent, is Trianon.

* The great encircling crinolines were called “cages.” Clairon was then ageing fast. The Queen gave offence by applauding her and not her rival, the favourite classical actress.

[To E. M. R.]

January, 1914.

I am enthralled by Florence Nightingale's Life, and feeling all I knew I should—that is, when I shake myself free from the absorption. Of course she had genius, and that is lacking to ordinary mortals. And moral genius, in a way, means a lack as well as riches. It means undervaluing and over-concentration of vision. . . . She had literary gifts, but she did not really know what art means, or how serious it is, and all her art-judgments are moral judgments, allegory—inventing judgments. Beauty, pure and simple, is beyond her. Yet it is beauty as well as thought which inspire men to goodness. The choice between literature and action which she had to make at the outset was the simpler for her that the philanthropic side was so far the stronger. When she says that only the first-rate should exist in art, she is perhaps right. But the second-rate have to prove themselves second-rate. . . .

Next day.

I think she was completely great, but not completely good. Noble, genius-full, kindling, everything but loveable, more of Paul than of Christ in her—more of works, inspired works, than of love.

She was a genius, and I suppose it is only the all-great geniuses for goodness that can see that all life is included in God's goodness, and should be in that of man, instead of excluding so much of life as extraneous, if not harmful. She does not make me feel as wretched as Tolstoi once did, because she dwells so much more on energy than on love, and her creed is not for the weak or wandering.

But *glorious* she was and thrilling. . . . Lady Ponsonby's

account of her was deeply interesting. She had found her forceful, trenchant, wonderful, lacking in gentleness. She told me that her dearest friend, Lady Canning, once said to her, "You will be bent on following her, you will hail her as your completely holy leader and apostle, but when you have followed her you will say, '*Ce n'est pas ça.*'" . . .

I feel there is a lack in her conception of moral evil. It is such an abstract conception—no trace of contact with the *pain* of it. Even Jowett objected there was "too much evil in the world," and she answered, "Not a millionth part too much for God's goodness." She could scarcely have answered so readily if she had been up against the degrading outrages and humiliation and monstrosity of it. Hers was lucid thought from the couch or, at any rate, from seclusion—the emotionalness due to her feeling mind, but not to experience. How different and how convincing she is when she does touch the abuses she has experienced.

[To Lady Robert Cecil.]

1914.

At the dinner given to Anatole France I sat with Wells to the back of me, Mrs. Humphry Ward to the front of me, and Marie Corelli (in pale blue baby-dress, a pink rose over the ear, an immense barrel-bulk, a mighty atom indeed) to the side of me. And straight into the ocean of soup swam the two hundred.

— has just written to say that my desire to write about St. Simon would not please the public, because "a man does not attract," and would I write instead about Madame du Barry or Charlotte Yonge. Poor dear old Charlotte. Do angels blush?

March 25th, 1914.

TRIOLET ON A SILVER ANNIVERSARY.

Since first we two our faith did plight
'Tis five and twenty years ago.
But faith has long been lost in sight
Since first we two our faith did plight,
In visions seen by inward light
Of things that Love alone can know.
Since first we two our faith did plight,
'Tis five and twenty years ago.

HAMBLEDON, April, 1914.

TWO OLD WIDOWS AND AN APPLE-TREE.

Two good old widow-ladies,
Straight from their Sunday pew,
Stood in a country station
Close where an apple-tree grew.

An apple-tree in April,
Rosy and white and green;
The widows did not blossom,
Tight in their bombazine.

Those good old widow-ladies
Kept the Commandments ten;
The fruit-tree scattered its sweetness,
It knew not how or when.

They gave warm blankets and dinners
To those who did as they should;
It was for the saints and the sinners
The apple-tree was good.

Those two old widow-ladies,
Sealed against sun and shower,
Sent punctual prayers to Heaven,
And the prayers were rather sour.

The apple-tree flung its blossom
Dancing to sun and sky,
It covered the grass with petals
While its fragrance rose on high.

[To E. M. R.]

June, 1914.

It was perfectly charming at the Duchess of Bedford's. Chenies is one of the loveliest villages imaginable—not an old cottage touched, and the house a small one, full of memories, with a dream of a garden. We did our work among the roses and dined in the loggia. I found her tremendously hard-working, though she considered her work superficial, and she is really able and earnest. We had to frame the resolution for an amendment to the Bill.*

OXFORD, *July, 1914.*

The second ball was a brilliant success. I only stayed till three, and walked back under the heavenly sunrise; the Chinese lanterns hanging like dying flowers under the paling stars, and the dawn shining above soft pink and grey banks of cloud in a translucent blue sky. All the rest of the party stayed till six, then changed into coats and skirts and went for a glorious walk along the river, Clare and Peggy leaping and dancing Russian operas. Never, never, did I see such dancing as we witnessed last night. Post-impressionism has influenced these absurd

* Concerning Prison Reforms.

Bakst motions, and they leap like grasshoppers and clutch and duck, the bright-coloured stockings on their legs all-prominent. The loveliest creatures were Clare and her mother, who wore white and gold tissue—enchancing princesses and such tremendous fun to be with.

This was her sixth visit to a University during its gay week, as chaperone to a succession of beloved young *débutantes*, for whom she took lodgings whether at Cambridge or at Oxford, entertaining their undergraduate partners at luncheon or dinner. M. R., who joined her in the last of these fairy-godmother revels, describes her never-failing gaiety and verve, though hard-pressed with finishing her paper on Emily Lawless for the *Nineteenth Century*, and working at one of the three anonymous letters which appeared that summer in the *Times* on Police Administration. Her valiance and vitality never had greater demands made on them than during the last months when, in spite of specially bad health, she had been absorbed in the question of prison reform which was coming up in Parliament. She threw herself into it with all her ardour, for her experience of the young girls she got to know in Holloway Gaol opened her eyes to many evils which could be prevented. She drew up a Report for the Commissioners, and constant visits to the police-courts to get first-hand impressions of the way sentences were passed gave her an authority on the subject recognised by many who entered into her views in the correspondence started by her letters to the *Times*. About her work at Holloway during the three winters when she visited the women's ward, the Chaplain wrote of "the tireless energy, the noble self-sacrifice, and the deeply religious and mystical temperament which gave depth and purport to all she did." And a friend who once accompanied her described the wonderful way in which she held the attention of her class, consisting of about 130 women and girls, some of a very low type, some more refined, all riveted by her look and by her vivid, forcible manner of talking to them through the stories she told them. Her ideas about the treatment of these unhappy young women

were so helpfully set forth in an address read at Holloway to her fellow-visitors that it seems good to give them almost in full.

“ I suppose we should all agree that in our work here we are, mainly speaking, dealing with cases whom I can only describe as people having holes in their wills. Among them, of course, there are many gradations ; but, roughly, I should put them into the following classes :—

“ The abnormal and the professionally corrupt, for whom it is to be hoped that a future and more intelligent legislation will relegate them to perpetual confinement under healthy conditions, being at present only a centre of infection in the community.

“ Persons of loose morals yet uncorrupt, first offenders, and a comparative few who are innocent. With these our educational work must be concerned. But before coming especially to them, there is a question I should like to raise with regard to all these classes.

“ In prison work we are dealing with two main factors, body and soul. Perhaps workers of every sort of belief or lack of belief are united in this, that they have all erred in too much separating the two. Our dealings with the individual soul are all-important, the central part of our work, and they must be left to the ideas and methods of each individual worker. So of these I do not venture to speak to-day. I had rather restrict myself to the more material—the more discussable side of the matter. For we are perhaps apt to use the word ‘ soul ’ according to our own conceptions ; we build our own tower of Babel by using *our* language when those with whom we are dealing speak quite a different tongue, and attach quite a different meaning to words. In the first place, they have a very limited vocabulary—the lower you go down the more

limited you will find it—and one word in its time plays many parts. The more words a person gets, the more resources of understanding, the more ammunition for sensibility (if I may so speak) are within his possession. Now as regards my two first classes, we are handling something very like the protoplasm of humanity, the crudest savages living ; unlike savages, alas, in the heart of an over-sharpened and enervated civilisation offering every facility for their savagery. Our two other classes also seldom understand our thoughts, words, codes, except in a rudimentary way. But in order to reach the souls and hearts of these crude creatures through the overwhelming wall of flesh and sense, of blind instinct and unreasoning ignorance, we must translate ourselves, we must try to begin from their level, or we shall never set up a real communication with them. And to do this, to understand why they are what they are, we must also try, I feel, to get some clear statistics about them. If we could tabulate these statistics we should not only help ourselves, but might largely contribute to some kind of scientific knowledge of the causes that fill our prisons—we should get a few definite results as a basis for investigation.

“To effect this, I should propose that each visitor had a simplified case-paper for each case with a few leading questions—such a case-paper as is used by all Care-Committees, C.O.S. Committees, etc., and that she should fill this in from the answers she obtains from the case—adding her own remarks as she gets to know her woman better. The questions should refer to parentage—if possible to particulars as to grandparents—how many brothers and sisters ; how many rooms to live in ; occupation of parents and of children ; the age at which the

case began to work ; with any particulars of home life, and standing at school ; or, failing home, of those who educated her ; whether visited by any clergy or agency ; when sent out into the world, how much communication kept up in the family ; what places, what wages, what reasons for leaving ; what friends in London.

“ I have been experimenting in this way for a short time. The results are suggestive ; out of ten girls between sixteen and twenty-five six had no homes and four no friends, two had been brought up in Institutions from the ages of three and five, had been launched early in the world, and after the first not followed up ; two were illegitimate children—the one of a naval officer, the other also of decent family, and therefore endowed with nerves and sensibilities which were incompatible with their surroundings ; one had committed her second offence, because she had again met in London the dishonest servant who had first led her wrong, and she was so glad to see an ‘ old face ’ (literally the only one that she knew in London), that she chummed with her again, with the same results. . . . Another got into bad company because she got ‘ so mad with no one to speak to, and all sitting in one room, and when I sang, mother always said, “ Shut up, my head aches.” So I just went out.’

“ As to immoral girls, there is not a rescue-worker who will not tell you that an appallingly large proportion of the girls go down because their wages are too low to procure them any margin for pleasures, because they are often discharged without a reference by mistresses in a bad temper, and drift into the easiest way of earning ; because of the breaking-up of home-life. There has been an increasing weakening of parental authority, and it is also a deplorable fact how little interest in them is shown at

home. There is no attempt to give them any pleasure, or any opportunity of seeing their friends. The natural consequence is that their playground is the street, and their friends are picked up anyhow. Who can wonder? The sooner we recognise that the need for gaiety is a natural God-given instinct, the nearer shall we get to the truth about young people.

“ The wave of materialistic socialism, the scream for independence, the increasing demand for pleasure, are all factors of the disastrous result. But the main evil is the absence of the old forms of religion, and with it the lack of a barrier against excess or vice, and the lack of an incentive towards good. *The religion of terror has lost its hold*, there is no fear now but that of bodily evil. The religion of love has not yet come into its own, or made itself understood of the people. These are matters too deep for an afternoon’s discussion ; they give scope for our daily thought for all our lives.

“ As for the unattractiveness of the home, it is intricately interwoven with the housing question, with the space, the number of rooms, the decency of each household. To work up the housing question is again to work, preventively, at the prison question ; and the good rent-collector is taking an important share in emptying prison cells. I think that the deeper we go into these affairs, the more we shall find that nothing is isolated, that all work is a chain of cause and effect, that housing, right employment, industrial morality, and its supervision are inextricably bound up with the increase and decrease of crime. . . . So much for prevention. But now let us return once more inside the prison walls.

“ There is one question in which most of us here are agreed, I think, as one to promote ; the great question of

classification, the separation of first offenders and innocent, or comparatively innocent miscreants from the professionally corrupt. I leave this question aside to-day, because until certain obstacles are removed it cannot fully be organised, and because at present there is only one thing for us all to do, and that is to spread it judiciously, to speak of it without ceasing in the right quarters, to let the public get hold of it, *to put it into the air*.

“ Meanwhile what we *have* to think of now is how far we can indirectly help these better girls against corrupt influences by the education they receive here. These crude, impressionable creatures, often mere bundles of nerves, are, above all others, a prey to suggestion. The tales we hear of cinematographs and the crimes they produce are a proof of this. Why should not picturesque suggestion be more potently used for good in the prison school and in the choice of prison literature? In the school any form of imparting fresh images, an idea, a moral truth, anything that can open a window is of priceless value, whether it be travel, suggesting new pictures and possibilities, or, most important of all, the art of story telling, the narration of the lives of people, saints and heroes, in actual life or in legend, of historical tales; of tales such as those of Tolstoi, anything that conveys light upon life and character, or some notion of Nature and its wonders, the beauty of flower structure or of shells.

“ That story-telling is especially valuable I have found, if the audience will write out the story without taking notes, by dint of mere force of attention. This has three important results, it inculcates and unconsciously develops that most reforming force of concentration. For concentration is *the* medicine of the will, it helps people against

the random impulse of the moment and gives them staying power, and it teaches them, above all, the art of self-expression, by giving them new words and making them find words for themselves, thus increasing the scant vocabulary of which we spoke, and with the vocabulary, their ideas.

“ With the art of self-expression they often acquire the faculty of revealing themselves and expressing their inarticulate needs so often inaccessible for want of words. I have tried this upon the Juvenile Adults with real success. I am surprised how, for instance, the life of S. Francis or S. Clare will draw out from individuals the confession of their own discomfort and dissatisfaction, and I am surprised too at the fine and simple language and the astonishing accuracy by means of which these girls reproduce the tales I tell them.

“ The other occupation which most civilises, softens, and suggests to these girls, even the bad ones, is the care of children. I say ‘ suggests ’ because it does suggest motherhood and home and self-respect. Why cannot the J.A.’s be used and trained in the Prison Nursery instead of older women who are more set in their habits? And when these girls come out it is a dream of mine that some day we might organise a Crèche where such girls as are not of violent temper might be trained under the constant supervision of qualified nurses, in the care of babies from whom the worst thieves could not steal. I say this the more confidently, because they so often tell me that they are all right so long as they are with children.

“ Another scheme, and this ends my paper, would be a small training farm, where bulbs might be grown and poultry and animals kept. For the love of flowers is as common to these girls as the love of children, and the

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care of animals would absorb them. I know that the charge of live creatures has succeeded in the case of drunkards, and of semi-deficients in the Industrial Homes of the North. But this is a Utopian dream beyond my limits to-day.

"I have only tried to jot down a few of the practical things I think might be done, the accessible things. The invisible things will be helped by them, for the invisible things are our main end. We are none of us likely to eliminate *that*, or to forget our greatest task :

" 'To bring the Invisible full into play,

Let the Visible go to the dogs, what matters? ' "

Edith never did anything that cost her more effort than these visits to Holloway Prison, and she always returned exhausted after them. It will have been realised by all who have read what is given in these papers that there were great difficulties in her daily experience as well as inspiration ; and it is the fact that she surmounted so much irksome conflict by her never-failing devotion to the law of love which gives to her life, seen as a whole, such a heavenly aspect. Also it stands clear that, much as she was drawn to the beauty of a saint's life, she did not accept asceticism as an end in itself, and that more was it her ideal to turn, "as the soul knows how, the earthly gifts to an end divine." Self-denial fell into its place naturally with her standard of translating Christian ideals into modern life.

She used to say that it was easy for her to sit "loose to life." Her constantly suffering health possibly conduced to this attitude of her mind always untouched by any morbidness. But though she was as ready to die as to live she was too full of vital interests, and she knew too well what sorrow and difficulty her death would cause not to be relieved when doctors assured her that there was no need for immediate anxiety from the illness which had been recently developing. And therefore we travelled up with no apprehensions to stay with the Fuller-

Maitlands at beautiful Borwick Hall in Lancashire. It was on the 4th of August, 1914, the day of England's declaration of war. During the few days that followed she realised to the full all that was meant by our joining in the world's greatest upheaval, all the personal sacrifices of precious young life and the necessity for a courageous bearing. "What is the use of being moved to admiration by the fortitude of the Lafayettes, etc., in the French Revolution, if we do not practise it when a great ordeal comes to us?" was one of the last things she said. She has been spared many demands on her brave heart in the years that have followed. My nephew, Captain Arthur Ritchie, who lost his life three months later, wrote after her death: "We were all braced up for the most awful things to happen, but this is entirely unexpected; she was the one whose wonderful sympathy would have been so helpful to hundreds of families, nearly every one of whom will need it."

Her last moments of faint consciousness were made happy by the arrival of her sisters, and all who were with her through the many hours that followed were thankful that she did not realise the coming separation. She passed away in the night of the 13th.

Lady Ritchie's words at the time may well close these pages: "One had hoped the change would bring strength. The great Strength of all has come and she has been spared lingering suffering. . . . If ever a noble, dear missionary from God has trod this earth, it is Edith."

The last part of this volume contains selections from Edith's most characteristic contributions to *The Pilot* in 1900-1; passages from three informal lectures which she gave to a few school-teachers in 1912; and, from her note-books, are given some of the thoughts which she enjoyed formulating at different stages of experience and chiselled into form, calling them Fool-Flashes. As Mr. Bradley has said, they often reached the level of aphorisms.

[From "*The Pilot*," 1900.]

SOME REFLECTIONS ON CHILDHOOD.

A good many essays and maxims have been devoted to the subject of old age and of middle age; youth is a poem that is lived, not written about; childhood alone, that undeciphered country—childhood immortalised in pictures and in sonnets—has not received a superfluity of philosophical reflection. It may, perhaps, seem inaccurate to call it an undeciphered country, but whilst we pass through it we have neither power nor desire to explore it, and by the time that we wish to do so we are separated from it by a gulf of time too wide to be bridged over. Youth is still close to us when childhood has already become a remote and irresponsible fairyland. It may, however, be permitted to those who love children to make their stray observations, and to jot them down for their own pleasure, if not for that of other people.

Children are at once the most matter-of-fact and the most imaginative of human beings, and even stranger than their union of these qualities is their power of keeping them quite apart, so that neither encroaches on the other's domain. Hence their logic is inexorable, and their imagination is so strong as to be almost tyrannical. This entire separation of reason and fancy is, after all, the

distinction of the true poet, who maintains these two qualities in the state of parallel lines, and every child is, in truth, a poet at heart without knowing it. This is the cause of considerable inconvenience, and gives rise to a good deal of naughtiness. For a child is a poet without the means of expression, and often translates its instincts into rather discomfiting deeds. One morning, for instance, it wakes up a robber of a high heart and precarious fortunes—the theme of yesterday's dreamings. It comes down a robber to breakfast, and you, the elder, unfortunately take it for little Mary Smith. The robber most naturally despises knives and forks, loves sausages in disarray, and has designs on the milk jug. You treat it as Mary Smith—in the interests of civilisation you are forced to do so—and would be, even if you understood its real character. There follows the commotion which attends all misunderstanding, and a slight strain in your relations with the Bandit Smith is the result. Or you blame Tommy Brown for being fidgetty—the fact being that Tom has only become tired of knowing that chairs are only chairs, and grown-ups, grown-ups; he wishes them to be castles and dragons, or ships and admirals in cocked hats—and since he possesses the higher power of the magician, and can effect the transformation in a second, why should he not do so? It is we who are inferior, not he, and the only drawback is that Tom's imagination is much too great for four walls. When we reprove him we appear as counsel for mortality, and plead against an immortal faculty. The tyranny of imagination is endless. I remember to have seen a fit of naughtiness averted by addressing a child in time as "Sirrah, what oh!" And I once knew a boy of four who wept bitterly if you ventured to suggest that he was not the brother of the Queen and an

inhabitant of Windsor Castle, though all the time another part of his brain was quite aware that he was not.

There is one thing that seems certain, the fibs of most children come from this bewildering power of confounding the real and the unreal, of knowing and not knowing at the same time. How to deal with them is a difficult matter ; for the sake of truth and common sense, and in order to cultivate an accurate habit of mind, we are generally bound to treat this kind of error as untruth ; but it should make us wise in judging it ; in training fancy to fly in the right places. And the nearest road to this end is to give the fancy sufficient food to live on, and food of the right sort.

Children are never at a loss for a retort—they would scorn to be so—and imagination often makes Jesuits of them. A schoolboy of my acquaintance, too small to come back from school alone, made a large circuit so as to walk home by himself, and thus miss his mother who had gone to meet him. When asked the reason of this mutiny, "Well," he replied at once, "the devil began very early this morning to say, 'Avoid your mother, avoid your mother,' and he said it so loud that I could not help hearing." Loyola could have imagined no more ingenious device. The same instinct determines children never to be "out of it" on any subject, whether in discussion of spiritual truths, or intimate knowledge of places and characters absolutely outside their ken.

There is, of course, a more beautiful side to the fancies of children, and they often give utterance to thoughts which strike awe into our hearts. Imagination gives them wings which carries them beyond themselves into places they know not of ; and they do not realise the full meaning of what they say. This comes out the most strongly if, in their deep inexperience, they happen to come face to

face with death or sorrow, or any of the ultimate enigmas of life. "Why do you cry?" said a little girl to her mother, who was weeping for a loved one; "it is only that he has woken up and we are still asleep." Such sayings are not unwholesome or precocious; nor are they only intimations of an immortality left behind; children are permanently close to the Divine, because they put no screen of convention between themselves and God. None of the fear and shame, the greatness and the doubts, born of experience have yet fallen to their lot, and they are not afraid to smile in the eyes of mystery, or, in their play, to lift the infinite veil which we have grown too humble to look at.

The logic of children is, as we said, inexorable, because unaffected by reason. This is why they fly straight at conclusions that we should not dare to formulate; and pluck the heart out of the matter where we, conscious and timid, only venture to skirt round it. There have been Voltaires in short petticoats and innocent Cynics of seven, or baby apostles of the Schools of Sensibility and Self-development who have never heard the names of Rousseau and of Ibsen. A little girl of eight was having a history lesson, and her teacher delicately explained that Mary was unkind to her husband, and left him alone every evening whilst she played and sang with Rizzio. "It would have been much better if she had married Rizzio," said the scholar. The teacher objected that Mary was married already. "Oh, I don't call that marriage," she replied, in a tone of severity; "if you marry you must *love* your husband; she had much better have gone to the man she loved." The teacher's task of enlightenment was fraught with the usual complications, only made possible by that other faculty of childhood, almost as absolute as its logic—the faculty of acquiescence. As

curious as the questions which children ask is their power of accepting the answers of grown-ups, and the Voltaire at your knee is satisfied by any explanation so long as it is definite. The one thing that childhood demands is clearness, and, having that, it thinks no more on its subject. Childhood is a much more individual time than youth, which must always be more or less of a uniform—the most becoming and poetic of liveries, but similar in every case. The *Sturm und Drang* phase is common to all boys and girls ; and, between fifteen and twenty-two, most of them are alike—submerged in their own feelings. But children are wonderfully different from each other, and the person of seven is practically the person of twenty-five acting in different circumstances. Amongst the uneducated, individuality is apt to disappear and imagination becomes much narrower, limited, as it is, by personal experience. There was a ragged little boy in a Board School whose one desire—a pair of laced boots—had at last been vouchsafed to him. The Scripture lesson next day was on John the Baptist, and the master asked him what John said about himself. “ That he warn’t worthy to lace up the boots of the Lord,” was the prompt reply, fitter, perhaps, for divine ears than more accurate quotations.

“ What writers have said about children ” would be a pleasant theme for the pen of a well-read author with a good memory. Jane Austen could not endure children—it is the one thing to be regretted in her books. She regarded childhood as an engine of disturbance, and her little Musgroves and Knightlys are always either pampered or noisy. Dickens and Thackeray, on the contrary, only mention them with tenderness, though Paul Dombey and Little Nell should not by rights count as children. Nor should the weird Yorke family—reflections of the Brontës

in "Shirley." There are no more attaching little boys and girls than Charles Lamb's Dream Children, to whom he tells tales of his own boyhood and all the enjoyments he found in a Norfolk garden, the Paradise of those early days.

None knew better than the writer of "A Child's Verses" the joy of children in their own solitary inventions ; none better than he that the first duty of elders is, as far as possible, not to interfere with Nature. The lesson is needed in these self-conscious days, when even games are taught on the best scientific principles, and the dear little race of elves is pushed into an arduous prominence which is never asked for. Children, like flowers, need a great deal of letting alone. Like flowers, they need the sun and the rain and the winds of heaven to make them the sweetest of God's creatures, and the secret of their sweetness is that they do not know it.

THE GIRL WHO GETS THE FAIRY-DOLL.

There are persons whom one has often heard about but never met ; achievements reported to be common of which neither we nor our acquaintance have ever been capable. None of us, for instance, has seen, still less been, the prize-winner in a magazine competition ; or the happy man whose handwriting indicates the finest character and gains him ten pounds ; or the woman who draws the grand piano in a lottery ; or the passer-by who finds the jewel belonging to nobody. These experiences are wanting now, in our later years ; and they failed us no less in our childhood, when we felt the failure more forcibly.

There was one character in particular who embodied all these might-have-beens. For who has ever been, or who has known intimately, the little girl who won the fairy-doll at the top of the Christmas-tree ? And yet

who cannot remember the delicious thrill—one with the exciting cold draught that blew upon our silk stockings—as we stood in bronze sandals and party-dresses, crowded in a ring round the tree? We were trying not to want the fairy-doll too much, and yet we were filled with an almost sickening hope that she would somehow fall to our lot. It is difficult even now to dissociate one-button white kid gloves from a feeling of giddy ambition. There she was, our magic Queen Mab, high above our heads with her silver wings; a silver crown on her golden locks, a silver sceptre in her round wax arm, and silver spangles on her fluffy white dress; as bewitchingly lovely to us as the poet's ideal to his vision: lovely with a kind of secret beauty which it seemed almost wrong to put into words. The air was full of an enchanted smell of fir-tree and of burning—the smell that even now never fails to evoke the whole world of Christmas and of childhood. All round were omnipotent grown-ups, fascinating, rather incomprehensible beings holding scissors; very much like the Fates, except that there were more than three. Up the stairs, through the open door, there floated the odour of coffee: the odour which was usually the monopoly of elders and to us brought with it a wonderful sense of promotion. The scent of coffee mingles with the scent of fir-tree; the glittering strings of balls and the gilded walnuts make an astronomy of their own; the pin-cushion like a water melon, the little Red-Riding Hood with a blue dress and sweets inside her head, divert our affections for one moment; then the candles are blown out, the excitement grows intense, and our hearts thump aloud; for scissor-time has come, and the smiling Fates advance swiftly to their work. We try to calm ourselves by knowing that the doll cannot be for us, and console ourselves

prospectively by settling—sometimes praying—that she may be drawn by the particular little girl (there is always one) who has engaged our affections for the evening. The little girl has long fair curls, and a blue party-dress trimmed with swansdown, and a real silver bangle, and she handed us the sponge-cakes at tea-time. We should feel “quite second-best happy” if she got the doll.

Then comes the crisis. There steps forth the funny gentleman—most embarrassing of characters and usually a near relation—whose one idea of intercourse with children is never to speak to them without joking, although, in truth, there is nothing that makes them feel sillier or more uncomfortable. He undertakes to hand round the bag with numbers and, as he presents it, you draw. The breathless moment arrives ; it is your turn. You plunge your hand in the bag ; you take it out again ; you tremble ; you unfold your paper. It is, as usual, a blank. The little girl who is the object of your cult has drawn a blank too—you can see it by her eyes. Who, oh who, has won ? A murmur arises that Mary McNab has drawn the doll. What, that thick little girl in a Roman sash and house-boots, whom we never thought of as “in it” ; the little girl with the stolid face and the hair pulled so dreadfully tight ? Who can recall a Roman sash, a bright red one striped with blue, and not remember how it took all the life out of party things ? The worst was that, when she had said “Thank you,” she did not seem particularly pleased with it ; so that, added to all else, there was the embittering feeling of waste, the conviction that she would have been quite as happy with the sailor doll, or even with the basket of scent. The fairy would never be a play to her, only a doll ; and when she was in bed she would not see it surrounded by a shimmering band of azure and

golden butterflies with exquisite girls' heads peeping from between their wings. She was actually putting it away in her Christmas-tree bag, as if she were quite old and steady, and—— But here a polka struck up, and the little boy of nine, in brown velveteen, came and hopped off with me into another world, full of sound and activity.

Yet the little girl in the Roman sash does not end with the party. She is a type of many others who follow us through existence, who also have stolid faces, and carry off the fairy-dolls of our desire. For fairy-dolls wear many different guises. Some take the form of honour, or of fame, or the post we strive for ; and some of love beyond our reach, and of aims too high for us to touch them ; and some of dreams for the world. And then we draw our lots with trembling fingers, the bag being handed round by that funny gentleman called Life ; and we look at what we have drawn, sometimes rather dimly through tears ; but, the moment after, the steady little girl steps forward, no more excited than of old with her neat hair and her neatly-written scheme ; with a face unmoved and a heart beating none the quicker ; and the fairy-doll—the praise, the work, the position, the love we have prayed for—is put into her hands. She has never wished keenly for anything, and she still behaves as if she were quite old. But this is precisely the point where our compensation comes in. For the little girl is born old and she cannot be young if she tries, while to us the inaccessible fairy whom we follow has given one priceless treasure—the guerdon of our service—her key into the land of childhood. We seek her with unsatisfied hearts, and therefore she lets us put the key in the lock and enter at will through the gate that rolls backward. We can re-learn all that goes on inside it, gradually if we are alone,

more quickly if, when we walk there, we hold a little child by the hand. To the girl who wins the doll, however, the gate is closely shut, so that she can never know the things that we know—how to become children again, how to be always young. For young we must remain so long as we want something very much. Whilst we want it we shall still possess the gods' golden gift of illusion: illusion which men slander and call false, because it does not tally with the apparent truth they recognise. But illusion is no falsehood to the man who lives on it; it is the vital energy which brings him force. And if this is so, why abuse a power which gives strength, even though it be not what it seems? Oftener still, indeed, it is truer than the seeming, and men's illusions are broken fragments of God's truth.

Perhaps the Buddhists are right and it may be that life is the illusion, that its obvious facts are what blind us, that the angels in heaven laugh at us for thinking that Truth can be easily won as all that. And it may be that what men call illusions here will prove to be the realities that go to build up a life hereafter. It may be . . . but we are straying too far afield. This has nothing to do with little girls and dolls—even when the dolls are fairies and have shining wings of gossamer.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN AMATEUR TEACHER.

. . . . During the last few years I have attempted, *ex-officio*, to teach a little history in two of the big London Board Schools, going at a convenient hour appointed by the proper authorities. Instead of "history," I should, perhaps, have said "character," the one study needful for all sorts and conditions, but most for a class whose life is bound to be practical; a class that seldom finds any resource in the intellect.

History is the only available medium for moral lessons, and yet, until the last year or so, it was an optional subject hardly dealt with at all, many schools preferring to substitute other branches of knowledge. Now that it is a compulsory study matters are not very different, for it is taught in a way that has no relation to life. Dates and events, bones and stones are generously showered on unfortunate little children between ten and thirteen. They will not remember (and why should they?) the reason of Henry VI.'s claim upon France, or the date of the Diet of Worms; and yet (to take hackneyed instances) they may certainly be helped in conduct by recalling the courage of Joan of Arc or the honesty of Luther, if goodness has once been made vivid in their eyes.

These lessons bore certain truths in upon me more strongly than before. Children are practical creatures, with a natural taste for the moral side of life. A grasp of ideas is comparatively easy to them, while a grasp of facts needs an intellectual habit. Then there is another difficulty. Uneducated people have a limited vocabulary, and a limited vocabulary means limited interests, inarticulateness a narrow range of feeling. The confusion of tongues is not more productive of misunderstanding than having no tongue at all—whether in home circles or in Board Schools; nor can it bring about greater bewilderment. The results are often pathetic. I once told my class the story of Claude Duval, and in the following week they wrote it out for me. With hardly one exception the forty little girls described the highwayman as "stopping the 'bus"; one even defined it as "the white 'bus"—a portrait which will be recognised by all the dwellers in Chelsea. It was quite refreshing to analyse the character of a coach for them, and though I may have brought

them no farther than Cinderella, I have a faint hope that some of them went to the South Kensington Museum and spent a happy hour among its heavy golden wheels and painted panels. There was another occasion when I had offered a prize for the best historical story written of a prescribed period. Miss Ivy Jones, aged eleven, who wore a brass ring and curl-papers, married the French Princess of her romance to a distinguished Baron. Her local colour was praiseworthy and of impeccable veracity. "He was wedded in exquisite costoom," she wrote, "and wore a pair of blown-out white satin knickers which was double, and over them a kind of petticoat to match. So they stood at the altar ; but he soon took to drink and knocked her about quite orful." This comes very near the realistic novel, and the last sentence is, perhaps, a not inaccurate presentment of the feudal system. But I did not choose to regard this aspect of her composition, and only made it an occasion for a few reflections on manners and customs which sent the cleverer children to the school library.

Their moral aptitude is also, I think, best proved by examples. When I finish the history of a character, I generally ask my listeners to think it over in the week, and say at the next lesson what they would choose either to admire or avoid in the person I have been describing. I had been telling them about Oliver Cromwell, and had ended with the usual injunction. The next Thursday I inquired whether anyone had anything to say. An anæmic little girl, about three feet high, jumped up. "To lead our troops out boldly and fight for conscience' sake," she exclaimed, breathlessly ; and though a cause might have a taller, it could not, I feel sure, find a more undaunted leader. I cannot say that the children's answers are always

as happy. It was slightly damping, after a long study of Joan of Arc which had, I fondly trusted, kindled their minds, when Hannah Moses, of Oriental descent, told me that the moral she had gleaned was "not to be superstitious." The stake is no doubt an unpractical place, and there is still less doubt that Miss Moses will get on in the world, but, as ethics, her reply was disappointing. I preferred a stout child, with all the promise of a landlady about her personal appearance, who rather irrelevantly rose and shouted, "Never to forget your parents in your glory"—the result of my casually mentioning the presence of Jacques d'Arc at the King's Coronation. There was but one little Scotch girl who said: "I can't explain what I mean; but some people never take notice of their dreams, and Joan of Arc did; perhaps it's better to make much of the things we don't think important." It was, I believe, the same child whom I once asked for a definition of imagination: "It's the thing inside us which takes other things in and then lets them out again," was her answer.

The fact is that a history lesson can be a convenient cloak which covers a multitude of questions and answers, and a general intelligence lesson would often be a better name for it. . . .

There is too often a gulf fixed between life and education, no bridge has been made for the children between daily existence and learning. . . . For the ordinary uncultivated mind all facts are merged in a general fog.

A short while ago I asked my class in the Board School, who were the two great statesmen of the last half of Queen Victoria's reign. One answered "Gladstone," and the next promptly added "Shakespeare." Any name did. Another day the class was listening to a teacher who was giving a poetry lesson; her girls were learning a rather

imbecile little poem about a dancing bear, in which there was some allusion to wild honey. "Where do bears get wild honey, children?" she briskly asked. "From the flowers," one child replied. "From Middlesex," called out another. "Wrong, quite wrong," said the teacher gravely; "they get it from the Holy Land." She gave no further explanation of this vague oracular remark, and whether she was thinking of St. John the Baptist or of Samson and the lion's jaw can now never be discovered. What the children meant was still more enigmatic. Mistress and pupils alike seemed to be fishing in chaos and catching at anything that happened to come up.

This teacher, I must hasten to add, was an exception. But though her fellows are neither inaccurate nor stupid, they seem, as a rule, to miss the central point of education. The training of the imagination is, after all, the main thing for the mind as well as for the sympathies. It matters very little whether Jane, John, and Eliza know about events, but it does matter very much whether they learn to judge shrewdly of character, and gain a store of wholesome and practical ideals to keep their thoughts pure and to help them through the manifold straits of their work-a-day lives. Biography—inhuman word for the most human art—may do much to temper the will and to aid prompt decision.

THE POETRY OF FRAGMENTS.

"The part is greater than the whole" is almost as much of an axiom in the world of imagination as is its counterpart in more material regions. Who can have listened to Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, or looked at Michael Angelo's rough-hewn Virgin in the Medici Chapel, or at some sketch by Rembrandt or Turner,

without feeling the force of this? Have not the words, "The Demon of the World, a Fragment," a magic of their own which gives an added power to Shelley's sweetness? And has not "Hyperion" a fascination beyond that of "Endymion"? What panorama from a height can possess the endearing charm of a sandy track winding over a hilltop, of a green lane curling round a corner, of the silver ribbon of a river seen suddenly for a moment? Cuyp and Hobbema long ago discovered the secret spell of long white roads between rows of poplars, stretching on and on beyond the canvas, till we would give much to know where they lead to, and where the little red man is going who canters along them on his black horse and never lets us see his face? Or if we want to get beyond roads and rivers, we can go to the sea—the never-ending sea—which carries our fancy far on the way to the Infinite.

The idea of the Infinite has much to do with the hold which the incomplete has upon our imagination, especially where works of art are concerned. There are the fragments of what has been, and the fragments of what will be. The Elgin Marbles will always "tease us out of thought"; "What's come to perfection (says Browning) perishes"; not so the imperfect: there is the whole of poetry in a Greek torso, or in a half-open door. . . .

The enchantment of the unfinished lies in its suggestiveness—in mystery—and mystery is the handmaiden of poetry. Can anything be more delicious than a profile half turned away, than receding figures, or an expressive back? Watteau is the poet of backs. Who can refrain from falling in love with that of the fair-haired huntsman in the golden-brown coat, who lies on the grass in the great picture at Hertford House? And he, in his turn, must be enamoured of the lady sitting near him: of the

pale blue sacque, shimmering with silver light ; of the ravishing little neck and the knot of hair from which curls escape like tendrils. Watteau discovered that the back of a woman's neck was a playground for the sunshine. There is another sweet slender back in a sacque of pink shot with green, like a pigeon's breast, on the opposite wall ; and we might find many such in those magic pictures of his, which carry us far into the irresponsible world of fantasy, where mirth and melancholy, laughter and tears, go hand in hand ; while love and sumptuous pleasure walk away into the deep blue distance and make our hearts sad with the feeling of the end of things. All this Watteau can express in the backs of his *Fantasios* and their ladies. Perhaps he had found out the fact that a face is often on its guard ; is a mask determined not to betray its owner ; whereas a back (as we can see at any street corner) is an unconscious thing, and can reveal any emotion, from rage and hope to indifference and despair.

The poet who wrote "*Ionica*" used to say that conversations should never be rounded off, but should consist of uncompleted sentences which merely suggested their meaning. He thought that the ship of good talk might thus steer clear of the shallows of banality. And, indeed, the conversations we haven't finished remain the most interesting to our memory. The thoughts we could not express were our deepest ; the answers that we could not give were those that we most strongly felt. What we might have said, what someone else might have said, opens up endless vistas, suggests alternatives that might have changed our lives. It is half sad, half pleasant, to wander away from the high-road down the grassy alleys of the might-have-been ; alleys where we meet only

ghosts—some sweet, some plaintive, with faces misty, yet familiar, and incomplete forms that elude us as we come near them.

Then there is the world of unfinished incidents. The novelist is the real epicure of these, but most human beings and all lovers of memoirs have the embryo novelist in them. Two people who meet in a street, the invalid who is carried out of a house, the visitor who goes into it, are all pieces of a family history and make one gamble with one's fancy. I have a friend who says she has to exercise severe self-control to restrain herself from standing at her window to watch every creature, even to the butcher's boy, who enters or issues from the door opposite. And this is a person of mind with a great deal to do.

After all, there are such things as natural affinities, and the incomplete is attracted to the incomplete. It is more than a century ago since Goethe taught us that if we wanted to become whole ourselves, we must first learn to be parts. We should be wise people if we could realise this; for to behave well as a part is a pretty accurate summary of the whole duty of man, and still more of the whole duty of woman.

FROM "MINOR TRAGEDIES."—FRICTIONS.

Social catastrophes are not of constant occurrence. Far more subtle and intangible are the frictions that affect daily life, the rubs that arise from differing temperaments. It is superfluous to say that they are best observed in the restricted areas of family life. The fluctuations of health and the clash of nerves have doubtless much to do with the question. But the reasons that lie deeper and are rooted in character have larger and more intricate effects. The critic and the enthusiast, the ascetic and the

æsthete, the exuberant and the taciturn, the limp and the energetic, he who commits and he who omits, made perhaps to be the friends and the complements of one another, are found jangling under one roof, the victims of domestic propinquity. Their minds are created to meet, their habits are not, and yet relationship forces them to hobnob on the material side only. . . . There are the frictions that spring from sympathy and those that spring from antipathy ; the rubs that arise from affection are a delicate and interesting theme. They are, it is true, only spots in the sun, and yet (I do not speak as an astronomer) they sometimes grow into eclipses. The bickering of those who love one another frequently stiffens into habit. With married people it often comes from the collision of different family temperaments in persons who live in close communion of mind. . . . Or, if we want more obvious differences, there are the jars that arise from one person's taking his normal for another person's normal, or those that come from being too anxious or too cool ; or the irritations of *celui qui baise*, or of them other *qui tend la joue*. Sensitiveness indeed can cover a multitude of sins, as well as of virtues. If it can show us all the secret passages of affection, all the watchwords of delicacy, it can also degenerate into sensibility and play us sorry tricks. Perhaps it is self-preservation that keeps us from looking hard at the truth. But if we could afford to be brutal to ourselves we should own that sensibility is a treason of the heart, that it introduces a peevish, bartering spirit into love and drags in the notion of payments and receipts. When we demand an exact return for our feelings we are only making an emotional investment at the expense of the person we care for. . . .

If we come to the ethics of friction there is not much to

be said. When those who are out of sympathy cannot, or should not, separate, the only way is to seek for common ground. For fairy-lore holds true in morals, and both agreements and differences increase if we fix our eyes solely on them. If we take our stand on that same common ground, it has a magic knack of extending its boundaries till it encroaches on the other territory.

There is this consoling thought about frictions, that without them the world would grow very dull. Contrast, as a great artist once observed, is the secret of art and life, and "the web of our life is a mingled yarn, good and ill together." If there were no disturbances peace would be practically non-existent, and as long as we want sparks, flints must be rubbed together.

"MINOR TRAGEDIES."—TALENTS AND NAPKINS.

There are napkins and napkins ; those napkins, the courtesies and decencies of life which serve the uses of its common banqueting table, and those which hide talents. They hide more precious things besides : hopes, faiths, loves, ideals, a score of tender thoughts and sweet familiar graces which should be cheering the world instead of lying helplessly bound up in fine linen. Sorrow, suffering, death, the greater issues of existence we can learn to accept, for they bear the seal of destiny and have the dignity of the inevitable. Waste wears no such badge ; it belongs to no dynasty and has nothing to do with the veiled powers above us ; it is only the clumsy fabrication of blundering men and women.

Here and there we come across napkins that the Fates themselves have spun. Far to seek though they be, there have been hidden geniuses like Chatterton, kept under by poverty or illness or the world's cruelty. But genius

is a strong plant, and, on the whole, it pushes to the front in spite of adverse circumstances. It is less rare for the smaller people to suffer, the men who without being geniuses have the poetic gifts; a company of obscure Apollos — colliers, factory-hands, peasants, postmen — doomed with the poet's temperament to eat their hearts out in the blackness of the pits or the whirr of machinery. Had they enjoyed more luck and more leisure, most of them would have been as good as many of our minor poets, but the gods decreed otherwise and buried their talents for them.

But the rule is that we ourselves hide our talents. Who does not know the man who might have done so much if he had liked, and the wonder at why he didn't like? He can write as brilliantly as anybody, and has thought more profoundly than most men. But he will never take the place he is entitled to. He paralyses himself by self-criticism and fatigues himself by hunting for the right epithet. Even when he has found it the game does not seem worth the candle, for he knows what literature is, and is disgusted by his own performance. Sometimes he is a might-have-been painter or musician. It is always the same thing that impedes him, and thus art loses the help of choice spirits through the very choiceness which gives them value.

It is yet worse when less gifted persons follow their example, and use the napkin of fastidiousness to cover up their chief resource, their little social talents; when self-criticism degenerates into self-consciousness and the dread of being absurd. This dread, which is apt to lead its victims into the absurdity they fear, is the curse of the present. There may have been too much exuberance and some bad taste about our grandparents' day, but they

belonged to a time that was more unaffected if more conventional than our own ; a time which was not ashamed of high spirits and the obvious forms of enjoyment ; a time perhaps more suited to the needs of the average person. Now that criticism and humour and good taste are the fashion, and no longer the result of spontaneous inclination, that same average person is compelled to think about being clever, about choosing his topics and talking a particular language. The result is too frequently a party of silent people, oppressive and oppressed, with plenty of thoughts, no doubt, but thoughts which are strangled in their anxiety to say the right thing. This may make society choicer, but it also makes it duller than of old ; for society, on the whole, is made up of mediocre folk, not of the gifted and æsthetic. Good taste is only useful to those who can produce something from it, and if it brings forth nothing but depressed silence it had better give way to inferior taste and enjoyment ; these, at all events, speed the mediocre person more merrily on his way.

Shyness is the twin-sister, or rather the physical form, of self-consciousness. Most of us have experienced once in our lives, some of us much more frequently, the kind of diabolical possession, the external force, which seizes us suddenly and stupefies us ; which compels us to run away from door-bells we had meant to ring and from people we had longed to meet ; which makes our tongues cleave to our mouths and gives our limbs a life independent of us. We have all of us felt at some time like Dickens' *débutante*, Miss Augusta Podsnap, when a guest was brought up to be introduced to her and she could only knock her head against the wall and cry, "Take him away, take him away !" This is, however, the crudest form of the malady and is generally restricted to early youth. Later on, though it

takes strange forms, they are fairly under control. Yet the demon may at any moment induce us to say what we do not mean, and he who stands on a platform and is not used to public speaking knows too well that anything, even the opposite of his convictions, may suddenly issue from his lips. Shyness may make the most amiable people seem surly ; it may strike us dumb or drive us to garrulity ; it may compel us, from the most unheroic motives, to leap, Quintus-Curtius-like, into the gulf of silence, and all from dread of that harmless occurrence—a pause in conversation. I have heard a distinguished judge of such matters say that every absurd gambade, every preposterous egoism he had witnessed in society, had been perpetrated under the cloak of shyness. There is a good deal in this. At any rate, the social game is the only one in which the players are allowed to take part and yet to break every rule.

Reserve and inarticulateness can play strange tricks with affection. " You must not think A. does not care," one hears it said ; " the love is always there, though he (or she) cannot express it." Of course this holds true as to words, but love has a thousand different ways of revealing itself. " The look or the gesture explains things in a breath ; they tell their message without ambiguity. . . . They are the direct expression of the heart not yet transmitted through the unfaithful and sophisticating brain." So wrote Stevenson, the past-master in affection, the scholar in intercourse. Love that is never articulate is like a huge fortune put by for us at the bank ; we know that it is there, but cannot in any way realise it because it does not affect our daily life. Love is of little help unless we can draw small cheques upon it. If it is not used it loses force, and if it is to be saved for the big occasions of existence, the years go by and it may grow paralysed

for want of movement. The Graces are not to be lightly put aside (did not Zeus give them house-room in Olympus ?) ; they play an important part, and charm of life perishes without them. Who can tell all their effect ? The soft word that turneth away wrath is a comparatively obvious thing ; but who knows what may be achieved by the soothing word spoken for no special purpose ? what the tender deed, the thought like a gift, the grasp of the hand, may do for a sore or disappointed heart ?

Perhaps nowhere are the Graces so much needed as in family life, where they are usually less practised. Yet where intercourse is closest, there is most chance of friction, a kind of habitual friction which, however we deceive ourselves, acts as slow poison to love ; and there is no such antidote to irritation as these gentle courtesies of spirit which accentuate agreement and soften difference. Roxane, Cyrano's lady-love, who never turned her head from her embroidery to welcome his daily comings, or thank him for his faithful cheering of her convent seclusion, is a type of many other persons. To leave out these turnings of the head is often a kind of petty treason against love, though the traitor is usually not even aware of his fault. That is the worst of it. " Sins of omission " are hard to mend because as a rule they are unconscious. Sins of commission are simpler matters. The petulant word or deed brings instant consequences with it ; it takes a definite form and cannot be ignored or done away with ; but the things we might have done, the omissions due to ignorance or indolence, assume no tangible shape ; they pass by, elusive and unseen ; they seldom come to stab us till too late.

The fact is that all napkins are extravagant things. If we indulge in having them, whether they be made of

sensitiveness, shyness, or indifference, we have to keep them starched and clean, to send them to the wash at great expense, to preserve appearances, to spend foolish sums on pride, on dulness, and artificialness. Spiritual economy is a fine art most needful to all good householders, but it is only to be learned through a hundred painful mistakes ; and one of the chief lessons it teaches is to do away with napkins.

MONEY : A FANTASIA.

1901.

If the Sphinx were to propound another bewildering riddle, the answer to it might be : " Money." This is, perhaps, a roundabout way of saying that there is nothing that involves more intricate relations with the human race, that can assume such countless forms as money. It is by no means a mere medium of exchange—it is a symbol. It can, like a great actor, embody love, hate, hope, despair, knowledge, ambition—any of the motives which incite men and women to action. It is, in short, the outward and visible sign of power : the means by which we sell, or buy, our souls. Money can be either the most romantic, or the most unromantic, thing on earth. Like all else that inspires passion and adventure, it can create mystery and surround itself with a poetic atmosphere. There are artists, there are writers, who have proved the truth of this for us. Rembrandt, above all other painters, felt the romance of wealth. Those superb old men in turbans, with deep thoughts about money, who sit giving counsel at tables covered with glowing Persian tapestries—such, for instance, as we see in the great Parable picture at Hertford House—these lift the thought of money out of sordid regions. So do those Jewish faces—pale, fantastic, struggling, often

splendid in their squalor—that look forth from his deep canvases, wrapped in a shadowy golden haze—the haze as of molten gold that seemed to flow from his brush. These men have known the poetic possibilities of money ; they have dared with it, perhaps staked their all upon it, in no niggardly manner. If they have gambled with fortune, there was no banality in their gambling, and they were willing to pay the price for the sake of what they got. Thus they were rich ; for the adequacy of returns for our money, whatever form these may take, is the real essence of riches.

Rembrandt does not only paint spendthrifts ; no one can paint a miser as he does. We have but to look at his old woman weighing her coins, in the Dresden Gallery, and we understand all the excitement of saving. Yet though none but Rembrandt could have portrayed her, Balzac might have written her. The figures of Eugénie Grandet's father and of Cousine Bette do not compare ill with her. There is a strong affinity between the two artists. Who but Rembrandt could have painted le Père Goriot, or the Alchemist in "*La Recherche de l'Absolu*" ? Both creators love the same combination of realism and romanticism, the same illumination of sordid details. And both have a like attitude towards luxury. Balzac's profuse descriptions of jewels show the same delight in them as the pearls which Rembrandt paints round Saskia's neck, or the overflowing caskets that he revels in. But Balzac indulges in more varied types of misers and spendthrifts than Rembrandt. To Goriot, who starves himself for his children ; to the fervid alchemist, who saves and spends that he may discover the Absolute ; to the terrible Bette, who lavishes her hoards upon the man she loves—money is a mere instrument, or else the sport of

their passions. They endow it with every quality except sweetness. That gift was reserved for an English hand to bestow, and money became a gentle thing when George Eliot created Silas Marner.

Balzac's novels may be said to centre almost entirely upon money, in some form or other. The fortune suddenly acquired, the fortune suddenly lost, the wills of old relations and the horrid passions they excite, are his constant themes. Wills are always an inexhaustible subject for the novelist, and deservedly so. There is no sort of person who remains unaffected by them, and they certainly throw vivid side-lights upon character.

Nothing, perhaps, is such a test of human nature ; a test, like some chemist's of old, that brings out unsuspected properties in that to which it is applied. Where a will is concerned, the best people may give us unpleasant surprises. The excuse for their greed is generally their families, and there is no such egoism as that of parents for their children. Egoism, when multiplied, has a dangerous look of unselfishness, and the parent who can feel disinterested when a rich uncle dies is surely one of the noblest of God's creatures.

But money is a test of character in a pleasanter way than this. It is a measure of the tastes and the sense of proportion of the man who owns it. If we know the margin he finds it necessary to leave, the amount he cares to save, and the sums that he apportions to each branch of his expenditure, we shall have a fair estimate of his nature as well as of his income. Our account-books might be used by us as searching manuals of self-examination. Our expenditure is often a proof of our puerility ; a reminder that we are no better than the majority and join with them in the much disguised struggle to escape from

large issues, from anything that may suggest the serious aspects of life. To take the philanthropic person: he may spend much more than his neighbour does on the poor; but when he comes to reckon up his private outlay, apart from that of his family, he will be surprised at the contrast between the standard of his personal needs and that of his charities.

As to saving, it too often grows into a superstition. Why, with all our civilised notions, should we be so anxious to leave our children a fortune instead of a competence? If we provide them with a sufficiency we have given them their full chance of happiness and we cannot do more. By giving more to him that hath we may be weakening character. There seems more wisdom in spending our superfluity while we are alive, for the good and pleasure of our children and of others, so that we may see with our own eyes the smiles on the faces that we love, and still more, that we may know our money is used as we wish—a result which no testamentary injunctions can ensure. We seldom realise the immense effect of personality upon money. The sum that is a rich investment when controlled by a guiding spirit may become a mere heap of dead paper bonds in the hands of his inheritors.

Economy of happiness is a real economy of money, and here we come to the distinction between money and riches. If we are right in saying that riches consist in an adequate return for our money, then only that which we enjoy can make us rich. And by enjoyment we mean the pleasure which endures and adds a fresh possession to our store. Real enjoyment is an income. . . .

It was very metaphysical and German of the Rhine-Maidens to keep the Rhine-gold from the world. If men might in some directions have been better without it,

in others they would have been worse. They would have been less tempted but less interesting. They would have lacked the incentive, for men can work for payment without working for the sake of money, and the labourer's hire does not prevent his loving his labour. But, like all else, money requires the touch of imagination to purify it and give it life. The man who has that magic gift can make three hundred pounds go farther than three thousand without it. He endows gold with an expanding power ; he tames the paradoxical creature ; he converts money into wealth.

SOME CONSIDERATIONS ON MIDDLE-AGE.

There is no use in denying the various hardships of middle life. In the first place, it is a mistake to think that, as we advance in years, we shall escape the complications caused by our sensibilities. They become in many ways more troublesome, because we no longer possess the blinding egoism of youth ; we have no illusions about our importance, we recognise our limitations. People know us for what we are ; they are not any more excited by our possibilities, and we become humdrum to them before we ourselves have realised that we are so. We are also deprived of youth's glorious conviction that something will happen to bring about this, or avert that, result. We know that, generally speaking, nothing happens, and, instead of events, we see with ominous distinctness the risks and drawbacks on the path of enterprise. There is no strong wave of vitality to carry us forward, and all our daring has to be created by ourselves.

Arrived at this point, the pen stops—surrounded as it is on all sides by the pitfalls of platitude. It seems

impossible to find any new bottles for this very rare old wine, and we cannot get much farther than Mark Tapley's philosophy. His name, at any rate, recalls us to a due sense of our blessings and the advisability of making the most of them. It reminds us that middle-age brings its gains as well as its losses. For one thing, it makes us more impersonal, and we care for things for themselves. Art, Nature, Knowledge, however ardently pursued in youth, were inextricably entangled with our own feelings and experiences. Everything was part of the stress and rapture of living. In middle-age it is different. We are at leisure from ourselves; are moved by the intrinsic beauty and interest of things—more moved, indeed, than of old, for Art and Nature reserve their best secrets for those who love them for their own sake and are not over-busy with living. Much the same may be said of our feelings. However arduous the task of eliminating self from the heart, we get, in the process, to know what affection should be; we grow less exacting, and gradually learn that it is more important to love than to be loved. And we shake off the torments of self-consciousness, with its doubts and questions, which, in early days, so often marred the pleasures of intercourse. Middle-age is—let us say it boldly—the chosen time for interesting and rational society, the chosen time for friendship, the time when topics are no more a peg to hang self upon, when men and women are not too hot to be critics of life, are experienced enough to make their criticism valuable, and not too proud to be amused.

The fact is that there are such things as years, but there is no such thing as age. Most people are born a particular age, and that is what makes generalising so difficult. Eternal youth is the gods' gift to the few, and

these few never go through middle-age at all ; other buoyant souls feel its approach and resent it. Others, again, by some turn of circumstance or character, take to it as their natural element, gaining from it the position or the confidence that they lacked before ; but even these lucky beings do not escape its attendant disagreeables. The worst and most universal of these has not as yet been touched on : that fatal question, " What is the good ? " which, as our sense of our significance decreases, is apt to become intrusive and to paralyse play as well as work. For bread-winners the answer is obvious, but where is the solution for the rest ? May it not be with work as with spiritual truth, and can we only prove it by putting it in practice ? We must go on acting as if we were useful if we are to become so, whether our concern is with public causes or with family life.

The art we have to learn in middle-age is the holy art of Compromise—that of accepting the second-best graciously, both in our fate and our surroundings. And to achieve this we really need nothing subtler than the old-fashioned Christian virtues—the virtue of loving and the virtue of humility : a humility which is no youthful self-abasement, but the power of putting up with ourselves, our faults and our failures, with a certain amount of resignation, and no more fuss of wounded vanity than we devote to the faults of others.

Compromise, however, is not necessarily a holy art. It can either be a base treaty with a hostile power for the sake of our own ease, or it can be a solemn covenant with truth—perhaps we should rather say with fact, which is as much of practical truth as we are here allowed to see. The difference between the two sorts of compromise is not always easy to distinguish ; self-preservation

wears many disguises. "Men of age," says Bacon, "object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period; but content themselves with a mediocrity of success."

When we come to feelings, there is the same sort of risk. Indifference often has a family look of Philosophy, but the resemblance is illegitimate, and it is fatal to confuse the two. It seems particularly important to make the distinction at this moment, when our rising generation is so rational that it seems to gain all the results of philosophy without any of the struggle that makes them worth having; when any chance of romantic ideals, for mind or morals, seem to lie with middle-age. This is, did we but know it, the real time for daring, paradox though it may seem to say so; for it is only in mid-life that we can venture wisely and that leaps can be taken in the daylight instead of the dark.

Those who have written about this much-abused period have generally dwelt a good deal on the need of self-abnegation, a quality so obviously essential that it is trite to recommend it. But before we renounce ourselves we had better be sure that there is something to renounce. Altruism has too often been the refuge of anæmic souls, and to cultivate a life of our own seems the best way to give value to sacrifice. How to be unselfish in the right manner will always remain a matter for each individual to settle for himself. In this respect, married people are better off than the single. Nature has arranged a kind of compulsory self-denial for them, the existence of children makes it a matter of course. Single people have to invent their unselfishness for themselves; it is bound to be a little unnatural, and to bring certain difficulties in its train.

And this leads us to the most important part of middle-age, its relation to our fellow-creatures. With regard to our contemporaries, it is common to believe that we have learned to expect little from them; yet this reflection does not represent a very exhilarating intercourse, and, after all, there is more to be said than that. When we come to the younger generation, the problem is much more important and also more intricate. From them we may hope everything and must demand nothing. They are as young gods, with quite as many faults as ourselves and more virtues, beside the privilege of changing both every day. It has been said that our first duty towards them is to provide them with an example—"to give them something to imitate." But we cannot help thinking that this would be the direct means of driving them away from us. It is not deliberate example but personality which moves them, an unconscious force, unconsciously received; and the more we enrich our minds and characters, the more friendship are we likely to win from those younger than ourselves. Youth requires to be amused as well as edified; likes to go its way with its fellows, and by no means approves of middle-age being given up to its interests. In the end, the most we can do is to give younger people of our best, according to the laws of hospitality, which are the same for the guests of our souls as for the guests of our houses.

For all this we must have lived fully; must have found ourselves, and realised happiness. But what, asks everybody, is happiness? George Sand, who knew better than anyone how to write about middle-age, has replied to that question for us, and we can find no fitter conclusion than her answer. "By the word 'happiness,'" she says, "I do not mean a chance encounter of events which no

man can either create or govern ; but a deep spring of inward faith and serenity . . . often troubled by outward things, but still unquenchable in the depths of the soul. . . . Age brings us one great gift : some day or another it puts us in harmony with ourselves." EPSILON.

FROM THREE LECTURES TO SCHOOL-TEACHERS.

THE USES OF POETRY.

I am going to begin by giving you a golden rule for life : you shall not bear false witness against poetry. The world is as prone to talk slander of poetry as of anything else. You will hear people say it is a luxury you will find Puritans who think writing it something like a sin, and reading it a frivolous waste of time ; or strenuous folk who feel it weakening to the moral fibre. This belief, indeed, has not been confined to the Puritans and the Purists. Whoever has read Plato's " Republic," will remember how Plato condemns the use of poetry in education, because he thinks it inculcates a love of the untrue emotions. No poetry for him, says he, but the martial hymn which excites to battle—for since the only end of life is virtue, we must only admit the arts that produce virtue. A strange indictment for a poet to make, for Plato was one of the greatest poets—outside rhyme—who has ever existed. I need not point out to such a learned audience as this is, that his argument is absurd, and that we do not learn virtue from direct precepts, or all poetry would be like a terrible book, once the rage and now dead, called " Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy." Even Wordsworth the giant, the divine, but also Wordsworth

the uncritical, conscious moraliser, sometimes errs in this direction and rolls the poet into the clergyman.

Nature is not consciously moral ; it is we who, as moral human beings, set up what a great writer has called " a moral relation " with Nature. Nature does not teach, she suggests ; and poets, who are Nature's high-priests, do not dictate—they interpret and inspire. What makes us better is not a precept but a quality, a something which increases all our powers and quickens our sense of life. That something is enjoyment, through the power of beauty, and that is what poetry gives us. After reading Wordsworth's Ode on Intimations of Immortality, or Tintern Abbey, or Shelley's Cloud, or Tennyson's Ulysses, or Keats' Nightingale, we have a larger, nobler outlook upon life.

All this has been said by a splendid champion, a kind of St. George, who saves Poetry from all the dragons of Stupidity. Sir Philip Sidney in his " Defence of Poetry," touches upon one essential point in the ethics of poetry—the reality of imagination. For imagination is the most solid possession that we have. Though its head be in the clouds, its feet should be upon the earth. The neglect of either extreme ruins poetry. Nowadays the danger is of too much cloud ; the idea prevails that imagination should be misty, and that clearness is commonplace. But to be worth anything, imagination must be clear and accurate as science. Accuracy has only got a dull name because of a confusion. . . . Take Falstaff, who is traced historically to thin Sir John Oldcastle, a respectable old gentleman, addicted to temperance. But it is the cowardly, generous, witty old wine-bibber who lives for us, because of Shakespeare's imagination, his deep insight, the human, almost god-like sympathy with which he creates a soul for evermore. And this is my chief point.

If imagination is so largely made of sympathy, then imagination is our most treasurable power in daily life. It is also an *amusing* power. It can bring colour into the drabest life, you can use it all day, not only for others but for yourself; powers used only for others get rather over-worked and are not joyous. Imagination is joyous and enlarges life. It can grow by use.

In order to get the real good from poetry, one thing is needful: we must know the good from the bad. If we are to have "emotions beautiful and new," they must not be mere passing emotions, emotions which make us feel sentimental (otherwise Plato would be right), they must be true, enduring feelings which make us happy and sincere, and more richly alive than we were before we read the poem. So the main thing in reading poetry is to learn to distinguish the good from the bad. It is easier to know what is not good poetry than what is. It is not rhyme or metre—or else "Ride a cock horse," etc., would be poetry. And so would be a poem I once read in a magazine. It was called "To my Husband," and it ran:—

"There's beauty in the butterfly,
And also in my husband's eye."

Now those lines have many merits; they are simple, they are truthful (or at least we will hope so, and as we have not seen that conjugal eye, we will give it the benefit of the doubt), they are brief, and yet, though simplicity and truth and brevity are all qualities of poetry, they are not poetry. For before all else poetry must say something that cannot be said in prose; it must express thought or feeling in terms of beauty. And it must really move us, it must not move us falsely, which means that it must not make us only feel sentimental. Too many people imagine

it is poetic to feel melancholy, to think rather tearfully and hazily about Nevermore, and loneliness and love and themselves. These things are not poetry at all, they are slushy sentiments, meaning nothing in particular, and fitter for Christmas cards than for human hearts. Beware of sentimentality in all things ; it is even worse than selfishness, because it *looks* like feeling and, as a matter of fact, profanes it. Good poetry is not vague or sentimental ; bad poetry is both. The best way to show you the difference is to cite two poems. You probably all know the first—"The Lost Chord." It is my idea of a sentimental poem. The words give you no precise picture, nothing but a rather vague inclination to cry about yourself, though you don't quite know what you are feeling sad about. A "Grand Amen" is not what we hope to hear in Heaven, and if we did one chord would not make it. On the whole, I am tempted to feel rather glad that that chord *is* lost, and I have a suspicion that it is a *Mrs. Harris* among chords, and that it never existed. After all, what is sentimentality but the professional language of emotion without real emotion to inspire it ? The blur of trite images and generalities which you find in bad poems means a lack of that grasp and realisation of detail compelled by the real love of a subject.

Now listen to this from Sir Walter Raleigh, which I have chosen because it is also a picture of the Heaven we are seeking :—

"Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage ;
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer ;
No other balm will there be given ;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven ;
 Over the silver mountains
Where spring the nectar fountains,
 There will I kiss
 The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
 My soul will be a-dry before,
 But, after, it will thirst no more."

This pilgrim, with his scollop-shell and his sandals and his bottle, whom we can see so distinctly, gives us a very different notion of Heaven from that of the lady-like performer on the organ. Take the words silver mountains, milken hill, bowl of bliss, and you will see what a clear hold on detail they give you, what an intense vision for your eyes. That is because the poet has been there before you. He is thinking of some real hill and valley he has known well and loved profoundly ; he has passed them through the magic woof of his imagination ; wept or smiled as he remembered and given them back to you, a true piece of his heart. Real poetry is strengthening. It braces the sinews for the work and pleasure of life—it is part of our faith in good.

ON HUMOUR.

Humour is, I think, one of the greatest regions of the human imagination, and also, unconsciously, one of the most useful. It is not merely a literary quality moving us to amusement. It is a practical moral quality helping us to know, and, what is perhaps the same thing, to love

our fellow-men and to laugh where, without it, we might grumble. It throws the most cheering glamour over the drawbacks of life, and we all know the difference that it makes to live with someone who takes household worries or minor domestic catastrophes solemnly, or with someone who takes them humorously. Anyone who has been unduly disturbed in the kitchen had better fly to Mrs. Carlyle's letter on her discovery of black beetles or to Charles Lamb's on household moves. To write letters like these, which enliven future generations, about one's own discomforts, is equivalent to making a fortune for the future to enjoy—it is a national benefaction. And as for the house from which humour is absent, it is worse than Holloway Prison.

I cannot pretend to define humour. I can only suggest that it is the power of seeing the incongruous and the absurd, and seeing them without any bitterness. It is the discernment of the relative values of things. It is a measuring rod by means of which we can register proportions. It is an outlook upon life. And this is what makes it different from wit. Wit is, as it were, dry, congealed, a dew-drop frozen into a diamond. Humour, as its name denotes, is wet, a running stream in which life is set. Some people have it as a heaven-born gift ; some not at all, like the Scotchman who "joked wi' deeficulty." That is a misfortune. It is the easiest way for the majority to learn wisdom and kindness and indulgence. They so seldom care to learn such lessons from solemn preachings or direct moralising, but they can learn them from laughing and being laughed at. Exceptions—saints and heroes—can do without them, and constantly do ; they can learn charity by higher means, by noble action and radiant intention. But for us average folk the means is humbler and should be a small dust-pan, not a goblet. And,

though we cannot have it as great humorists have, I think we can most of us acquire some measure of it, for it grows by experience ; largely, almost entirely, depending on the eyes that we bring to daily life.

It is the fashion now for everyone to think they have a sense of humour. A sense of humour is evidently as common as blackberries and, to judge from common specimens, not nearly so juicy. It is the favourite modern virtue. You will find that there is a favourite virtue in every age, and you will generally find it out through the novelists ; that is one reason why we cannot do without them. In Jane Austen's day the favourite virtue was refined correctness of behaviour, what we should now call propriety ; in Miss Edgeworth's day, enlightened perseverance ; in that of Mrs. Gaskell, a kind of deep sincerity ; and in that of George Eliot, moral insight. To-day the favourite virtue is sense of humour. You may call a person selfish or jealous, or untruthful, and they will bear it beautifully, but there are few nowadays who will bear it if you tell them that they are without a sense of humour.

At first sight this mania for humour seems rather ridiculous. But it is something more if true humour is the sense of the incongruous seen with sympathy. Sympathy means putting ourselves in other people's places, and if we are going to enjoy our laugh we must be able to understand what we are laughing at, and not stand upon a terrace above it.

It is not only by experience but by the eyesight we bring to experience that we can "get humour." If we look on at life with our hearts, "getting understanding" as we watch, we shall not only grow more understanding, we shall be more amused. Let us keep our eyes open for absurdities and help to preserve the good by laughing at the evil.

GENERATIONS.

Let us come to the truth at once—you and I are of different generations. If this seems awful to you, it is not so to me. I absolutely like it, and that is why I have chosen this subject. And though I naturally feel at home in my own ideas, that does not prevent my liking other people's; above all, I enjoy knowing what my juniors are after.

It is very difficult to define a generation now that everybody is old at sixteen, and knows so much long before that. But what I mean by a generation is the number of years that lie between a mother and her child. Some years ago we heard a great deal of the younger generation knocking at the door. A change has come, they have gone a step further, they now no longer knock at the door—they think it rather insincere to knock; they burst it open and run in and tell you what they think of you. It is a far cry to the time when they stood in the presence of their elders and called them Ma'am or Sir. That had great inconveniences, but then so has the present fashion of abolishing manners altogether.

The younger generation always has a catchword—a password, I should say. It is right that they should; it is convenient for any army to have a password which arouses its *esprit de corps*, and it should not degenerate into a catchword, else it loses life and reality; and it should be the right kind of word; else, by using it continually we get accustomed to pay with false coin and debase the currency.

I confess that I a little mistrust the password I

continually hear to-day, and suspect it of being a catch-word. "We must live our own lives; we must develop ourselves." All perfectly true and fair. But first let us be sure what we mean by *live* and *our* and *develop* and *selves*. I assume that by life and living we none of us mean playing at cards, or shopping, or play-going, because, fascinating as all these amusements may be (and in the case of shopping even useful), they are only accessories. I assume that by life and living we mean the sense of life in our heads and hearts, the activities of the mind and affections and such things as minister to them, and that by "developing" we mean seeking those things that make our stuffy little minds bigger and more in-seeing and gayer, and our affections livelier and more enduring and richer in a kind of attractive grace. And so I don't quite see how we can "lead our own lives" in the sense of leading them quite apart, because they are bound to include other people's. "Heaven doth with us as we with torches." Bacon, you know, says that a man who always wants solitude is a monster, and I expect he meant something very like that quotation from Shakespeare. On the other hand, the man incapable of solitude is a greater monster still. And if you busy yourself too much about other people you are apt to lose *yourself* altogether—the untidiest and one of the greatest of tragedies that can befall a human being. So that the problem is this: How can you take in a great many guests, and yet keep the central room free for yourself to live in? There is an answer; not so easy as it looks. By knowing what you love and by following it and making that a central hearth of hospitality from which there comes irradiating warmth, instead of a tiresome solitary little island with only yourself and your occupation upon it (easel, kodak, chemicals,

books or what not). I don't think there is anything so important as to have one's own life and to lead it, or anything so tiresome as the so-called "sweet unselfish woman" who has no self to give up. But self and selfishness are not the same thing. You must learn *individuality*—the word we hear so much of nowadays—and to live alone is not the same thing as to live independently. The only test of individuality is intercourse with others, because individuality is made of contrast. It is courage, not cowardice. How can you tell whether you have self-control or charity or moral strength, if you have only yourself to deal with? This is a very different matter from the young persons who want to see life because they find it dull or irksome at home, and think they will necessarily discover it in a studio, or an office, or a hospital.

It seems to me that there are three ways in which a generation expresses itself: through its manners, its art and literature, and its religion. As regards its manners, I think this generation is righteously making against useless forms and ceremonies. It is clearing away the lumber, but unfortunately it clears away a good deal that is not lumber besides. It tries to sweep off tradition, and it also makes a confusion between sincerity and crudity.

Of course, in old days there was a good deal too much stiff form in manners, and too many things that were not stiff went on behind it. An excess of form makes as bad manners as having none at all. But the magnificent downrightness so common among young people to-day is pretty trying. Roughness is no nearer truth than smoothness. Not to say "Good morning" is no sincerer than to say it. And the same with language. I cannot see that mumbling

"Sorry" for "I am sorry" makes life easier, and it certainly makes language uglier. Every age has its slang and its affectation, even when it is the affectation of not being affected. . . .

Beware of spite against tradition—a wish to do without it in art, in literature, in life. The past is there in us, whether we like it or not ; to disown it is like disowning our parents, whose qualities we have inherited. There is tradition in everything we do ; either we are imitating the past, which makes dead art, or reacting against the past, and that makes violent art.

Tradition is only bad when we try to live upon it alone, without any idea of earning our spiritual livelihood ourselves, or any stretching towards the future. . . .

One final word before we part.

. . . Whatever your age, whatever your lives, be faithful to romance—true romance which needs no romantic surroundings, which can be had as well at 2.30 in the afternoon as in a yew-clipped garden by moonlight, or upon the high seas. It is the one thing no generation can do without. For romance is the adventure of the soul. Romance is the risking of ourselves for a love, a faith, an ideal. And that is why we can experience it anywhere. It casts out, too, the deadly sin of smugness ; you cannot risk yourself and be smug. The Elizabethan Age has been thought to be the age of the greatest romance. It was the most fearless age, one in which human life counted as little beside the real life of the spirit, the life of honour and daring, the life of the idea. But these last days have proved that romance and fearlessness are as strong as ever. No Drake or Raleigh has played the game higher than Captain Scott and his soldiers of science. Let us of this generation follow them.

Away, oh, Soul ! hoist instantly the anchor !
Cut the hawsers—haul out—shake out every sail !
Sail forth, steer for the deep waters only,
Reckless, oh Soul, exploring, I with thee and thou with me,
For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,
And will risk the ship, ourselves and all.

* * * * *

Oh, farther, farther, farther sail !

That is romance ; that is the true life which binds the
old and the young together.

THOUGHTS FROM A NOTE BOOK

It is easy to be humble to an invisible God ; it is
harder to be humble to a visible neighbour.

Truth lies in no one thing, but in the relations of all
things.

The person who only regards one tense of life is bound
in some degree to lose sanity. He who exclusively regards
the past becomes either a pedant or a fanatic ; he who
regards the future a fanatic or a dreamer ; he who alone
regards the present a materialist or a cynic.

We ought to be stoics without the pride of stoicism.

The critical often chills the enthusiastic temperament,
and the enthusiastic often annoys the critical. Taste and
character are bound to clash. Yet either is necessary and
attractive to the other. Hence many marriages and many
separations. Hence also the closest, the most enduring
and the most fruitful friendships.

People always talk as if there were but one sort of
common-sense—yet, like other qualities, it varies with

the individual. It is only when common-sense affects others that it has absolute laws. Otherwise all men, and especially all women, must make their several codes according to their several temperaments. The only thing required of them is that the *practical* result shall be the same—a respect for other people's comfort. Hence the need of conventions which represent the decalogue of common-sense.

The exuberant are seldom credited with discouragement, because their powers are supposed to be their own reward. The negative and indolent, on the other hand, retain the pathos of inadequacy. Yet there is no despondency like that of the vivid and forcible. The pathos of the inadequate lies more often in the observer than in themselves.

The opposite of a cynic sees men as they should be rather than as they are.

(FOR TEACHING.)

Never praise anything but the moral victories in a pupil. Mental gifts may be encouraged in private, never commended in public, except where they have been developed by moral effort. Then take care to praise the improvement, not the gift. Praise and blame should be reserved for things which the will effects.

Humour is an atmosphere of the soul, and imperceptibly emanates from the whole being.

Common-sense is only a brick in the temple of philosophy, not the corner-stone. Real philosophy is the result of struggle, not alone of the philosophical temperament; a victory of the emotions, not the lack of avoidance of them.

Les passions rendent les plus faibles forts, et les plus forts faibles.

The power to charm is the strength of women's youth, the snare of their middle-age. The charmer's smile should not be attempted after forty.

Modesty is an attitude of man towards man ; humility the attitude of man towards God.

Modesty is concerned with good taste and with behaviour ; humility with the depths of moral being.

A conceited man, through pride, can be modest ; a vain man is often simple, and in his simplicity can be humble.

We should try to think as pessimists and to feel as optimists.

Small territories and narrow outlooks provide ready means of perfection. It is easy for Switzerland to be an ideal state, and for the scorners and the recluses and the orthodox to achieve goodness.

Voluntary suffering for an inadequate purpose is not noble. It is the end, not the means, which makes martyrdom.

Mystery lies at the heart of beauty.

For those who are not troubled with base desires, the whole of life should be an effort to get ride of " morality " and to enter into goodness.

Few men are either imbecile or cruel. The evil that they work generally arises from an erroneous tariff of values.

Most of the confusions of life spring from a wrong use of the verb " must."

Happiness cannot be lost—it never leaves the house it has once inhabited.

You can lose pleasure—you can never lose happiness.

There are two kinds of philosophy—one which tries to formulate the abstract, the relations of man towards that which is outside him ; another which tries to formulate the concrete and to legitimise natural instinct. The one is intellectual, the other practical. On this side is Hegel, on that Montaigne.

Professional success is the needful factor which keeps men within the bounds of conventionality.

Small people make small things into mysteries and explain away the mystery of big things.

Our cleverness in life is to know our limitations.

We cannot look long at the sun, or endure for more than a moment to gaze face to face on the infinite. Action is the only veil we have the right to draw between ourselves and Truth.

We should put flowers into the hands of duty.

There is a gulf between humility and self-abasement. A humble man is not concerned with grief for his own sins, but with recognition of the goodness in other people.

Goodness without "morality" is always worth a great deal. "Morality" without goodness is worth very little.

Life and religion are both austere matters, and it is only the austerity of religion which makes the austerity of life possible.

DATES OF PUBLISHED WRITINGS.

Worthington Junior	1893
Two Salons	1895
Household of the Lafayettes	1897
Women and Men of the French Renaissance	1901
Mr. Woodhouse's Correspondence (in collaboration for <i>The Pilot</i> with Mr. George Russell)	1902
Catherine de Medici and the Renaissance	1905
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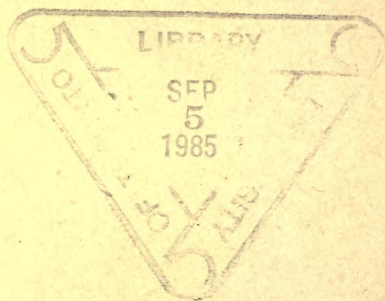
MAGAZINE ARTICLES.

Mrs. Holland's Letters (<i>Fortnightly Review</i>)	1898
Women as Letter-Writers (<i>Cornhill Magazine</i>)	1898
Thackeray (<i>Quarterly Review</i>)	1900
Charlotte Yonge (<i>Monthly Review</i>)	1901
Miss Brickdale (<i>Monthly Review</i>)	1901
Vaughan (<i>Monthly Review</i>)	1902
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The Women of the Renaissance (<i>Edinburgh Review</i>)	1904
Ronsard (<i>Edinburgh Review</i>)	1907
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